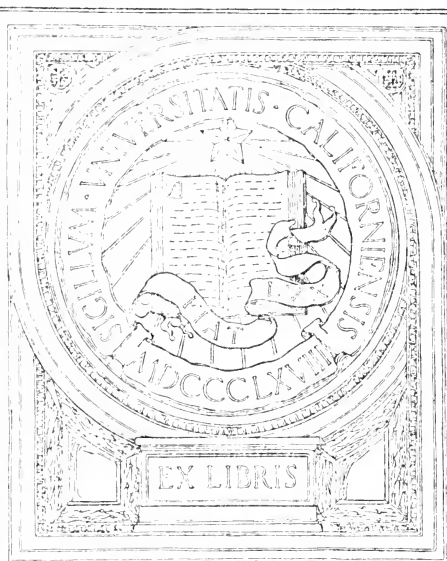
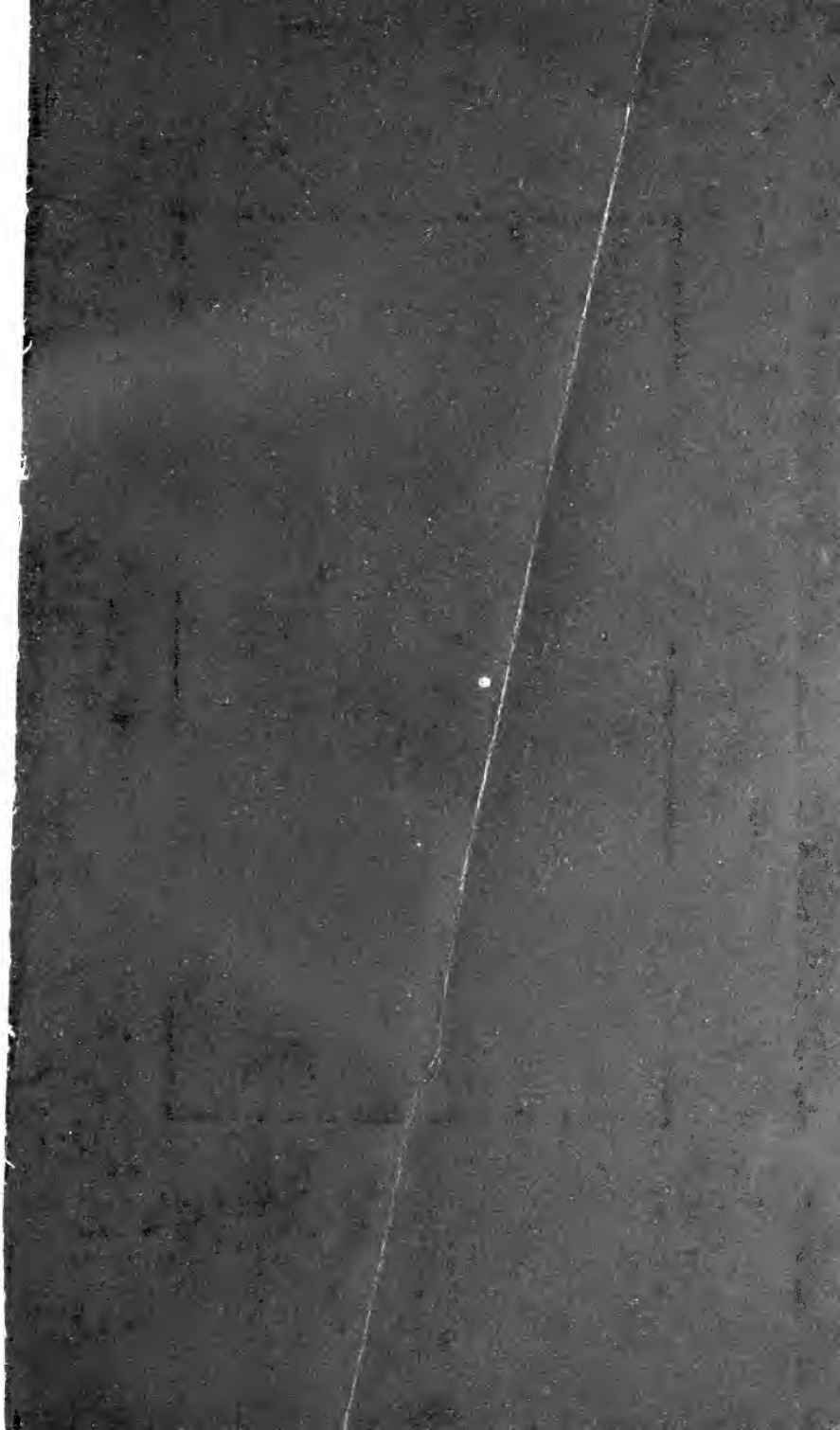


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THE COMPLETE  
POETICAL WORKS OF  
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES  
Cambridge Edition



BOSTON AND NEW YORK  
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY  
The Riverside Press, Cambridge

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## PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THIS Cambridge Edition of *The Complete Poetic Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes* is the fourth in a series which includes the poems and dramas of Longfellow, Whittier, and Browning. It follows in its scheme the plan of the previous volumes. The editor was at some disadvantage in not being able to avail himself of the Life of Dr. Holmes which is now in preparation, but the frequent autobiographical passages in the writings of the author enabled him to illustrate a career devoid, even more than that of most poets, of adventure or dramatic incident. The head-notes, in like manner, could frequently be supplied from comment occurring in the author's prose writings and in prefaces to separate publications of poems, but very many of the poems are so self-explanatory that the reader requires no introduction.

The policy has been pursued, as in the former cases, of taking the latest collective edition issued in the poet's lifetime as the pattern to be followed both in text and in arrangement, but the opportunity has been used to include a few poems which were written after the latest edition appeared or had by some accident failed to receive the author's attention when he was making up his final collection; no attempt, however, has been made, in gathering the early poems, to go outside of the volumes in which they were originally included. It is assumed that Dr. Holmes when making up these volumes intentionally disregarded some of the poems scattered through periodicals. This is confirmed by the attitude which he took when his attention was called to the omission upon the occasion of the issue of the Riverside Edition. He refused to give them a refuge even in an appendix. The arrangement here is the same as in the Riverside Edition, with some slight modification, chiefly caused by the introduction of new material. In accordance with the plan of this series and with Dr. Holmes's original intention when the Riverside Edition was prepared, the *Juvenilia* are placed in an appendix in smaller type. Throughout the volume, whether in head-notes or in those placed in the appendix, the editor's work is distinguished by the use of brackets.

BOSTON, 4 PARK STREET, October 21, 1895.

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## BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

DR. HOLMES had much to say in his writings of the problems of heredity, and was apparently as ready to recognize the caprices as the regular action of inherited tendencies. He may have speculated over his own descent when he wrote, in *The Poet at the Breakfast-Table*, "The various inherited instincts ripen in succession. You may be nine tenths paternal at one period of your life, and nine tenths maternal at another. All at once the traits of some immediate ancestor may come to maturity unexpectedly on one of the branches of your character, just as your features at different periods of your life betray different resemblances to your nearer or more remote relatives." One would fain believe that the thin poetic blood of his early ancestor Anne Bradstreet had been enriched by its secret passage through the veins of several generations before it issued in the warm pulsations of this poet of our day; but as for those generous, even passionate instincts of patriotism, and that strong impulse toward lawful freedom which characterized the wit and philosopher, one may readily take into account the whole strain of Dr. Holmes's ancestry on both sides.

With the exception of a Dutch strain a few generations before, these ancestors were of New England origin, going back to the early colonial days. John Holmes, of Puritan birth, settled in Woodstock, Connecticut, in 1686. His grandson, David Holmes, served as captain of British troops in the French and Indian war and later as a surgeon in the Revolutionary army. The son of this David was the Reverend Abiel Holmes, who was graduated at Yale College in 1782, and after a six years' pastorate in Georgia came to Cambridge, Massachusetts, where he was pastor over the first parish for forty years, and during his pastorate beside other writings and lectures compiled *The Annals of America*, a trustworthy and creditable historical survey. His second wife was a daughter of Oliver Wendell, and her ancestry besides its Dutch strain was connected with the Philipses, Quineys, and other well-known New England families.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, the third child and eldest son of Abiel and Mary Wendell Holmes, was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 29, 1809. "The year 1809," he says, in *Our Hundred Days in Europe*, "which introduced me to atmospheric existence, was the birth-year of Gladstone, Tennyson, Lord Houghton, and Darwin." But the circumstances of his birth were as distinct from those that attended the appearance of his illustrious contemporaries as New England was sharply discriminated from old England. The atmosphere, however, into which he was born, was a fresh, clear, and not unscholarly one. It was, moreover, charged with historical traditions. Cambridge was a village, but a village dominated by college life. The house in which the poet was born shared until a recent day the honors with the Craigie House, its neighbor. For in the early days of the Revolution, when studies at Harvard College were suspended, this old gambrel-roofed house had been the headquarters of General Artemas Ward and of the Committee of Safety. Upon the steps of the house stood President Langdon of Harvard College, so tradition says, and prayed for the men, who, halting there a few moments, marched

forward under Colonel Prescott's lead to throw up entrenchments on Bunker Hill on the night of June 16, 1775; and in this house the boy's father, who had passed his own youth in the days of the Revolution, was collecting the memorabilia for his substantial contribution to American history. His mother, too, had her memory of a hurried exit from Boston during the siege, when she was six years old.

The appearance of the gambrel-roofed house has been preserved, fortunately, in various sketches and photographs; Dr. Holmes himself, who took a lively interest in the camera long before amateur photography was the fashion, made several copies of it from different points of view. But the most indelible picture of the house is in the affectionate portrait contained in Dr. Holmes's writings. It is a notable expression of the intense ardor with which he clung to places and scenes identified with his life and that of his forbears. By his literary workmanship he made the house, now vanished, a literary shrine. Not only in the detailed description contained in *The Poet at the Breakfast-Table*, but in random passages elsewhere, he delighted in recalling the dignified yet homely structure which was his first outward shell. "The slaughter of the Old Gambrel-roofed House," he says, "was a case of justifiable domicile," but he mourned over the necessity of its destruction. "Personally," he adds, "I have a right to mourn for it as a part of my life gone from me. . . . The house in which one drew his first breath and where he one day came into the consciousness that he was a personality, an *ego*, a little universe with a sky over him all his own, with a persistent identity, with the terrible responsibility of a separate, independent, inalienable existence,—that house does not ask for any historical associations to make it the centre of the earth for him."

In the Introduction to *A Mortal Antipathy*, Dr. Holmes has dwelt upon the conditions of his childish life, the rural simplicity of nature, the hills which were the playground of his imagination, the glimpses of sails in the distance, even though the water itself was invisible. "I am very thankful," he says, "that the first part of my life was not passed shut in between high walls and treading the unimpressible and unsympathetic pavement." The combination of almost rustic life with academic dignity and high breeding which he has witnessed to in autobiographic passages, which Lowell has described so felicitously in his *Cambridge Thirty Years Ago*, and which struck Clough so forcibly when he was a sojourner there a decade or two later, was a note of that culmination of New England provincialism so notably reflected in much of Holmes's writings. As we get farther away from the period roughly circumscribed between 1815 and 1850, we shall see more clearly that it was the flowering time of the plant whose seeds were sown in 1620-1640, and Holmes was instinctively its poet and historian, as he was in point of years the last of the remarkable group always to be associated with New England's intellectual aristocracy.

Holmes's early schooling after an initiation in a dame school, where a companion was the late Bishop Lee of Delaware, was under Master William Bigelow, and when ten years old he went to a school in Cambridgeport, where he had for schoolmates Margaret Fuller and Richard Henry Dana, whose famous kinsman, Washington Allston, glorified the rather unkempt Port with his studio. At fifteen he was sent for special preparation to Phillips Academy at Andover. His life there, and the companionship he enjoyed, he described in his pleasant paper *Cinders from the Ashes*, and touched with a kindly light in his reminiscent poem *The School-Boy*.

He spent a year at Andover and then entered Harvard College with the class which was to graduate in 1829. In those days the classes at college were smaller than now, and as they all joined in common studies, the members of a class came to know one



another familiarly and to have such a sense of organic unity that long after college days, when the members were scattered and rarely came together, each still felt himself a member of his "class," as he might feel himself a citizen of some particular city. The complete roll of this class will be found in the appendix at the close of this volume, and though no titles or signs of honor are attached to the names, the reader will easily detect the presence of men who afterward came to great distinction, George Tyler Bigelow, for a while Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; James Freeman Clarke, the humane, independent, and courageous preacher and public-spirited citizen; Benjamin Robbins Curtis, the eminent lawyer; Benjamin Peirce, the illustrious mathematician; Dr. S. F. Smith, who won national repute by writing four seven-line stanzas three years after leaving college; and others of less widespread fame, who yet were honored in their professions and offices. But the class enjoyed a distinction not granted to other classes, for though another college class, nine years later, had a great poet in James Russell Lowell, this alone had a poet who year after year at the class-meeting sang for them a song of memory and affection. It was the same song sung in many keys, and some of the music could not be shut up within narrow limits, but has found universal acceptance in such lines as *Bill and Joe*. The group of poems under the title *Poems of the Class of '29* extends from 1851 to 1889. On that sixtieth anniversary of their graduation, Holmes laid down his instrument with the tender lines *After the Curfew*. The class met once more at Parker's. Three only were present, Holmes, S. F. Smith, and Samuel May. Then came a meeting each of the few remaining years, at Dr. Holmes's house, quiet, social talks, with four at the most, five being the total number of the survivors; but no more poems.

The college, meanwhile, was so small a body, and was so representative of neighboring families, that Holmes naturally found comrades and intimate friends outside his own class. Charles Sumner was in the class below him, and two classes below were his own famous cousin, Wendell Phillips, and his life-long friend John Lothrop Motley. It became his privilege to write Motley's memoir, and the correspondence between the two, given in part in Curtis's *Letters of John Lothrop Motley*, intimates the closeness of their relation. As Holmes struck root deeply in the soil of his forefathers, so his nature went out in steadfast affection toward his fellows. His rosary of class poems shows this, and the many passages in which he recalls his early associates. When he had finished his memoir of Motley, he wrote in warm remembrance of his task: "Did not my own consciousness migrate, or seem, at least, to transfer itself into this brilliant life history, as I traced its glowing record? I, too, seemed to feel the delight of carrying with me, as if they were my own, the charms of a presence which made its own welcome everywhere. I shared his heroic toils, I partook of his literary and social triumphs, I was honored by the marks of distinction which gathered about him, I was wronged by the indignity from which he suffered, mourned with him in his sorrow, and thus, after I had been living for months with his memory, I felt as if I should carry a part of his being with me so long as my self-consciousness might remain imprisoned in the ponderable elements."

The slight references which Dr. Holmes makes to his college life have to do with external things, trifling oddities which stick to the memory like burrs. The student life in its formal relation made but little impression on him apparently, and in later years he was more likely to take pride in the great advance made by the University than to dwell upon its worth in his own day. "During all my early years," he says, "our old Harvard Alma Mater sat still and lifeless as the colossi in the Egyptian desert. Then all at once, like the statue in Don Giovanni, she moved from her pedestal. The fall of that 'stony

foot' has effected a miracle like the harp that Orpheus played, like the teeth that Cadmus sowed." But that was long after his own college days. His predilection for literature and his irrepressible humor were evident in the spontaneous, mirthful verses which came from him at this time, some before and some just after graduation. Many of them were printed in *The Collegian*, the college paper of the day, and in the collection of his poems they are divided between the group of *Earlier Poems* and the *Verses from the Oldest Portfolio*. The most active pen production was in the year after graduation, when he was studying law.

It was then that he wrote the poem *Old Ironsides*, in a burst of indignation as he has described in the note at the head of the poem. The verses are fresh evidence of that well of patriotism which lay near the surface of his nature, ever ready to spring forth into song or impassioned prose. It is notable that two young men of the same college class should so shortly after their graduation have produced two pieces of verse which are among the most famous of American patriotic poems, the one a fervent hymn, the other a trumpet call. The study of law was an experiment and apparently not carried on with very close or serious application. "For during that year," says Holmes, "I first tasted the intoxicating pleasure of authorship. A college periodical conducted by friends of mine, still undergraduates, tempted me into print, and there is no form of lead poisoning which more rapidly and thoroughly pervades the blood and bones and marrow than that which reaches the young author through mental contact with type-metal. . . . In that fatal year I had my first attack of author's lead-poisoning, and I have never quite got rid of it from that day to this."

Dr. Holmes, writing fifty years or more after first taking up the study of medicine, was unable to recall the precise reasoning which led him to make the change of intended profession. The aptitude which he disclosed for it is sufficient explanation now, and it is very possible that, though his tastes were strongly literary, he yielded to that conviction which so sane a man was sure to have, that it would be unwise to depend upon letters for his daily bread, and so chose a profession which appealed to the humane interest and the scientific temper which were scarcely less prominent in his make-up. He studied partly in a private medical school carried on then by physicians and surgeons in Boston in good practice, two of whom were also professors in the Harvard Medical School, and he attended lectures also in this school, a division probably not unlike that which still prevails more or less in the legal profession. In April, 1833, however, he went abroad to avail himself of the more considerable opportunities for study in Paris, and remained abroad until October, 1835.

Upon his return to America, Dr. Holmes began the practice of his profession in Boston, but a phrase or two in his reminiscences suggests one reason for the readiness with which he soon turned to academic work, and they substantiate the notion already formed of a very fundamental characteristic. In recalling his initiation into the study of medicine in Boston, he refers lightly to the first impressions produced upon him by the anatomical skeleton and the white faces of the patients in the hospital. "All this had to pass away in a little time," he adds. "I had chosen my profession, and must meet its painful and repulsive aspects until they lost their power over my sensibilities." A half-century after that first experience he could still write, upon the occasion of his second journey, after the long interval, to Paris, that he shrank from seeing La Pitié, the hospital where he worked in his student days. No one would know him there; they would scarcely remember anything of his old master, Louis, and besides, he goes on, "I have not been among hospital beds for many a year, and my sensibilities are almost as inexpressible as they were

before daily habit had rendered them comparatively callous." Something, also, may have been due to the very close scientific methods with which he became enamored when studying in Paris, methods which constantly lend themselves to the service of the investigator, and tend to lead one to make his practice experimental rather than therapeutic. At any rate, he accepted the professorship of anatomy and physiology at Dartmouth College in 1839, though he remained in that position only a few months, not abandoning the practice of medicine in Boston; he married Amelia Lee Jackson, daughter of Judge Charles Jackson of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, and in 1847 was made Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Medical School of Harvard College, a position which he retained until the close of 1882.

In a biographical sketch designed to accompany a collection of Holmes's poems, it is not to be expected that much attention should be given to the scientific side of his activity, but it would be an unequal sketch which failed to take account of both sides of so animated a life, especially since they could not be, in the order of nature, absolutely dissociated. It is a coincidence worth noting that the year when Dr. Holmes took his degree as doctor of medicine, 1836, was the year also in which he published his first volume of verse. The Phi Beta Kappa society is a somewhat loose league of scholarship in American colleges, an order in which the merit system, as governed by the standard of collegiate rank, determines membership, though after admission to the league the members have nothing to do but to perpetuate it. At Harvard there has long been a double yearly function for the society, a dinner, at which wit is more abundant than wine, and a public meeting with an oration and poem. Oratory has flourished in this soil, and notable addresses have been made by Everett and Emerson in early days, by Adams and Fiske in later ones, and by many more who have chosen the occasion for saying what they have wished to say to an audience of their peers. But poetry, which shuns occasions, has only now and then jumped with the hour. Scarcely a poet of distinction, however, but has hoped he too might so force nature that poetry would somehow find wings for Phi Beta Kappa.

It is indicative of the reputation which Holmes had already formed that though he had been absent on his professional study for two or three years, he was called on, seven years after graduation, to deliver the poem at the commencement in 1836. With an instinct for what was appropriate on occasions which never failed him, he read the poem, *Poetry, a Metrical Essay*, which is included in the first division of his poetical writings. As the reader will see by the notes, the poem carried as interludes two lyrics already printed, *The Cambridge Churchyard* and *Old Ironsides*. The introduction of these verses was doubtless most effective in delivery, and served to interrupt the essay in an agreeable fashion, but both the body of the poem and the preface with which it was introduced, when shortly after it appeared with a collection of poems written in the interval since leaving college, as a single volume, indicate the seriousness with which the young poet regarded his vocation. Spontaneity was a birthright, but he did not therefore disregard or flout at traditional form and accepted standards. On the contrary, he showed unmistakably that he belonged to the order of poets, not to the disorder of the poetic mob, and thus the volume which heralded his accession to literature was a witness to the permanence of his foothold.

This volume *Poetry*, as we have said, was published in 1836, and the next year he published a medical treatise. Thus neck and neck at the start were the two horses he continued to ride for many years. He did not publish a volume of poetry again until 1847, the year in which he abandoned the practice of medicine, and then he gathered the

fugitive poems which had been appearing in periodicals, or had been used on occasions since the publication of *Poetry*. It is interesting to note that among the occasional poems were some called out by his professional relations, as well as one or two, not occasional, which were inspired by his study and practice; so impossible was it for him to sever his life, as did Bryant, who seemed to keep journalism in one cell of his brain and poetry in another, each in solitary confinement and forbidden to hold intercourse with each other. The volume of 1847 contained also the contents of the volume of 1836, and the poetry in this consolidated volume was substantially that included in the first three divisions of the present collection and the group of poems which form the first section of the Appendix. The volume was reprinted in England, and for some time to come represented the claim which Holmes might make to a place among poets.

The decade which followed the publication of this volume was nevertheless a period both of ripening and of product. It was undoubtedly the time in which a large part of the work was done in the preparation of the long series of lectures which the Parkman professor delivered before his classes. The volume of *Medical Essays* in his collected works contain papers and discourses which belong to this decade and to the whole period of his professorship, but the printed matter bears a very small proportion to the whole volume of his professional writing and speaking. In his *Farewell Address* to the Medical School, delivered November 28, 1882, he says: "This is the thirty-sixth Course of Lectures in which I have taken my place and performed my duties as Professor of Anatomy. For more than half my term of office I gave instruction in Physiology, after the fashion of my predecessors and in the manner then generally prevalent in our schools, where the physiological laboratory was not a necessary part of the apparatus of instruction." President Eliot bore testimony to the fidelity with which he carried on his academic work: "He did a great deal to make the school what it has become. He lectured regularly five times a week throughout the school year, and never failed to be on hand. He was the most careful of men in preparation of his lectures, and very painstaking in his experiments. He was very exact in dissection. His prosectors, whose duty it was to prepare his dissections, were always kept on the *qui vive* and spurred to their very best effort." It should not be overlooked that one of his medical writings, *The Contagiousness of Puerperal Fever*, first published in 1843 and reissued in an enlarged form in 1855, was a distinct contribution to science and revolutionized the practice of physicians.

But the sessions of the medical school were not continuous through the year, and Dr. Holmes's intellectual activity, moreover, could not be confined within the limits of his professional duties. His scientific studies took him further afield, and his literary interests, with which we have mainly to do, had already been determined by his early taste and inclination. At the time of which we are writing, the lecture system was popular, and offered to men of letters a means of livelihood and a form of publication. As the lectures, however, were for the most part during the academic year, it was not expedient for Professor Holmes to stray very far from home; so, unlike Emerson, he was practically confined to a circle within a short radius of Boston. In the *Autocrat* he has given humorous reminiscences of some of his experience as a lecturer, and in a bit of scholastic fun has hinted at the very close connection between speaking and writing in the vocation of a man of letters. He made his own lectures also the occasion for postludes of song. This he did with special grace in a course before the Lowell Institute of Boston on *The English Poets of the Nineteenth Century*. The characterizations of Wordsworth, Moore, Keats, and Shelley were here produced. On special occasions, also, he was orator, though the more insistent demand was for his poetry.

Dr. Holmes is strongly identified with Cambridge and Boston by his residence in those two places; but, as some of his poems hint, he had another home at Pittsfield in the western part of the State, where he lived for seven summers. He was drawn to the locality by the association of Pittsfield with his great-grandfather, Colonel Jacob Wendell, who had a homestead there in the eighteenth century. In 1844 he was invited to attend the Berkshire Jubilee, where he read the lines beginning

“Come back to your mother, ye children, for shame.”

He seems to have heeded his own invitation, for in the summer of 1848 he built a cottage on his inherited estate. Longfellow, who, through his wife's family, the Appletons, had also an interest in Pittsfield and spent many weeks there, wrote in his journal, under date of August 5, 1848: “Drove over, in the afternoon, to Dr. Holmes's house on the old Wendell farm, — a snug little place, with views of the river and the mountains.” And Dr. Holmes himself, writing in January, 1857, says, “Seven sweet summers, the happiest of my life. I would n't exchange the recollection of them for a suburban villa. One thing I shall always be glad of; that I planted seven hundred trees for somebody to sit in the shade of.” There is more than one reference in his writings to his country life there, and among his poems some which owed their origin to occasions in his neighborhood. Others there are which sang themselves out of the nature in which he lived. Indeed, as Mr. Smith points out in his interesting sketch,<sup>1</sup> the poems which were written in Berkshire were lacking in scientific reference and in fun; “It is Nature herself that breathes through each and every line.” Later in life he made a summer home for himself at Beverly Farms on the north shore of Massachusetts Bay.

With the close of this decade, 1847-1857, there came a new flowering forth of Holmes's genius, which took a form worth noting, since, being his own, it served most perfectly to embody his spiritual power. In the third of what is popularly known as The Breakfast-Table series, namely, *The Poet at the Breakfast-Table*, the author distinctly says, what the observant reader of the series will be pretty sure to discover for himself:—

“I have unburdened myself in this book, and in some other pages, of what I was born to say. Many things that I have said in my riper days have been aching in my soul since I was a mere child. I say aching, because they conflicted with many of my inherited beliefs, or rather traditions. I did not know then that two strains of blood were striving in me for the mastery, — two! twenty, perhaps, — twenty thousand for aught I know, — but represented to me by two, — paternal and maternal. But I do know this: I have struck a good many chords, first and last, in the consciousness of other people. I confess to a tender feeling for my little brood of thoughts. When they have been welcomed and praised it has pleased me; and if at any time they have been rudely handled and despitefully treated, it has cost me a little worry. I don't despise reputation, and I should like to be remembered as having said something worth lasting well enough to last.”

This passage presents briefly three very noticeable characteristics of Dr. Holmes's prose as contained in the series of *Atlantic* papers and stories. They give the mature thought of the writer, held back through many years for want of an adequate occasion, and ripened in his mind during this enforced silence; they illustrate the effect upon his thought of his professional studies, which predisposed him to treat of the natural history

<sup>1</sup> *The Poet Among the Hills*. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in Berkshire. By J. E. A. SMITH. Pittsfield, Massachusetts. George Blatchford, 1895.

of man, and to import into his analysis of the invisible organism of life the terms and methods employed in the science of the visible anatomy and physiology ; and finally they are warm with a sympathy for men and women, and singularly felicitous in their expression of many of the indistinct and half-understood experiences of life. Yet behind this threefold manifestation of individual genius one looks for the personality itself thus disclosed, and, guided by the clue offered in the biography of the author as already traced, sees the vivid nature, sensitive to impressions, yet stable through a substantial hold upon a highly developed community, the product of generations of specialized forces charged with electrical power and leaping into the light with gladness. We may please ourselves with the notion that the pent-up experience of New England found a vent in Dr. Holmes, but after all the nearest fact, behind which we need not go unless we choose, is that of a person speaking outright and not afraid of a large *I*. This note of egotism which was struck at once in the very title, so felicitous, of the first book, sounds throughout the series and gives it its undying charm ; for the man who does not shield himself behind the autobiographic form is rare, and the man who can dramatize other figures about a central one, and make that central one at once dramatic and dominant, is rarer still.

For the form of these writings, it may be said that the impression produced upon the reader of the *Autocrat* series, which was finally gathered into a volume, is of a growth rather than of a premeditated artistic completeness, and this makes more evident the mature character of the work and its closeness to the personality of the writer. The first suggestion, as Holmes points out in *The Autocrat's Autobiography*, is to be found in the two papers published, under the title of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, in *The New England Magazine* for November, 1831, and January, 1832. These were written by Dr. Holmes shortly after his graduation from college, and before he entered on his medical studies. They consist of brief epigrammatic observations upon various topics, the desultory talk of a person engrossing conversation at a table. The form is monologue, with scarcely more than a hint at interruptions, and no attempt at characterizing the speaker or his listeners. Twenty-five years later, when *The Atlantic Monthly* was founded, the author remembering the fancy resumed it, and under the same title began a series of papers which at once had great favor and grew, possibly, beyond the writer's original intention. Twenty-five years had not dulled the wit and gayety of the exuberant young writer ; rather they had ripened the early fruit, and imparted a richness of flavor which greatly increased the value. The maturity was seen not only in the wider reach and deeper tone of the talk, but in the humanizing of the scheme. Out of the talk at the breakfast-table one began to distinguish characters and faces in the persons about the board, and before the *Autocrat* was completed there had appeared a series of portraits, vivid and full of interest.

Two characters meanwhile were hinted at by Dr. Holmes rather than described or very palpably introduced, — the Professor and the Poet. It is not difficult to see that these are thin disguises for the author himself, who, in the versatility of his nature, appeals to the reader now as a brilliant philosopher, now as a man of science, now as a seer and poet. *The Professor at the Breakfast-Table* followed, and there was a still stronger dramatic element ; some of the former characters remained, and others of even more positive individuality were added ; a romance was inwoven and something like a plot sketched, so that, while the talk still went on and eddied about graver subjects than before, the book which grew out of the papers had more distinctly the form of a series of sketches from life. It was followed by two novels, *Elsie Venner* and *The Guardian*

*Angel*. The talks at the breakfast-table had often gravitated toward the deep themes of destiny and human freedom ; the novels wrought the same subjects in the form of fiction, and action interpreted the thought, while still there flowed on the wonderful, apparently inexhaustible stream of wit, tenderness, passion, and human sympathy. Fourteen years after the appearance of the first of the series, came *The Poet at the Breakfast-Table*. A new group of characters, with slight reminders of former ones, occupied the pages ; again talk and romance blended ; and playfulness, satire, sentiment, wise reflection and sturdy indignation trooped across the pages.

The Breakfast-Table series forms a group independent of the interrelated novels, and with its frequent poems may be taken as an artistic whole. It is hardly too much to say, that it makes a new contribution to the forms of literary art. It was not altogether novel. Such a book as Southey's *The Doctor*, for example, might be cited as a progenitor. Still all that went before it were characterized more by negligence and an unordered freedom. The distinctive mark of the *Autocrat* and its fellows was, as we have hinted, the frank dominance of the author's personality. The elasticity of the scheme rendered possible a comprehensiveness of material ; the exuberance of the author's fancy and the fullness of his thought gave a richness to the fabric ; the poetic sense of fitness kept the whole within just bounds. It is illustrative of the native, personal character of this series, so stamped with his genius, that when in his old age Holmes felt a desire to write again, deliberately and at length, he returned to the same form, and in *Over the Teacups* essayed the old happy blending of prose and verse, the vivification of characters supposed to carry on discussion about a social board, when in reality one dominant voice, even if sometimes ventriloquial, is heard throughout, — that of the inventor of the characters. And it is interesting to observe how shadowy at the last these characters have become, so that they are scarcely more than numerical, and how instinctively the old man, musing over the board, has surrounded himself with the gracious presences of women.

The form of these books made poetical interludes easy and natural. Sometimes the verses introduced were not blossoms upon the wandering vine, but cut flowers fastened carelessly for the lightening of the effect ; for the most part, however, they seem to belong where we find them, and a survey of the groups as presented in this volume confirms this impression. When arranging his poems for a final collective edition, Dr. Holmes brought together in successive sections the poems from each of the Breakfast-Table series, but removed those poems which had been more arbitrarily placed first in these books, such as those more properly arranged under the heading *Poems of the Class of '29*. Thus the poems included in *The Professor* are quite distinctly the outgrowth of that strain of religious speculation which characterizes the work ; they are positive affirmations, as if the author found a relief in occasional clear poetic expression when engaged in the heat of theological discussion. The series *Wind-Clouds and Star-Drifts*, on the other hand, which constitutes the main poetic apparatus of *The Poet*, is more distinctly philosophical in its nature ; but when one turns to the volume and notes the form of insertion, he is reminded that the whole book is soberer in tone and more taken up with the structural treatment of the mysteries of human life, whereas *The Professor* was quite as markedly critical and more than once destructive of notions and conventions. The poems in *The Autocrat* partake of the swift, varied play of that book, and those in *Over the Teacups* show the flaring up now and then of the old flame as the book itself is more or less of an effort.

For the purpose of treating this notable series as a whole, we have departed from a

strictly chronological survey of Dr. Holmes's career. *The Autocrat* appeared in 1857-1858, *The Professor* in 1859. The gap of fourteen years which intervened between this book and *The Poet* is represented in the poetical writings by the collection under the title *Songs of Many Seasons*, and both the subdivisions of that section and the titles of many of the poems intimate how much the author's thoughts were upon the great affairs which stirred his own country,—the war, the restoration of peace, and the beginning of that second great ingathering of the nations which will render the period following the war a great period in American history. He has left his impressions both in prose and in verse. *The Atlantic Monthly* afforded a convenient vehicle, as did the several occasions now kept alive by his verses. One of his notable papers was that entitled *My Hunt after "the Captain,"* and details his experience when going to the seat of war in the fall of 1862 on the occasion of the wounding of a son, who bears his father's name and is now a justice on the bench of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts.

When John Lothrop Motley died, Dr. Holmes wrote a sketch of him for the Massachusetts Historical Society, which was afterward expanded and published as a volume. The book is more than a friendly testimony, it is an expression of patriotism. No one need be told who has read that, and the letters which he himself wrote to Motley, his *Bread and the Newspaper*, his oration on *The Inevitable Trial*, and the lyrics which are comprehended under the title *In War Time*, that the author of *Old Ironsides* had an ardent affection for the nation and a large-hearted belief in it. And yet great crises brought these expressions to pass; his familiar habit of mind was cordially local. His affection fastened upon his college, and in his college on his class; he had a worthy pride in the race from which he had sprung, and the noble clannishness which is one of the safeguards of social morality; he loved the city of his life, not with the merely curious regard of the antiquary, but with the passion of the man who can be at home only in one place; and he held to New England as to a substantial entity, not to a geographical section of some greater whole. He did not travel, because Boston and Berkshire contented him. His laboratory was at hand; human nature was under his observation from the vantage-ground of home. With the instinct of a man of science, he took for analysis that which was most familiar to him, assured that in the bit of the world where he was born, and out of which he had got his nourishment, he had all he needed for the exercise of his wit. There is no more pathetic yet kindly figure in our literature than Little Boston. With poetic instinct, Dr. Holmes made him deformed, but not ugly. He put into him a fiery soul of local patriotism, and transfigured him thus. Under the guise of a bit of nature's mockery he was enabled to give vent to a flood of feeling without arousing laughter or contempt. All Little Boston's vehemence of civic pride is a memorial inscription, and whatever may be the fortune of the city, however august may be its presence, there lies embedded in this figure of Little Boston a perpetual witness to an imperishable civic personality.

The poems which occupy the closing sections of this volume, *Bunker-Hill Battle and other Poems*, *The Iron Gate and other Poems*, and *Before the Curfew*, bear frequent witness to the strength of Dr. Holmes's fidelity to his people and his country. They hint also, as do his later writings, of that temper which was growing upon him, so beautifully reflected in his own verse:—

" Youth longs and manhood strives, but age remembers,  
Sits by the raked-up ashes of the past,  
Spreads its thin hands above the whitening embers  
That warm its creeping life-blood till the last."



Thus he wrote for the breakfast given him by the publishers of *The Atlantic Monthly* at the close of 1879. Yet in 1886 he made with his daughter a journey to Europe. Most of the time was passed in England, where the journey was like a Royal Progress. "The travellers," says the London *Daily News*, "had barely arrived when invitations came pouring in upon them. They received their 'baptism of fire' in that long conflict which lasts through the London season, on the first evening of their arrival in town. It consisted of a dinner, where twenty guests, celebrities and agreeable persons, were assembled to meet them. The dinner was followed by a grand reception. Then began a perpetual round of social engagements. Breakfasts, luncheons, dinners, teas, receptions, two, three and four deep of the evening, was the order of the waking hours. Society was charmed with the genial philosopher and poet. His courteous manner, his ready wit, the fascinating nobility of his countenance, made up a charming personality. There was something magnetic in the glance of his blue-gray eye, in the hearty grasp of his hand. Dr. Holmes went to the Derby, impelled by the wish to live again the impressions of fifty years ago. But this time he went down in company with the Prince of Wales, and witnessed the race from the grand stand. The animation with which the old man describes Ormonde, the beautiful bay of the Duke of Westminster, flashing past ridden by Archer, belongs to spirits as buoyant as were those that stirred the blood of the youth half a century before." The record of the journey is preserved in *Our Hundred Days in Europe*.

He had a mellow evening of life. As one after another of his comrades left the world, he bade them good-by with a song. Thus in his old age he sang after Lowell and Whittier and Parkman; at last his own voice was silent, and there was no one left in his generation to sing his farewell, for he it was who brought up the rear of the procession of American writers of the great period, as one by one passed into the firmament of fame.

He died in his home in Boston suddenly, while talking with his son, at half-past one, Sunday afternoon, October 7, 1891, in the eighty-sixth year of his age.

H. E. S.



## TO MY READERS

[Written to introduce the Blue and Gold edition of Holmes's Poems.]

NAY, blame me not: I might have spared  
Your patience many a trivial verse,  
Yet these my earlier welcome shared,  
So, let the better shield the worse.

And some might say, "Those ruder songs  
Had freshness which the new have lost;  
To spring the opening leaf belongs,  
The chestnut-burs await the frost."

When those I wrote, my locks were brown,  
When these I write — ah, well-a-day!  
The autumn thistle's silvery down  
Is not the purple bloom of May!

Go, little book, whose pages hold  
Those garnered years in loving trust;  
How long before your blue and gold  
Shall fade and whiten in the dust?

O sexton of the alcoved tomb,  
Where souls in leathern cerements lie,  
Tell me each living poet's doom!  
How long before his book shall die?

It matters little, soon or late,  
A day, a month, a year, an age, —  
I read oblivion in its date,  
And Finis on its title-page.

Before we sighed, our griefs were told;  
Before we smiled, our joys were sung;  
And all our passions shaped of old  
In accents lost to mortal tongue.

In vain a fresher mould we seek, —  
Can all the varied phrases tell  
That Babel's wandering children speak  
How thrushes sing or lilacs smell?

Caged in the poet's lonely heart,  
Love wastes unheard its tenderest tone ;  
The soul that sings must dwell apart,  
Its inward melodies unknown.

Deal gently with us, ye who read !  
Our largest hope is unfulfilled, —  
The promise still outruns the deed, —  
The tower, but not the spire, we build.

Our whitest pearl we never find ;  
Our ripest fruit we never reach ;  
The flowering moments of the mind  
Drop half their petals in our speech.

These are my blossoms ; if they wear  
One streak of morn or evening's glow,  
Accept them ; but to me more fair  
The buds of song that never blow.

*April 8, 1862.*

## EARLIER POEMS

[THE printing of *Poetry: a Metrical Essay* was made the occasion by the author for publishing the first collection of his poems in 1836. This contained the group afterward designated *Earlier Poems*, as well as most of those now grouped at the end of this volume under the heading *Verses from the Oldest Portfolio*; for when the volume of his verse had become considerable, Dr. Holmes thought best to winnow his first gathering, and to retain under the title *Earlier Poems* those which he regarded as constituent parts of his poetical product. The following passages are from the *Preface*, dated Boston, 1 November, 1836, which introduced the volume.

"The shorter pieces are arranged mainly with reference to the dignity of their subjects. A few remarks with regard to a species of writing in which the author has occasionally indulged, are offered to the consideration of those who are disposed to criticise rigorously; without the intention, however, of justifying all or any attempts at comic poetry, if they are bad specimens of their kind.

"The *extravagant* is often condemned as unnatural; as if a tendency of the mind, shown in all ages and forms, had not its foundation in nature. A series of hyperbolical images is considered beneath criticism by the same judges who would write treatises upon the sculptured satyrs and painted arabesques of antiquity, which are only hyperbole in stone and colors. As material objects in different lights repeat themselves in shadows variously elongated, contracted, or exaggerated, so our solid and sober thoughts caricature themselves in fantastic shapes inseparable from their originals, and having a unity in their extravagance, which proves them to have retained their proportions in certain respects, however differing in outline from their prototypes. To illustrate this

by an example. Our idea of a certain great nation, an idea founded in substantial notions of its geography, its statistics, its history, in one aspect of the mind stretches into the sublime in the image of *Britannia*, and in another dilates into the sub-ridiculous in the person of *John Bull*. Both these personifications partially represent their object; both are useful and philosophical. And I am not afraid to say to the declaimers upon dignity of composition, that a metrical arabesque of a storm or a summer, if its images, though hyperbolical, are conceivable, and consistent with each other, is a perfectly healthy and natural exercise of the imagination, and not, as some might think, a voluntary degradation of its office. I argue, as I said before, for a principle, and not for my own attempt at its illustration.

"I had the intention of pointing out some accidental plagiarisms, or coincidences as they might be more mildly called, discovered principally by myself after the composition of the passages where they occur; but as they are, so far as I know, both innocent and insignificant, and as I have sometimes had literary pick-pockets at my own skirts, I will leave them, like the apples of Atalanta, as an encouragement to sagacious critics, should any such follow my footsteps.

"I have come before the public like an actor who returns to fold his robes and make his bow to the audience. Already engaged in other duties, it has been with some effort that I have found time to adjust my own mantle; and I now willingly retire to more quiet labors, which, if less exciting, are more certain to be acknowledged as useful and received with gratitude; thankful that, not having staked all my hopes upon a single throw, I can sleep quietly after closing the last leaf of my little volume."

### OLD IRONSIDES

This was the popular name by which the frigate *Constitution* was known. The poem was first printed in the *Boston Daily Advertiser*, at the time when it was proposed to break up the old ship as unfit for service. I subjoin the paragraph which led to the writing of the

poem. It is from the *Advertiser* of Tuesday, September 14, 1830:—

"*Old Ironsides*.—It has been affirmed upon good authority that the Secretary of the Navy has recommended to the Board of Navy Commissioners to dispose of the frigate *Constitution*. Since it has been understood that such a step was in contemplation we have heard but one

opinion expressed, and that in decided disapprobation of the measure. Such a national object of interest, so endeared to our national pride as Old Ironsides is, should never by any act of our government cease to belong to the Navy, so long as our country is to be found upon the map of nations. In England it was lately determined by the Admiralty to cut the Victory, a one-hundred gun ship (which it will be recollected bore the flag of Lord Nelson at the battle of Trafalgar), down to a seventy-four, but so loud were the lamentations of the people upon the proposed measure that the intention was abandoned. We confidently anticipate that the Secretary of the Navy will in like manner consult the general wish in regard to the Constitution, and either let her remain in ordinary or rebuild her whenever the public service may require." — *New York Journal of Commerce*.

The poem was an impromptu outburst of feeling and was published on the next day but one after reading the above paragraph. [When *Poetry: a Metrical Essay* was published this poem was introduced as an interlude at the close of the second section.]

AY, tear her tattered ensign down !  
 Long has it waved on high,  
 And many an eye has danced to see  
 That banner in the sky ;  
 Beneath it rung the battle shout,  
 And burst the cannon's roar ; —  
 The meteor of the ocean air  
 Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,  
 Where knelt the vanquished foe,  
 When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,  
 And waves were white below,  
 No more shall feel the victor's tread,  
 Or know the conquered knee ; —  
 The harpies of the shore shall pluck  
 The eagle of the sea !

Oh, better that her shattered hulk  
 Should sink beneath the wave ;  
 Her thunders shook the mighty deep,  
 And there should be her grave ;  
 Nail to the mast her holy flag,  
 Set every threadbare sail,  
 And give her to the god of storms,  
 The lightning and the gale !

#### THE LAST LEAF

The poem was suggested by the sight of a figure well known to Bostonians [in 1831 or

1832], that of Major Thomas Melville, "the last of the cocked hats," as he was sometimes called. The Major had been a personable young man, very evidently, and retained evidence of it in

"The monumental pomp of age," —

which had something imposing and something odd about it for youthful eyes like mine. He was often pointed at as one of the "Indians" of the famous "Boston Tea-Party" of 1774. His aspect among the crowds of a later generation reminded me of a withered leaf which has held to its stem through the storms of autumn and winter, and finds itself still clinging to its bough while the new growths of spring are bursting their buds and spreading their foliage all around it. I make this explanation for the benefit of those who have been puzzled by the lines,

"The last leaf upon the tree  
*In the spring.*"

The way in which it came to be written in a somewhat singular measure was this. I had become a little known as a versifier, and I thought that one or two other young writers were following my efforts with imitations, not meant as parodies and hardly to be considered improvements on their models. I determined to write in a measure which would at once betray any copyist. So far as it was suggested by any previous poem, the echo must have come from Campbell's "Battle of the Baltic," with its short terminal lines, such as the last of these two,

"By thy wild and stormy steep,  
 Elsinore."

But I do not remember any poem in the same measure, except such as have been written since its publication.

The poem as first written had one of those false rhymes which produce a shudder in all educated persons, even in the poems of Keats and others who ought to have known better than to admit them.

The guilty verse ran thus : —

"But now he walks the streets,  
 And he looks at all he meets  
*So forlorn,*  
 And he shakes his feeble head,  
 That it seems as if he said,  
 'They are gone !'"

A little more experience, to say nothing of the sneer of an American critic in an English periodical, showed me that this would never do. Here was what is called a "cockney rhyme," — one in which the sound of the letter *r* is neglected — maltreated as the letter *h* is insulted by the average Briton by leaving it out everywhere except where it should be silent. Such an ill-mated pair as "forlorn" and "gone"

could not possibly pass current in good rhyming society. But what to do about it was the question. I *must* keep

“They are gone!”

and I could not think of any rhyme which I could work in satisfactorily. In this perplexity my friend, Mrs. Folsom, wife of that excellent scholar, Mr. Charles Folsom, then and for a long time the unsparing and infallible corrector of the press at Cambridge, suggested the line,

“Sad and wan,”

which I thankfully adopted and have always retained.

Good Abraham Lincoln had a great liking for the poem, and repeated it from memory to Governor Andrew, as the Governor himself told me. I have a copy of it made by the hand of Edgar Allan Poe.

[When this poem was issued with an accompaniment of illustration and decoration in 1894, Dr. Holmes wrote to his publishers:—

“I have read the proof you sent me and find nothing in it which I feel called upon to alter or explain.

“I have lasted long enough to serve as an illustration of my own poem. I am one of the very last of the leaves which still cling to the bough of life that budded in the spring of the nineteenth century. The days of my years are threescore and twenty, and I am almost half way up the steep incline which leads me toward the base of the new century so near to which I have already climbed.

“I am pleased to find that this poem, carrying with it the marks of having been written in the joyous morning of life, is still read and cared for. It was with a smile on my lips that I wrote it; I cannot read it without a sigh of tender remembrance. I hope it will not sadden my older readers, while it may amuse some of the younger ones to whom its experiences are as yet only floating fancies.”]

I saw him once before,  
As he passed by the door,  
And again  
The pavement stones resound,  
As he totters o'er the ground  
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,  
Ere the pruning-knife of Time  
Cut him down,  
Not a better man was found  
By the Crier on his round  
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,  
And he looks at all he meets  
Sad and wan,  
And he shakes his feeble head,  
That it seems as if he said,  
“They are gone.”

The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he has prest  
In their bloom,  
And the names he loved to hear,  
Have been carved for many a year  
On the tomb.

My grandmother has said —  
Poor old lady, she is dead  
Long ago —  
That he had a Roman nose,  
And his cheek was like a rose  
In the snow;

But now his nose is thin,  
And it rests upon his chin  
Like a staff,  
And a crook is in his back,  
And a melancholy crack  
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
At him here ;  
But the old three-cornered hat,  
And the breeches, and all that,  
Are so queer !

And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree  
In the spring,  
Let them smile, as I do now,  
At the old forsaken bough  
Where I cling.

## THE CAMBRIDGE CHURCHYARD

[This poem was included as an interlude at the close of the first section in *Poetry: a Metrical Essay*, when that was published in book form.]

OUR ancient church ! its lowly tower,  
Beneath the loftier spire,  
Is shadowed when the sunset hour  
Clothes the tall shaft in fire ;  
It sinks beyond the distant eye

Long ere the glittering vane,  
High wheeling in the western sky,  
Has faded o'er the plain.

Like Sentinel and Nun, they keep  
Their vigil on the green ;  
One seems to guard, and one to weep,  
The dead that lie between ;  
And both roll out, so full and near,  
Their music's mingling waves,  
They shake the grass, whose pennoned spear  
Leans on the narrow graves.

The stranger parts the flaunting weeds,  
Whose seeds the winds have strown  
So thick, beneath the line he reads,  
They shade the sculptured stone ;  
The child unveils his clustered bow,  
And ponders for a while  
The graven willow's pendent bough,  
Or rudest cherub's smile.

But what to them the dirge, the knell ?  
These were the mourner's share, —  
The sullen clang, whose heavy swell  
Throbb'd through the beating air ;  
The rattling cord, the rolling stone,  
The shelving sand that slid,  
And, far beneath, with hollow tone  
Rung on the coffin's lid.

The slumberer's mound grows fresh and  
green,  
Then slowly disappears ;  
The mosses creep, the gray stones lean,  
Earth hides his date and years ;  
But, long before the once-loved name  
Is sunk or worn away,  
No lip the silent dust may claim,  
That pressed the breathing clay.

Go where the ancient pathway guides,  
See where our sires laid down  
Their smiling babes, their cherished brides,  
The patriarchs of the town ;  
Hast thou a tear for buried love ?  
A sigh for transient power ?  
All that a century left above,  
Go, read it in an hour !

The Indian's shaft, the Briton's ball,  
The sabre's thirsting edge,  
The hot shell, shattering in its fall,  
The bayonet's rending wedge, —  
Here scattered death ; yet, seek the spot,

No trace thine eye can see,  
No altar, — and they need it not  
Who leave their children free !

Look where the turbid rain-drops stand  
In many a chiselled square ;  
The knightly crest, the shield, the brand  
Of honored names were there ; —  
Alas ! for every tear is dried  
Those blazoned tablets knew,  
Save when the icy marble's side  
Drips with the evening dew.

Or gaze upon yon pillared stone,  
The empty urn of pride ;  
There stand the Goblet and the Sun, —  
What need of more beside ?  
Where lives the memory of the dead,  
Who made their tomb a toy ?  
Whose ashes press that nameless bed ?  
Go, ask the village boy !

Lean o'er the slender western wall,  
Ye ever-roaming girls ;  
The breath that bids the blossom fall  
May lift your floating curls,  
To sweep the simple lines that tell  
An exile's date and doom ;  
And sigh, for where his daughters dwell,  
They wreath the stranger's tomb.

And one amid these shades was born,  
Beneath this turf who lies,  
Once beaming as the summer's morn,  
That closed her gentle eyes ;  
If sinless angels love as we,  
Who stood thy grave beside,  
Three seraph welcomes waited thee,  
The daughter, sister, bride !

I wandered to thy buried mound  
When earth was hid below  
The level of the glaring ground,  
Choked to its gates with snow,  
And when with summer's flowery waves  
The lake of verdure rolled,  
As if a Sultan's white-robed slaves  
Had scattered pearls and gold.

Nay, the soft pinions of the air,  
That lift this trembling tone,  
Its breath of love may almost bear  
To kiss thy funeral stone ;  
And, now thy smiles have passed away,  
For all the joy they gave,



May sweetest dew and warmest ray  
Lie on thine early grave !

When damps beneath and storms above  
Have bowed these fragile towers,  
Still o'er the graves yon locust grove  
Shall swing its Orient flowers ;  
And I would ask no mouldering bust,  
If e'er this humble line,  
Which breathed a sigh o'er others' dust,  
Might call a tear on mine.

## TO AN INSECT

The Katydid is "a species of grasshopper found in the United States, so called from the sound which it makes." WORCESTER.

I used to hear this insect in Providence, Rhode Island, but I do not remember hearing it in Cambridge, Massachusetts, where I passed my boyhood. It is well known in other towns in the neighborhood of Boston.

I LOVE to hear thine earnest voice,  
Wherever thou art hid,  
Thou testy little dogmatist,  
Thou pretty Katydid !  
Thou mindest me of gentlefolks, —  
Old gentlefolks are they, —  
Thou say'st an undisputed thing  
In such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, Katydid !  
I know it by the trill  
That quivers through thy piercing notes,  
So petulant and shrill ;  
I think there is a knot of you  
Beneath the hollow tree, —  
A knot of spinster Katydids, —  
Do Katydids drink tea ?

Oh, tell me where did Katy live,  
And what did Katy do ?  
And was she very fair and young,  
And yet so wicked, too ?  
Did Katy love a naughty man,  
Or kiss more cheeks than one ?  
I warrant Katy did no more  
Than many a Kate has done.

Dear me ! I'll tell you all about  
My fuss with little Jane,  
And Ann, with whom I used to walk  
So often down the lane,  
And all that tore their locks of black,

Or wet their eyes of blue, —  
Pray tell me, sweetest Katydid,  
What did poor Katy do ?

Ah no ! the living oak shall crash,  
That stood for ages still,  
The rock shall rend its mossy base  
And thunder down the hill,  
Before the little Katydid  
Shall add one word, to tell  
The mystic story of the maid  
Whose name she knows so well.

Peace to the ever-murmuring race !  
And when the latest one  
Shall fold in death her feeble wings  
Beneath the autumn sun,  
Then shall she raise her fainting voice,  
And lift her drooping lid,  
And then the child of future years  
Shall hear what Katy did.

## THE DILEMMA

Now, by the blessed Paphian queen,  
Who heaves the breast of sweet sixteen ;  
By every name I cut on bark  
Before my morning star grew dark ;  
By Hymen's torch, by Cupid's dart,  
By all that thrills the beating heart ;  
The bright black eye, the melting blue,  
I cannot choose between the two.

I had a vision in my dreams ; —  
I saw a row of twenty beams ;  
From every beam a rope was hung,  
In every rope a lover swung ;  
I asked the hue of every eye  
That bade each luckless lover die ;  
Ten shadowy lips said, heavenly blue,  
And ten accused the darker hue.

I asked a matron which she deemed  
With fairest light of beauty beamed ;  
She answered, some thought both were  
fair, —  
Give her blue eyes and golden hair.  
I might have liked her judgment well,  
But, as she spoke, she rang the bell,  
And all her girls, nor small nor few,  
Came marching in, — their eyes were blue.

I asked a maiden ; back she flung  
The locks that round her forehead hung,

And turned her eye, a glorious one,  
Bright as a diamond in the sun,  
On me, until beneath its rays  
I felt as if my hair would blaze ;  
She liked all eyes but eyes of green ;  
She looked at me ; what could she mean ?

Ah ! many lids Love lurks between,  
Nor heeds the coloring of his screen ;  
And when his random arrows fly,  
The victim falls, but knows not why.  
Gaze not upon his shield of jet,  
The shaft upon the string is set ;  
Look not beneath his azure veil,  
Though every limb were cased in mail.

Well, both might make a martyr break  
The chain that bound him to the stake ;  
And both, with but a single ray,  
Can melt our very hearts away ;  
And both, when balanced, hardly seem  
To stir the scales, or rock the beam ;  
But that is dearest, all the while,  
That wears for us the sweetest smile.

#### MY AUNT

My aunt ! my dear unmarried aunt !  
Long years have o'er her flown ;  
Yet still she strains the aching clasp  
That binds her virgin zone ;  
I know it hurts her, — though she looks  
As cheerful as she can ;  
Her waist is ampler than her life,  
For life is but a span.

My aunt ! my poor deluded aunt !  
Her hair is almost gray ;  
Why will she train that winter curl  
In such a spring-like way ?  
How can she lay her glasses down,  
And say she reads as well,  
When through a double convex lens  
She just makes out to spell ?

Her father — grandpapa ! forgive  
This erring lip its smiles —  
Vowed she should make the finest girl  
Within a hundred miles ;  
He sent her to a stylish school ;  
'T was in her thirteenth June ;  
And with her, as the rules required,  
"Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,  
To make her straight and tall ;  
They laced her up, they starved her down,  
To make her light and small ;  
They pinched her feet, they singed her  
hair,  
They screwed it up with pins ; —  
Oh, never mortal suffered more  
In penance for her sins.

So, when my precious aunt was done,  
My grandsire brought her back ;  
(By daylight, lest some rabid youth  
Might follow on the track ;)  
"Ah !" said my grandsire, as he shook  
Some powder in his pan,  
"What could this lovely creature do  
Against a desperate man !"

Alas ! nor chariot, nor barouche,  
Nor bandit cavalcade,  
Tore from the trembling father's arms  
His all-accomplished maid.  
For her how happy had it been !  
And Heaven had spared to me  
To see one sad, ungathered rose  
On my ancestral tree.

#### REFLECTIONS OF A PROUD PEDESTRIAN

I SAW the curl of his waving lash,  
And the glance of his knowing eye,  
And I knew that he thought he was cutting  
a dash,  
As his steed went thundering by.

And he may ride in the rattling gig,  
Or flourish the Stanhope gay,  
And dream that he looks exceeding big  
To the people that walk in the way ;

But he shall think, when the night is still,  
On the stable-boy's gathering numbers,  
And the ghost of many a veteran bill  
Shall hover around his slumbers ;

The ghastly dun shall worry his sleep,  
And constables cluster around him,  
And he shall creep from the wood-hole  
deep  
Where their spectre eyes have found  
him !

Ay! gather your reins, and crack your  
thong,  
And bid your steed go faster ;  
He does not know, as he scrambles along,  
That he has a fool for his master ;

And hurry away on your lonely ride,  
Nor deign from the mire to save me ;  
I will paddle it stoutly at your side  
With the tandem that nature gave me !

## DAILY TRIALS

BY A SENSITIVE MAN

OH, there are times  
When all this fret and tumult that we hear  
Do seem more stale than to the sexton's  
ear  
His own dull rhimes.

Ding dong ! ding dong !  
The world is in a simmer like a sea  
Over a pent volcano, — woe is me  
All the day long !

From crib to shroud !  
Nurse o'er our cradles screameth lullaby,  
And friends in boots tramp round us as we  
die,  
Snuffling aloud.

At morning's call  
The small-voiced pug-dog welcomes in the  
sun,  
And flea-bit mongrels, wakening one by  
one,  
Give answer all.

When evening dim  
Draws round us, then the lonely cater-  
waul,  
Tart solo, sour duct, and general squall, —  
These are our hymn.

Women, with tongues  
Like polar needles, ever on the jar ;  
Men, plugless word-spouts, whose deep  
fountains are  
Within their lungs.

Children, with drums  
Strapped round them by the fond paternal  
ass ;

Peripateties with a blade of grass  
Between their thumbs.

Vagrants, whose arts  
Have caged some devil in their mad  
machine,  
Which grinding, squeaks, with husky  
groans between,  
Come out by starts.

Cockneys that kill  
Thin horses of a Sunday, — men, with  
clams,  
Hoarse as young bisons roaring for their  
dams  
From hill to hill.

Soldiers, with guns,  
Making a nuisance of the blessed air,  
Child-erying bellman, children in despair,  
Screeching for buns.

Storms, thunders, waves !  
Howl, crash, and bellow till ye get your  
fill ;  
Ye sometimes rest ; men never can be still  
But in their graves.

## EVENING

BY A TAILOR

DAY hath put on his jacket, and around  
His burning bosom buttoned it with stars.  
Here will I lay me on the velvet grass,  
That is like padding to earth's meagre ribs,  
And hold communion with the things about  
me.

Ah me ! how lovely is the golden braid  
That binds the skirt of night's descending  
robe !  
The thin leaves, quivering on their silken  
threads,  
Do make a music like to rustling satin,  
As the light breezes smooth their downy  
nap.

Ha ! what is this that rises to my touch,  
So like a cushion ? Can it be a cabbage ?  
It is, it is that deeply injured flower,  
Which boys do flout us with ; — but yet I  
love thee,  
Thou giant rose, wrapped in a green sur-  
tout.

Doubtless in Eden thou didst blush as  
bright  
As these, thy puny brethren ; and thy  
breath  
Sweetened the fragrance of her spicy air ;  
But now thou seemest like a bankrupt beau,  
Stripped of his gaudy hues and essences,  
And growing portly in his sober garments.

Is that a swan that rides upon the water ?  
Oh no, it is that other gentle bird,  
Which is the patron of our noble calling.  
I well remember, in my early years,  
When these young hands first closed upon  
a goose ;  
I have a scar upon my thimble finger,  
Which chronicles the hour of young ambi-  
tion.  
My father was a tailor, and his father,  
And my sire's grandsire, all of them were  
tailors ;  
They had an ancient goose, — it was an  
heirloom  
From some remoter tailor of our race.  
It happened I did see it on a time  
When none was near, and I did deal with it,  
And it did burn me, — oh, most fearfully !

It is a joy to straighten out one's limbs,  
And leap elastic from the level counter,  
Leaving the petty grievances of earth,  
The breaking thread, the din of clashing  
shears,  
And all the needles that do wound the  
spirit,  
For such a pensive hour of soothing silence.  
Kind Nature, shuffling in her loose undress,  
Lays bare her shady bosom ; — I can feel  
With all around me ; — I can hail the flowers  
That sprig earth's mantle, — and yon quiet  
bird,  
That rides the stream, is to me as a brother.  
The vulgar know not all the hidden pockets,  
Where Nature stows away her loveliness.  
But this unnatural posture of the legs  
Cramps my extended calves, and I must go  
Where I can coil them in their wonted fash-  
ion.

### THE DORCHESTER GIANT

The "pudding-stone" is a remarkable con-  
glomerate found very abundantly in the towns  
mentioned, all of which are in the neighbor-

hood of Boston. We used in those primitive  
days to ask friends to *ride* with us when we  
meant to take them to *drive* with us.

[It is interesting to see how the same sub-  
ject presented itself to the poet in different  
moods. There is a passage in *The Professor at  
the Breakfast-Table* which begins, "I wonder  
whether the boys who live in Roxbury and  
Dorchester are ever moved to tears or filled  
with silent awe as they look upon the rocks and  
fragments of 'pudding-stone' abounding in  
those localities." Then follows a half page of  
eloquent speculation on the pudding-stone.]

THERE was a giant in time of old,  
A mighty one was he ;  
He had a wife, but she was a scold,  
So he kept her shut in his mammoth fold ;  
And he had children three.

It happened to be an election day,  
And the giants were choosing a king ;  
The people were not democrats then,  
They did not talk of the rights of men,  
And all that sort of thing.

Then the giant took his children three,  
And fastened them in the pen ;  
The children roared ; quoth the giant, "Be  
still !"  
And Dorchester Heights and Milton Hill  
Rolled back the sound again.

Then he brought them a pudding stuffed  
with plums,  
As big as the State-House dome ;  
Quoth he, "There's something for you to  
eat ;  
So stop your mouths with your 'lection  
treat,  
And wait till your dad comes home."

So the giant pulled him a chestnut stout,  
And whittled the boughs away ;  
The boys and their mother set up a shout,  
Said he, "You're in, and you can't get out,  
Bellow as loud as you may."

Off he went, and he growled a tune  
As he strode the fields along ;  
'Tis said a buffalo fainted away,  
And fell as cold as a lump of clay,  
When he heard the giant's song.

But whether the story's true or not,  
It is n't for me to show ;

There 's many a thing that 's twice as queer  
In somebody's lectures that we hear,  
And those are true, you know.

What are those lone ones doing now,  
The wife and the children sad ?  
Oh, they are in a terrible rout,  
Screaming, and throwing their pudding  
about,  
Acting as they were mad.

They flung it over to Roxbury hills,  
They flung it over the plain,  
And all over Milton and Dorchester too  
Great lumps of pudding the giants threw ;  
They tumbled as thick as rain.

Giant and mammoth have passed away,  
For ages have floated by ;  
The snet is hard as a marrow-bone,  
And every plum is turned to a stone,  
But there the puddings lie.

And if, some pleasant afternoon,  
You 'll ask me out to ride,  
The whole of the story I will tell,  
And you shall see where the puddings fell,  
And pay for the punch beside.

### TO THE PORTRAIT OF "A LADY"

IN THE ATHENEUM GALLERY

[The companion piece, *To the Portrait of "A Gentleman" in the Athenæum Gallery*, was relegated by the author to *Verses from the Oldest Portfolio*, when he divided his first volume as stated in the introductory note.]

WELL, Miss, I wonder where you live,  
I wonder what 's your name,  
I wonder how you came to be  
In such a stylish frame ;  
Perhaps you were a favorite child,  
Perhaps an only one ;  
Perhaps your friends were not aware  
You had your portrait doue !

Yet you must be a harmless soul ;  
I cannot think that Sin

Would care to throw his loaded dice,  
With such a stake to win ;  
I cannot think you would provoke  
The poet's wicked pen,  
Or make young women bite their lips,  
Or ruin fine young men.

Pray, did you ever hear, my love,  
Of boys that go about,  
Who, for a very trifling sum,  
Will snip one's picture out ?  
I'm not averse to red and white,  
But all things have their place,  
I think a profile cut in black  
Would suit your style of face !

I love sweet features ; I will own  
That I should like myself  
To see my portrait on a wall,  
Or bust upon a shelf ;  
But nature sometimes makes one up  
Of such sad odds and ends,  
It really might be quite as well  
Hushed up among one's friends !

### THE COMET

THE Comet ! He is on his way,  
And singing as he flies ;  
The whizzing planets shrink before  
The spectre of the skies ;  
Ah ! well may regal orbs burn blue,  
And satellites turn pale,  
Ten million cubic miles of head,  
Ten billion leagues of tail !

On, on by whistling spheres of light  
He flashes and he flames ;  
He turns not to the left nor right,  
He asks them not their names ;  
One spurn from his demoniac heel, —  
Away, away they fly,  
Where darkness might be bottled up  
And sold for "Tyrian dye."

And what would happen to the land,  
And how would look the sea,  
If in the bearded devil's path  
Our earth should chance to be ?  
Full hot and high the sea would boil,  
Full red the forests gleam ;  
Methought I saw and heard it all  
In a dyspeptic dream !

I saw a tutor take his tube  
 The Comet's course to spy ;  
 I heard a scream, — the gathered rays  
 Had stewed the tutor's eye ;  
 I saw a fort, — the soldiers all  
 Were armed with goggles green ;  
 Pop cracked the guns ! whiz flew the  
 balls !  
 Bang went the magazine !

I saw a poet dip a scroll  
 Each moment in a tub,  
 I read upon the warping back,  
 "The Dream of Beelzebub ;"  
 He could not see his verses burn,  
 Although his brain was fried,  
 And ever and anon he bent  
 To wet them as they dried.

I saw the scalding pitch roll down  
 The crackling, sweating pines,  
 And streams of smoke, like water-spouts,  
 Burst through the rumbling mines ;  
 I asked the firemen why they made  
 Such noise about the town ;  
 They answered not, — but all the while  
 The brakes went up and down.

I saw a roasting pullet sit  
 Upon a baking egg ;  
 I saw a cripple scorch his hand  
 Extinguishing his leg ;  
 I saw nine geese upon the wing  
 Towards the frozen pole,  
 And every mother's gosling fell  
 Crisped to a crackling coal.

I saw the ox that browsed the grass  
 Writhe in the blistering rays,  
 The herbage in his shrinking jaws  
 Was all a fiery blaze ;  
 I saw huge fishes, boiled to rags,  
 Bob through the bubbling brine ;  
 And thoughts of supper crossed my soul ;  
 I had been rash at mine.

Strange sights ! strange sounds ! O fearful  
 dream !  
 Its memory haunts me still,  
 The steaming sea, the crimson glare,  
 That wreathed each wooded hill ;  
 Stranger ! if through thy reeling brain  
 Such midnight visions sweep,  
 Spare, spare, oh, spare thine evening meal,  
 And sweet shall be thy sleep !

### THE MUSIC-GRINDERS

THERE are three ways in which men take  
 One's money from his purse,  
 And very hard it is to tell  
 Which of the three is worse ;  
 But all of them are bad enough  
 To make a body curse.

You're riding out some pleasant day,  
 And counting up your gains ;  
 A fellow jumps from out a bush,  
 And takes your horse's reins,  
 Another hints some words about  
 A bullet in your brains.

It's hard to meet such pressing friends  
 In such a lonely spot ;  
 It's very hard to lose your cash,  
 But harder to be shot ;  
 And so you take your wallet out,  
 Though you would rather not.

Perhaps you're going out to dine, —  
 Some odious creature begs  
 You'll hear about the cannon-ball  
 That carried off his pegs,  
 And says it is a dreadful thing  
 For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,  
 His children to be fed,  
 Poor little, lovely innocents,  
 All clamorous for bread, —  
 And so you kindly help to put  
 A bachelor to bed.

You're sitting on your window-seat,  
 Beneath a cloudless moon ;  
 You hear a sound, that seems to wear  
 The semblance of a tune,  
 As if a broken fife should strive  
 To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide  
 Of music seems to come,  
 There's something like a human voice,  
 And something like a drum ;  
 You sit in speechless agony,  
 Until your ear is numb.

Poor "home, sweet home" should seem to  
 be  
 A very dismal place ;

Your "auld acquaintance" all at once  
 Is altered in the face ;  
 Their discords sting through Burns and  
 Moore,  
 Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.

You think they are crusaders, sent  
 From some infernal clime,  
 To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,  
 And dock the tail of Rhyme,  
 To crack the voice of Melody,  
 And break the legs of Time.

But hark! the air again is still,  
 The music all is ground,  
 And silence, like a poultice, comes  
 To heal the blows of sound ;  
 It cannot be, — it is, — it is, —  
 A hat is going round !

No ! Pay the dentist when he leaves  
 A fracture in your jaw,  
 And pay the owner of the bear  
 That stunned you with his paw,  
 And buy the lobster that has had  
 Your knuckles in his claw ;

But if you are a portly man,  
 Put on your fiercest frown,  
 And talk about a constable  
 To turn them out of town ;  
 Then close your sentence with an oath,  
 And shut the window down !

And if you are a slender man,  
 Not big enough for that,  
 Or, if you cannot make a speech,  
 Because you are a flat,  
 Go very quietly and drop  
 A button in the hat !

#### THE TREADMILL SONG

THE stars are rolling in the sky,  
 The earth rolls on below,  
 And we can feel the rattling wheel  
 Revolving as we go.  
 Then tread away, my gallant boys,  
 And make the axle fly ;  
 Why should not wheels go round about,  
 Like planets in the sky ?  
 Wake up, wake up, my duck-legged man,  
 And stir your solid pegs !

Arouse, arouse, my gawky friend,  
 And shake your spider legs ;  
 What though you 're awkward at the  
 trade,  
 There 's time enough to learn, —  
 So lean upon the rail, my lad,  
 And take another turn.

They 've built us up a noble wall,  
 To keep the vulgar out ;  
 We 've nothing in the world to do  
 But just to walk about ;  
 So faster, now, you middle men,  
 And try to beat the ends, —  
 It 's pleasant work to ramble round  
 Among one's honest friends.

Here, tread upon the long man's toes,  
 He shan't be lazy here, —  
 And punch the little fellow's ribs,  
 And tweak that lubber's ear, —  
 He 's lost them both, — don't pull his  
 hair,  
 Because he wears a scratch,  
 But poke him in the further eye,  
 That is n't in the patch.

Hark ! fellows, there 's the supper-bell,  
 And so our work is done ;  
 It 's pretty sport, — suppose we take  
 A round or two for fun !  
 If ever they should turn me out,  
 When I have better grown,  
 Now hang me, but I mean to have  
 A treadmill of my own !

#### THE SEPTEMBER GALE

This tremendous hurricane occurred on the 23d of September, 1815. I remember it well, being then seven years old. A full account of it was published, I think, in the records of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. Some of my recollections are given in *The Seasons*, an article to be found in a book of mine entitled *Pages from an Old Volume of Life*.

I 'm not a chicken ; I have seen  
 Full many a chill September,  
 And though I was a youngster then,  
 That gale I well remember ;  
 The day before, my kite-string snapped,  
 And I, my kite pursuing,  
 The wind whisked off my palm-leaf hat :  
 For me two storms were brewing !

It came as quarrels sometimes do,  
 When married folks get clashing ;  
 There was a heavy sigh or two,  
 Before the fire was flashing, —  
 A little stir among the clouds,  
 Before they rent asunder, —  
 A little rocking of the trees,  
 And then came on the thunder.

Lord ! how the ponds and rivers boiled !  
 They seemed like bursting craters !  
 And oaks lay scattered on the ground  
 As if they were p'taters ;  
 And all above was in a howl,  
 And all below a clatter, —  
 The earth was like a frying-pan,  
 Or some such hissing matter.

It chanced to be our washing-day,  
 And all our things were drying ;  
 The storm came roaring through the  
 lines,  
 And set them all a flying ;  
 I saw the shirts and petticoats  
 Go riding off like witches ;  
 I lost, ah ! bitterly I wept, —  
 I lost my Sunday breeches !

I saw them straddling through the air,  
 Alas ! too late to win them ;  
 I saw them chase the clouds, as if  
 The devil had been in them ;  
 They were my darlings and my pride,  
 My boyhood's only riches, —  
 "Farewell, farewell," I faintly cried, —  
 "My breeches ! O my breeches !"

That night I saw them in my dreams,  
 How changed from what I knew  
 them !  
 The dews had steeped their faded threads,  
 The winds had whistled through them !  
 I saw the wide and ghastly rents  
 Where demon claws had torn them ;  
 A hole was in their amplest part,  
 As if an imp had worn them.

I have had many happy years,  
 And tailors kind and clever,  
 But those young pantaloons have gone  
 Forever and forever !  
 And not till fate has cut the last  
 Of all my earthly stitches,  
 This aching heart shall cease to mourn  
 My loved, my long-lost breeches !

## THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICU- LOUS

I WROTE some lines once on a time  
 In wondrous merry mood,  
 And thought, as usual, men would say  
 They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,  
 I laughed as I would die ;  
 Albeit, in the general way,  
 A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came ;  
 How kind it was of him  
 To mind a slender man like me,  
 He of the mighty limb.

"These to the printer," I exclaimed,  
 And, in my humorous way,  
 I added, (as a trifling jest,)  
 "There 'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watched,  
 And saw him peep within ;  
 At the first line he read, his face  
 Was all upon the grin.

He read the next ; the grin grew broad,  
 And shot from ear to ear ;  
 He read the third ; a chuckling noise  
 I now began to hear.

The fourth ; he broke into a roar ;  
 The fifth ; his waistband split ;  
 The sixth ; he burst five buttons off,  
 And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye,  
 I watched that wretched man,  
 And since, I never dare to write  
 As funny as I can.

## THE LAST READER

I SOMETIMES sit beneath a tree  
 And read my own sweet songs ;  
 Though naught they may to others be,  
 Each humble line prolongs  
 A tone that might have passed away,  
 But for that scarce remembered lay.

I keep them like a lock or leaf  
 That some dear girl has given ;  
 Frail record of an hour, as brief  
 As sunset clouds in heaven,



But spreading purple twilight still  
High over memory's shadowed hill.

They lie upon my pathway bleak,  
Those flowers that once ran wild,  
As on a father's careworn cheek  
The ringlets of his child ;  
The golden mingling with the gray,  
And stealing half its snows away.

What care I though the dust is spread  
Around these yellow leaves,  
Or o'er them his sarcastic tread  
Oblivion's insect weaves ?  
Though weeds are tangled on the stream,  
It still reflects my morning's beam.

And therefore love I such as smile  
On these neglected songs,  
Nor deem that flattery's needless wile  
My opening bosom wrongs ;  
For who would trample, at my side,  
A few pale buds, my garden's pride ?

It may be that my scanty ore  
Long years have washed away,  
And where were golden sands before  
Is naught but common clay ;  
Still something sparkles in the sun  
For memory to look back upon.

And when my name no more is heard,  
My lyre no more is known,  
Still let me, like a winter's bird,  
In silence and alone,  
Fold over them the weary wing  
Once flashing through the dews of spring.

Yes, let my fancy fondly wrap  
My youth in its decline,  
And riot in the rosy lap  
Of thoughts that once were mine,  
And give the worm my little store  
When the last reader reads no more !

### POETRY

A METRICAL ESSAY, READ BEFORE THE  
PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY, HARVARD  
UNIVERSITY, AUGUST, 1836

TO CHARLES WENTWORTH UPHAM, THE FOLLOWING METRICAL ESSAY IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

This Academic Poem presents the simple and partial views of a young person trained

after the schools of classical English verse as represented by Pope, Goldsmith, and Campbell, with whose lines his memory was early stocked. It will be observed that it deals chiefly with the constructive side of the poet's function. That which makes him a poet is not the power of writing melodious rhymes, it is not the possession of ordinary human sensibilities nor even of both these qualities in connection with each other. I should rather say, if I were now called upon to define it, it is the power of transfiguring the experiences and shows of life into an aspect which comes from his imagination and kindles that of others. Emotion is its stimulus and language furnishes its expression ; but these are not all, as some might infer was the doctrine of the poem before the reader.

A common mistake made by young persons who suppose themselves to have the poetical gift is that their own spiritual exaltation finds a true expression in the conventional phrases which are borrowed from the voices of the singers whose inspiration they think they share.

Looking at this poem as an expression of some aspects of the *ars poetica*, with some passages which I can read even at this mature period of life without blushing for them, it may stand as the most serious representation of my early efforts. Intended as it was for public delivery, many of its paragraphs may betray the fact by their somewhat rhetorical and sonorous character.

SCENES of my youth ! awake its slumbering  
fire !

Ye winds of Memory, sweep the silent lyre !  
Ray of the past, if yet thou canst appear,  
Break through the clouds of Fancy's waning  
year ;

Chase from her breast the thin autumnal  
snow,

If leaf or blossom still is fresh below !

Long have I wandered ; the returning  
tide

Brought back an exile to his cradle's side ;  
And as my bark her time-worn flag un-  
rolled,

To greet the land-breeze with its faded  
fold,

So, in remembrance of my boyhood's time,  
I lift these ensigns of neglected rhyme ;

Oh, more than blest, that, all my wander-  
ings through,

My anchor falls where first my pennons  
flew !

The morning light, which rains its  
quivering beams  
Wide o'er the plains, the summits, and the  
streams,  
In one broad blaze expands its golden glow  
On all that answers to its glance below ;  
Yet, changed on earth, each far reflected  
ray  
Braids with fresh hues the shining brow of  
day ;  
Now, clothed in blushes by the painted  
flowers,  
Tracks on their cheeks the rosy-fingered  
hours ;  
Now, lost in shades, whose dark entangled  
leaves  
Drip at the noontide from their pendent  
eaves,  
Fades into gloom, or gleams in light again  
From every dew-drop on the jewelled plain.

We, like the leaf, the summit, or the  
wave,  
Reflect the light our common nature gave,  
But every sunbeam, falling from her throne,  
Wears on our hearts some coloring of our  
own :  
Chilled in the slave, and burning in the free,  
Like the sealed cavern by the sparkling  
sea ;  
Lost, like the lightning in the sullen clod,  
Or shedding radiance, like the smiles of  
God ;  
Pure, pale in Virtue, as the star above,  
Or quivering roseate on the leaves of Love ;  
Glaring like noontide, where it glows upon  
Ambition's sands, — the desert in the  
sun, —  
Or soft suffusing o'er the varied scene  
Life's common coloring, — intellectual  
green.

Thus Heaven, repeating its material  
plan,  
Arched over all the rainbow mind of man ;  
But he who, blind to universal laws,  
Sees but effects, unconscious of their  
cause, —  
Believes each image in itself is bright,  
Not robed in drapery of reflected light, —  
Is like the rustic who, amidst his toil,  
Has found some crystal in his meagre soil,  
And, lost in rapture, thinks for him alone  
Earth worked her wonders on the spark-  
ling stone,

Nor dreams that Nature, with as nice a line,  
Carved countless angles through the bound-  
less mine.

Thus err the many, who, entranced to find  
Unwonted lustre in some clearer mind,  
Believe that Genius sets the laws at naught  
Which chain the pinions of our wildest  
thought ;  
Untaught to measure, with the eye of art,  
The wandering fancy or the wayward heart ;  
Who match the little only with the less,  
And gaze in rapture at its slight excess,  
Proud of a pebble, as the brightest gem  
Whose light might crown an emperor's  
diadem.

And, most of all, the pure ethereal fire  
Which seems to radiate from the poet's lyre  
Is to the world a mystery and a charm,  
An Ægis wielded on a mortal's arm,  
While Reason turns her dazzled eye away,  
And bows her sceptre to her subject's sway ;  
And thus the poet, clothed with godlike  
state,  
Usurped his Maker's title — to create ;  
He, whose thoughts differing not in shape,  
but dress,  
What others feel more fitly can express,  
Sits like the maniac on his fancied throne,  
Peeps through the bars, and calls the world  
his own.

There breathes no being but has some  
pretence  
To that fine instinct called poetic sense :  
The rudest savage, roaming through the  
wild ;  
The simplest rustic, bending o'er his child ;  
The infant, listening to the warbling bird ;  
The mother, smiling at its half-formed  
word ;  
The boy uncaged, who tracks the fields  
at large ;  
The girl, turned matron to her babe-like  
charge ;  
The freeman, casting with unpurchased  
hand  
The vote that shakes the turret of the land ;  
The slave, who, slumbering on his rusted  
chain,  
Dreams of the palm-trees on his burning  
plain ;  
The hot-cheeked reveller, tossing down the  
wine,

To join the choros pealing "Auld lang  
 syne;"  
 The gentle maid, whose azure eye grows  
 dim,  
 While Heaven is listening to her evening  
 hymn;  
 The jewelled beauty, when her steps draw  
 near  
 The circling dance and dazzling chande-  
 lier;  
 E'en trembling age, when Spring's renew-  
 ing air  
 Waves the thin ringlets of his silvered  
 hair:—  
 All, all are glowing with the inward flame,  
 Whose wider halo wreathes the poet's  
 name,  
 While, unembalmed, the silent dreamer  
 dies,  
 His memory passing with his smiles and  
 sighs!

If glorious visions, born for all mankind,  
 The bright auroras of our twilight mind;  
 If fancies, varying as the shapes that lie  
 Stained on the windows of the sunset sky:  
 If hopes, that beckon with delusive gleams,  
 Till the eye dances in the void of dreams;  
 If passions, following with the winds that  
 urge  
 Earth's wildest wanderer to her farthest  
 verge;—  
 If these on all some transient hours bestow  
 Of rapture tingling with its hectic glow,  
 Then all are poets; and if earth had rolled  
 Her myriad centuries, and her doom were  
 told,  
 Each moaning billow of her shoreless wave  
 Would wail its requiem o'er a poet's grave!

If to embody in a breathing word  
 Tones that the spirit trembled when it  
 heard;  
 To fix the image all unveiled and warm,  
 And carve in language its ethereal form,  
 So pure, so perfect, that the lines express  
 No meagre shrinking, no unlaced excess;  
 To feel that art, in living truth, has taught  
 Ourselves, reflected in the sculptured  
 thought;—  
 If this alone bestow the right to claim  
 The deathless garland and the sacred name,  
 Then none are poets save the saints on high,  
 Whose harps can murmur all that words  
 deny!

But though to none is granted to reveal  
 In perfect semblance all that each may feel,  
 As withered flowers recall forgotten love,  
 So, warmed to life, our faded passions move  
 In every line, where kindling fancy throws  
 The gleam of pleasures or the shade of  
 woes.

When, schooled by time, the stately queen  
 of art  
 Had smoothed the pathways leading to the  
 heart,  
 Assumed her measured tread, her solemn  
 tone,  
 And round her courts the clouds of fable  
 thrown,  
 The wreaths of heaven descended on her  
 shrine,  
 And wondering earth proclaimed the Muse  
 divine.  
 Yet if her votaries had but dared profane  
 The mystic symbols of her sacred reign,  
 How had they smiled beneath the veil to  
 find  
 What slender threads can chain the mighty  
 mind!

Poets, like painters, their machinery  
 claim,  
 And verse bestows the varnish and the  
 frame:  
 Our grating English, whose Teutonic jar  
 Shakes the racked axle of Art's rattling  
 car,  
 Fits like mosaic in the lines that gird  
 Fast in its place each many-angled word;  
 From Saxon lips Anacreon's numbers  
 glide,  
 As once they melted on the Teian tide,  
 And, fresh transfused, the Iliad thrills  
 again  
 From Allibon's cliffs as o'er Achaia's plain!  
 The proud heroic, with its pulse-like beat,  
 Rings like the cymbals clashing as they  
 meet;  
 The sweet Spenserian, gathering as it  
 flows,  
 Sweeps gently onward to its dying close,  
 Where waves on waves in long succession  
 pour,  
 Till the ninth billow melts along the shore;  
 The lonely spirit of the mournful lay,  
 Which lives immortal as the verse of Gray,  
 In sable plumage slowly drifts along,  
 On eagle pinion, through the air of song;

The glittering lyric bounds elastic by,  
 With flashing ringlets and exulting eye,  
 While every image, in her airy whirl,  
 Gleams like a diamond on a dancing girl!

Born with mankind, with man's ex-  
 panded range  
 And varying fates the poet's numbers  
 change;

Thus in his history may we hope to find  
 Some clearer epochs of the poet's mind,  
 As from the cradle of its birth we trace,  
 Slow wandering forth, the patriarchal  
 race.

## I

When the green earth, beneath the  
 zephyr's wing,  
 Wears on her breast the varnished buds of  
 Spring;

When the loosed current, as its folds  
 uncoil,  
 Slides in the channels of the mellowed soil;  
 When the young hyacinth returns to seek  
 The air and sunshine with her emerald  
 beak;

When the light snowdrops, starting from  
 their cells,

Hang each pagoda with its silver bells;  
 When the frail willow twines her trailing  
 bow

With pallid leaves that sweep the soil  
 below;

When the broad elm, sole empress of the  
 plain,

Whose circling shadow speaks a century's  
 reign,

Wreathes in the clouds her regal dia-  
 dem, —

A forest waving on a single stem; —  
 Then mark the poet; though to him un-  
 known

The quaint-mouthed titles, such as scholars  
 own,

See how his eye in ecstasy pursues  
 The steps of Nature tracked in radiant  
 hues;

Nay, in thyself, whate'er may be thy fate,  
 Pallid with toil or surfeited with state,  
 Mark how thy fancies, with the vernal  
 rose,

Awake, all sweetness, from their long re-  
 pose;

Then turn to ponder o'er the classic page,  
 Traced with the idyls of a greener age,

And learn the instinct which arose to  
 warm  
 Art's earliest essay and her simplest form.

To themes like these her narrow path  
 confined

The first-born impulse moving in the  
 mind;

In vales unshaken by the trumpet's sound,  
 Where peaceful Labor tills his fertile  
 ground,

The silent changes of the rolling years,  
 Marked on the soil or dialled on the  
 spheres,

The crested forests and the colored  
 flowers,

The dewy grottos and the blushing  
 bowers, —

These, and their guardians, who, with  
 liquid names,

Strephons and Chloes, melt in mutual  
 flames,

Woo the young Muses from their mountain  
 shade,

To make Arcadias in the lonely glade.

Nor think they visit only with their  
 smiles

The fabled valleys and Elysian isles;  
 He who is wearied of his village plain  
 May roam the Edens of the world in vain.  
 'Tis not the star-crowned cliff, the cata-  
 ract's flow,

The softer foliage or the greener glow,  
 The lake of sapphire or the spar-hung  
 cave,

The brighter sunset or the broader wave,  
 Can warm his heart whom every wind has  
 blown

To every shore, forgetful of his own.

Home of our childhood! how affection  
 clings

And hovers round thee with her seraph  
 wings!

Dearer thy hills, though clad in autumn  
 brown,

Than fairest summits which the cedars  
 crown!

Sweeter the fragrance of thy summer  
 breeze

Than all Arabia breathes along the seas!  
 The stranger's gale wafts home the exile's  
 sigh,

For the heart's temple is its own blue sky!

Oh happiest they, whose early love un-  
 changed,  
 Hopes undissolved, and friendship unes-  
 tranged,  
 Tired of their wanderings, still can deign  
 to see  
 Love, hopes, and friendship, centring all in  
 thee!

And thou, my village! as again I tread  
 Amidst thy living and above thy dead;  
 Though some fair playmates guard with  
 chaster fears  
 Their cheeks, grown holy with the lapse of  
 years;  
 Though with the dust some reverend locks  
 may blend,  
 Where life's last mile-stone marks the  
 journey's end;  
 On every bud the changing year recalls,  
 The brightening glance of morning mem-  
 ory falls,  
 Still following onward as the months un-  
 close

The balmy lilac or the bridal rose;  
 And still shall follow, till they sink once  
 more  
 Beneath the snow-drifts of the frozen  
 shore,  
 As when my bark, long tossing in the gale,  
 Furl'd in her port her tempest-rended sail!

What shall I give thee? Can a simple  
 lay,  
 Flung on thy bosom like a girl's bouquet,  
 Do more than deck thee for an idle hour,  
 Then fall unheeded, fading like the flower?  
 Yet, when I trod, with footsteps wild and  
 free,  
 The crackling leaves beneath yon linden-  
 tree,  
 Panting from play or dripping from the  
 stream,  
 How bright the visions of my boyish  
 dream!  
 Or, modest Charles, along thy broken  
 edge,  
 Black with soft ooze and fringed with  
 arrowy sedge,  
 As once I wandered in the morning sun,  
 With reeking sandal and superfluous gun,  
 How oft, as Fancy whispered in the gale,  
 Thou wast the Avon of her flattering tale!  
 Ye hills, whose foliage, fretted on the  
 skies,

Prints shadowy arches on their evening dyes,  
 How should my song with holiest charm in-  
 vest

Each dark ravine and forest-lifting crest!  
 How clothe in beauty each familiar scene,  
 Till all was classic on my native green!

As the drained fountain, filled with au-  
 tumn leaves,  
 The field swept naked of its garnered  
 sheaves,  
 So wastes at noon the promise of our dawn,  
 The springs all choking, and the harvest  
 gone.

Yet hear the lay of one whose natal star  
 Still seemed the brightest when it shone  
 afar;  
 Whose cheek, grown pallid with ungracious  
 toil,  
 Glows in the welcome of his parent soil;  
 And ask no garlands sought beyond the tide,  
 But take the leaflets gathered at your side.

## II

But times were changed; the torch of  
 terror came,  
 To light the summits with the beacon's  
 flame;  
 The streams ran crimson, the tall mountain  
 pines  
 Rose a new forest o'er embattled lines;  
 The bloodless sickle lent the warrior's steel,  
 The harvest bowed beneath his chariot  
 wheel;  
 Where late the wood-dove sheltered her  
 repose  
 The raven waited for the conflict's close;  
 The cuirassed sentry walked his sleepless  
 round  
 Where Daphne smiled or Amaryllis  
 frowned;  
 Where timid minstrels sung their blushing  
 charms,  
 Some wild Tyrtæus called aloud, "To  
 arms!"

When Glory wakes, when fiery spirits  
 leap,  
 Roused by her accents from their tranquil  
 sleep,  
 The ray that flashes from the soldier's crest  
 Lights, as it glances, in the poet's breast; —  
 Not in pale dreamers, whose fantastic lay

Toys with smooth trifles like a child at play,  
But men, who act the passions they inspire,  
Who wave the sabre as they sweep the lyre!

Ye mild enthusiasts, whose pacific frowns  
Are lost like dew-drops caught in burning  
towns,  
Pluck as ye will the radiant plumes of fame,  
Break Cæsar's bust to make yourselves a  
name;  
But if your country bares the avenger's  
blade  
For wrongs unpunished or for debts unpaid,  
When the roused nation bids her armies  
form,  
And screams her eagle through the gather-  
ing storm,  
When from your ports the bannered frigate  
rides,  
Her black bows scowling to the crested tides,  
Your hour has past; in vain your feeble  
cry  
As the babe's wailing to the thundering sky!

Scourge of mankind! with all the dread  
array  
That wraps in wrath thy desolating way,  
As the wild tempest wakes the slumbering  
sea,  
Thou only teachest all that man can be.  
Alike thy tocsin has the power to charm  
The toil-kuit sinews of the rustic's arm,  
Or swell the pulses in the poet's veins,  
And bid the nations tremble at his strains.

The city slept beneath the moonbeam's  
glance,  
Her white walls gleaming through the vines  
of France,  
And all was hushed, save where the foot-  
steps fell,  
On some high tower, of midnight sentinel.  
But one still watched; no self-encircled  
woes  
Chased from his lids the angel of repose;  
He watched, he wept, for thoughts of bitter  
years  
Bowed his dark lashes, wet with burning  
tears:  
His country's sufferings and her children's  
shame  
Streamed o'er his memory like a forest's  
flame;  
Each treasured insult, each remembered  
wrong,

Rolled through his heart and kindled into  
song.

His taper faded; and the morning gales  
Swept through the world the war-song of  
Marseilles!

Now, while around the smiles of Peace  
expand,  
And Plenty's wreaths festoon the laughing  
land;  
While France ships outward her reluctant  
ore,  
And half our navy basks upon the shore;  
From ruder themes our meek-eyed Muses  
turn  
To crown with roses their enamelled urn.

If e'er again return those awful days  
Whose clouds were crimsoned with the  
beacon's blaze,  
Whose grass was trampled by the soldier's  
heel,  
Whose tides were reddened round the rush-  
ing keel,  
God grant some lyre may wake a nobler  
strain  
To rend the silence of our tented plain!  
When Gallia's flag its triple fold displays,  
Her marshalled legions peal the Marseil-  
laise;  
When round the German close the war-  
clouds dim,  
Far through their shadows floats his battle-  
hymn;  
When, crowned with joy, the camps of Eng-  
land ring,  
A thousand voices shout, "God save the  
King!"  
When victory follows with our eagle's  
glance,  
Our nation's anthem pipes a country dance!

Some prouder Muse, when comes the  
hour at last,  
May shake our hillsides with her bugle-  
blast;  
Not ours the task; but since the lyric dress  
Relieves the statelier with its sprightliness,  
Hear an old song, which some, perchance,  
have seen  
In stale gazette or cobwebbed magazine.  
There was an hour when patriots dared pro-  
fane  
The mast that Britain strove to bow in vain;  
And one, who listened to the tale of shame,

Whose heart still answered to that sacred  
name,  
Whose eye still followed o'er his country's  
tides  
Thy glorious flag, our brave Old Ironsides!  
From yon lone attic, on a smiling morn,  
Thus mocked the spoilers with his school-  
boy scorn.

## III

When florid Peace resumed her golden  
reign,  
And arts revived, and valleys bloomed  
again,  
While War still panted on his broken  
blade,  
Once more the Muse her heavenly wing  
essayed.  
Rude was the song : some ballad, stern and  
wild,  
Lulled the light slumbers of the soldier's  
child;  
Or young romancer, with his threatening  
glance  
And fearful fables of his bloodless lance,  
Scared the soft fancy of the clinging girls,  
Whose snowy fingers smoothed his raven  
curls.  
But when long years the stately form had  
bent,  
And faithless Memory her illusions lent,  
So vast the outlines of Tradition grew  
That History wondered at the shapes she  
drew,  
And veiled at length their too ambitious  
hues  
Beneath the pinions of the Epic Muse.

Far swept her wing; for stormier days  
had brought  
With darker passions deeper tides of  
thought.  
The camp's harsh tumult and the conflict's  
glow,  
The thrill of triumph and the gasp of woe,  
The tender parting and the glad return,  
The festal banquet and the funeral urn,  
And all the drama which at once uprears  
Its spectral shadows through the clash of  
spears,  
From camp and field to echoing verse  
transferred,  
Swelled the proud song that listening  
nations heard.

Why floats the amaranth in eternal  
bloom  
O'er Ilium's turrets and Achilles' tomb?  
Why lingers fancy where the sunbeams  
smile  
On Circe's gardens and Calypso's isle?  
Why follows memory to the gate of Troy  
Her plumed defender and his trembling  
boy?  
Lo! the blind dreamer, kneeling on the  
sand  
To trace these records with his doubtful  
hand;  
In fabled tones his own emotion flows,  
And other lips repeat his silent woes;  
In Hector's infant see the babes that shun  
Those deathlike eyes, unconscious of the  
sun,  
Or in his hero hear himself implore,  
"Give me to see, and Ajax asks no more!"

Thus live undying through the lapse of  
time  
The solemn legends of the warrior's clime;  
Like Egypt's pyramid or Pæstum's fane,  
They stand the heralds of the voiceless  
plain.  
Yet not like them, for Time, by slow de-  
grees,  
Saps the gray stone and wears the em-  
brodered frieze,  
And Isis sleeps beneath her subject Nile,  
And crumbled Neptune strews his Dorian  
pile;  
But Art's fair fabric, strengthening as it  
rears  
Its laurelled columns through the mist of  
years,  
As the blue arches of the bending skies  
Still gird the torrent, following as it flies,  
Spreads, with the surges bearing on man-  
kind,  
Its starred pavilion o'er the tides of mind!

In vain the patriot asks some lofty lay  
To dress in state our wars of yesterday.  
The classic days, those mothers of ro-  
mance,  
That roused a nation for a woman's glance;  
The age of mystery, with its hoarded  
power,  
That girt the tyrant in his storied tower,  
Have passed and faded like a dream of  
youth,  
And riper eras ask for history's truth.

On other shores, above their mouldering towns,  
 In sullen pomp the tall cathedral frowns,  
 Pride in its aisles and paupers at the door,  
 Which feeds the beggars whom it fleeced of yore.  
 Simple and frail, our lowly temples throw  
 Their slender shadows on the paths below;  
 Scarce steal the winds, that sweep his woodland tracks,  
 The larch's perfume from the settler's axe,  
 Ere, like a vision of the morning air,  
 His slight-framed steeple marks the house of prayer;  
 Its planks all reeking and its paint undried,  
 Its rafters sprouting on the shady side,  
 It sheds the raindrops from its shingled eaves  
 Ere its green brothers once have changed their leaves.

Yet Faith's pure hymn, beneath its shelter rude,  
 Breathes out as sweetly to the tangled wood  
 As where the rays through pictured glories pour  
 On marble shaft and tessellated floor; —  
 Heaven asks no surplice round the heart that feels,  
 And all is holy where devotion kneels.

Thus on the soil the patriot's knee should bend  
 Which holds the dust once living to defend;  
 Where'er the hireling shrinks before the free,  
 Each pass becomes "a new Thermopylæ!"  
 Where'er the battles of the brave are won,  
 There every mountain "looks on Marathon!"

Our fathers live; they guard in glory still  
 The grass-grown bastions of the fortified hill;  
 Still ring the echoes of the trampled gorge,  
 With *God and Freedom! England and Saint George!*  
 The royal cipher on the captured gun  
 Mocks the sharp night-dews and the blistering sun;

The red-cross banner shades its captor's bust,  
 Its folds still loaded with the conflict's dust;  
 The drum, suspended by its tattered marge,  
 Once rolled and rattled to the Hessian's charge;  
 The stars have floated from Britannia's mast,  
 The redcoat's trumpets blown the rebel's blast.

Point to the summits where the brave have bled,  
 Where every village claims its glorious dead;  
 Say, when their bosoms met the bayonet's shock,  
 Their only corselet was the rustic frock;  
 Say, when they mustered to the gathering horn,  
 The titled chieftain curled his lip in scorn,  
 Yet, when their leader bade his lines advance,  
 No musket wavered in the lion's glance;  
 Say, when they fainted in the forced retreat,  
 They tracked the snowdrifts with their bleeding feet,  
 Yet still their banners, tossing in the blast,  
 Bore *Ever Ready*, faithful to the last,  
 Through storm and battle, till they waved again  
 On Yorktown's hills and Saratoga's plain!

Then, if so fierce the insatiate patriot's flame,  
 Truth looks too pale and history seems too tame,  
 Bid him await some new Columbiad's page,  
 To gild the tablets of an iron age,  
 And save his tears, which yet may fall upon  
 Some fabled field, some fancied Washington!

## IV

But once again, from their Æolian cave,  
 The winds of Genius wandered on the wave.  
 Tired of the scenes the timid pencil drew,  
 Sick of the notes the sounding clarion blew,  
 Sated with heroes who had worn so long  
 The shadowy plumage of historic song,  
 The new-born poet left the beaten course,  
 To track the passions to their living source.



Then rose the Drama; — and the world  
 admired  
 Her varied page with deeper thought in-  
 spired;  
 Bound to no clime, for Passion's throb is  
 one  
 In Greenland's twilight or in India's sun;  
 Born for no age, for all the thoughts that  
 roll  
 In the dark vortex of the stormy soul,  
 Unchained in song, no freezing years can  
 tame;  
 God gave them birth, and man is still the  
 same.

So full on life her magic mirror shone,  
 Her sister Arts paid tribute to her throne;  
 One reared her temple, one her canvas  
 warmed,  
 And Music thrilled, while Eloquence in-  
 formed.  
 The weary rustic left his stunted task  
 For smiles and tears, the dagger and the  
 mask;  
 The sage, turned scholar, half forgot his lore,  
 To be the woman he despised before.  
 O'er sense and thought she threw her golden  
 chain,  
 And Time, the anarch, spares her deathless  
 reign.

Thus lives Medea, in our tamer age,  
 As when her buskin pressed the Grecian  
 stage;  
 Not in the cells where frigid learning delves  
 In Aldine folios mouldering on their shelves,  
 But breathing, burning in the glittering  
 throng,  
 Whose thousand bravos roll untired along,  
 Circling and spreading through the gilded  
 halls,  
 From London's galleries to San Carlo's  
 walls!

Thus shall he live whose more than mortal  
 name  
 Mocks with its ray the pallid torch of  
 Fame;  
 So proudly lifted that it seems afar  
 No earthly Pharos, but a heavenly star,  
 Who, unconfined to Art's diurnal bound,  
 Girds her whole zodiac in his flaming round,  
 And leads the passions, like the orb that  
 guides,  
 From pole to pole, the palpitating tides!

## V

Though round the Muse the robe of song  
 is thrown,  
 Think not the poet lives in verse alone.  
 Long ere the chisel of the sculptor taught  
 The lifeless stone to mock the living thought;  
 Long ere the painter bade the canvas glow  
 With every line the forms of beauty know;  
 Long ere the iris of the Muses threw  
 On every leaf its own celestial hue,  
 In fable's dress the breath of genius poured,  
 And warmed the shapes that later times  
 adored.

Untaught by Science how to forge the  
 keys  
 That loose the gates of Nature's mysteries;  
 Unschool'd by Faith, who, with her angel  
 tread,  
 Leads through the labyrinth with a single  
 thread,  
 His fancy, hovering round her guarded  
 tower,  
 Rained through its bars like Danaë's golden  
 shower.

He spoke; the sea-nymph answered from  
 her cave;  
 He called; the maïad left her mountain  
 wave:  
 He dreamed of beauty; lo, amidst his dream,  
 Narcissus, mirrored in the breathless stream,  
 And night's chaste empress, in her bridal  
 play,  
 Laughed through the foliage where Endy-  
 mion lay;  
 And ocean dimpled, as the languid swell  
 Kissed the red lip of Cytherea's shell;  
 Of power, — Bellona swept the crimson  
 field,  
 And blue-eyed Pallas shook her Gorgon  
 shield;  
 O'er the hushed waves their mightier mon-  
 arch drove,  
 And Ida trembled to the tread of *Jove!*

So every grace that plastic language  
 knows  
 To nameless poets its perfection owes.  
 The rough-hewn words to simplest thoughts  
 confined  
 Were cut and polished in their nicer mind;  
 Caught on their edge, imagination's ray  
 Splits into rainbows, shooting far away; —

From sense to soul, from soul to sense, it  
flies,  
And through all nature links analogies;  
He who reads right will rarely look upon  
A better poet than his lexicon!

There is a race which cold, ungenial skies  
Breed from decay, as fungous growths  
arise;  
Though dying fast, yet springing fast again,  
Which still usurps an unsubstantial reign,  
With frames too languid for the charms of  
sense,  
And minds worn down with action too in-  
tense;  
Tired of a world whose joys they never  
knew,  
Themselves deceived, yet thinking all un-  
true;  
Scarce men without, and less than girls  
within,  
Sick of their life before its cares begin; —  
The dull disease, which drains their feeble  
hearts,  
To life's decay some hectic thrills imparts,  
And lends a force which, like the maniac's  
power,  
Pays with blank years the frenzy of an hour.

And this is Genius! Say, does Heaven  
degrade  
The manly frame, for health, for action  
made?  
Break down the sinews, rack the brow  
with pains,  
Blanch the bright cheek and drain the pur-  
ple veins,  
To clothe the mind with more extended  
sway,  
Thus faintly struggling in degenerate clay?

No! gentle maid, too ready to admire,  
Though false its notes, the pale enthu-  
siast's lyre;  
If this be genius, though its bitter springs  
Glowed like the morn beneath Aurora's  
wings,  
Seek not the source whose sullen bosom  
feeds  
But fruitless flowers and dark, envenomed  
weeds.

But, if so bright the dear illusion seems,  
Thou wouldst be partner of thy poet's  
dreams,

And hang in rapture on his bloodless  
charms,  
Or die, like Raphael, in his angel arms,  
Go and enjoy thy blessed lot, — to share  
In Cowper's gloom or Chatterton's despair!

Not such were they whom, wandering  
o'er the waves,  
I looked to meet, but only found their  
graves;  
If friendship's smile, the better part of  
fame,  
Should lend my song the only wreath I  
claim,  
Whose voice would greet me with a  
sweeter tone,  
Whose living hand more kindly press my  
own,  
Than theirs, — could Memory, as her  
silent tread  
Prints the pale flowers that blossom o'er  
the dead,  
Those breathless lips, now closed in peace,  
restore,  
Or wake those pulses hushed to beat no  
more?

Thou calm, chaste scholar! I can see  
thee now,  
The first young laurels on thy pallid brow,  
O'er thy slight figure floating lightly down  
In graceful folds the academic gown,  
On thy curled lip the classic lines that  
taught  
How nice the mind that sculptured them  
with thought,  
And triumph glistening in the clear blue  
eye,  
Too bright to live, — but oh, too fair to  
die!

And thou, dear friend, whom Science  
still deploras,  
And Love still mourns, on ocean-severed  
shores,  
Though the bleak forest twice has bowed  
with snow  
Since thou wast laid its budding leaves  
below,  
Thine image mingles with my closing  
strain,  
As when we wandered by the turbid Seine,  
Both blessed with hopes, which revelled,  
bright and free,  
On all we longed or all we dreamed to be;

To thee the amaranth and the cypress  
 fell, —  
 And I was spared to breathe this last fare-  
 well!

But lived there one in unremembered  
 days,  
 Or lives there still, who spurns the poet's  
 bays,  
 Whose fingers, dewy from Castalia's  
 springs,  
 Rest on the lyre, yet seem to touch the  
 strings?  
 Who shakes the senate with the silver tone  
 The groves of Pindus might have sighed to  
 own?  
 Have such e'er been? Remember Can-  
 ning's name!  
 Do such still live? Let "Alaric's Dirge" —  
 proclaim!

Immortal Art! where'er the rounded  
 sky  
 Bends o'er the cradle where thy children  
 lie,  
 Their home is earth, their herald every  
 tongue

Whose accents echo to the voice that sung,  
 One leap of Ocean scatters on the sand  
 The quarried bulwarks of the loosening  
 land;  
 One thrill of earth dissolves a century's  
 toil  
 Strewed like the leaves that vanish in the  
 soil;  
 One hill o'erflows, and cities sink below,  
 Their marbles splintering in the lava's  
 glow;  
 But one sweet tone, scarce whispered to  
 the air,  
 From shore to shore the blasts of ages  
 bear;  
 One humble name, which oft, perchance,  
 has borne  
 The tyrant's mockery and the courtier's  
 scorn,  
 Towers o'er the dust of earth's forgotten  
 graves,  
 As once, emerging through the waste of  
 waves,  
 The rocky Titan, round whose shattered  
 spear  
 Coiled the last whirlpool of the drowning  
 sphere!

## POEMS PUBLISHED BETWEEN 1837 AND 1848

[AN English and enlarged edition of Dr. Holmes's *Poems* followed the American edition of 1836, and was furnished with a biographical sketch of the poet, but the second American edition was copyrighted in 1848, and published nominally in 1849. It contained the poems already published and a further group, as here presented. The preface to the earlier volume was omitted, and the new edition was introduced by a note headed "From a letter of the Author to the Publishers," from which the following passages are taken.

"As these productions are to be given to the public again at your particular request, I must trust that you will make all proper explanations. I need hardly remind you that a part of them appeared in a volume published about a dozen years ago; that when this volume had been some time out of print, another edition was printed, at your suggestion, in London, but I suppose sold principally to this country; and that the present edition is published to please you rather than to gratify myself. You will, therefore, take the entire responsibility of the second and third appearances, except so far as my consent involved me in the transactions.

"Let me remark, also, that it was only to suit your wishes that several copies of verses,

which sound very much like school exercises, were allowed to remain unexpurgated. If anybody takes the trouble to attack them, you may say that they belong to the department of 'Early' or 'Juvenile' Poems, and should be so ticketed. But stand up for the new verses, especially those added in this edition. Say that those two names, 'Terpsichore' and 'Urania,' may perhaps sound a little fantastic, but were merely intended as suggestive titles, and fall back upon Herodotus. Say that many of the lesser poems were written for meetings more or less convivial, and must of course show something like the fire-work frames on the morning of July 5th. If any objection is made to that bacchanalian song, say that the author entirely recedes from several of the sentiments contained in it, especially that about strong drink being a natural want. But ask, if a few classical reminiscences at a banquet may not be quite as like to keep out something worse, as to stand in the way of something better.

"If anything pleasant should be said about 'the new edition,' you may snip it out of the paper and save it for me. If contrary opinions are expressed, be so good as *not* to mark with brackets, carefully envelop, and send to me, as is the custom with many friends."]

### THE PILGRIM'S VISION

In the hour of twilight shadows  
The Pilgrim sere looked out;  
He thought of the "bloudy Salvages"  
That lurked all round about,  
Of Wituwamet's pictured knife  
And Pecksuot's whooping shout;  
For the baby's limbs were feeble,  
Though his father's arms were stout.

His home was a freezing cabin,  
Too bare for the hungry rat;  
Its roof was thatched with ragged grass,  
And bald enough of that;  
The hole that served for casement  
Was glazed with an ancient hat,

And the ice was gently thawing  
From the log whereon he sat.

Along the dreary landscape  
His eyes went to and fro,  
The trees all clad in icicles,  
The streams that did not flow;  
A sudden thought flashed o'er him, —  
A dream of long ago, —  
He smote his leathern jerkin,  
And murmured, "Even so!"

"Come hither, God-be-Glorified,  
And sit upon my knee;  
Behold the dream unfolding,  
Whereof I spake to thee  
By the winter's hearth in Leyden  
And on the stormy sea.

- True is the dream's beginning, —  
So may its ending be !
- “ I saw in the naked forest  
Our scattered remnant east,  
A screen of shivering branches  
Between them and the blast ;  
The snow was falling round them,  
The dying fell as fast :  
I looked to see them perish,  
When lo, the vision passed.
- “ Again mine eyes were opened ; —  
The feeble had waxed strong,  
The babes had grown to sturdy men,  
The remnant was a throng ;  
By shadowed lake and winding stream,  
And all the shores along,  
The howling demons quaked to hear  
The Christian's godly song.
- “ They slept, the village fathers,  
By river, lake, and shore  
When far down the steep of Time  
The vision rose once more :  
I saw along the winter snow  
A spectral column pour,  
And high above their broken ranks  
A tattered flag they bore.
- “ Their Leader rode before them,  
Of bearing calm and high,  
The light of Heaven's own kindling  
Throned in his awful eye ;  
These were a Nation's champions  
Her dread appeal to try.  
God for the right ! I faltered,  
And lo, the train passed by.
- “ Once more ; — the strife is ended,  
The solemn issue tried,  
The Lord of Hosts, his mighty arm  
Has helped our Israel's side ;  
Gray stone and grassy hillock  
Tell where our martyrs died,  
But peaceful smiles the harvest,  
And stainless flows the tide.
- “ A crash, as when some swollen eloud  
Cracks o'er the tangled trees !  
With side to side, and spar to spar,  
Whose smoking decks are these ?  
I know Saint George's blood-red cross,  
Thou Mistress of the Seas,
- But what is she whose streaming bars  
Roll out before the breeze ?
- “ Ah, well her iron ribs are knit,  
Whose thunders strive to quell  
The bellowing throats, the blazing lips,  
That pealed the Armada's knell !  
The mist was cleared, — a wreath of stars  
Rose o'er the crimsoned swell,  
And, wavering from its haughty peak,  
The cross of England fell !
- “ O trembling Faith ! though dark the  
morn,  
A heavenly torch is thine ;  
While feebler races melt away,  
And paler orbs decline,  
Still shall the fiery pillar's ray  
Along thy pathway shine,  
To light the chosen tribe that sought  
This Western Palestine !
- “ I see the living tide roll on ;  
It crowns with flaming towers  
The icy capes of Labrador,  
The Spaniard's 'land of flowers' !  
It streams beyond the splintered ridge  
That parts the northern showers ;  
From eastern rock to sunset wave  
The Continent is ours ! ”
- He ceased, the grim old soldier-saint,  
Then softly bent to cheer  
The Pilgrim-child, whose wasting face  
Was meekly turned to hear ;  
And drew his toil-worn sleeve across  
To brush the manly tear  
From cheeks that never changed in woe,  
And never blanched in fear.
- The weary Pilgrim slumbers,  
His resting-place unknown ;  
His hands were crossed, his lips were  
closed,  
The dust was o'er him strown ;  
The drifting soil, the mouldering leaf,  
Along the sod were blown ;  
His mound has melted into earth,  
His memory lives alone.
- So let it live unfading,  
The memory of the dead,  
Long as the pale anemone  
Springs where their tears were shed,

Or, raining in the summer's wind  
 In flakes of burning red,  
 The wild rose sprinkles with its leaves  
 The turf where once they bled!

Yea, when the frowning bulwarks  
 That guard this holy strand  
 Have sunk beneath the trampling surge  
 In beds of sparkling sand,  
 While in the waste of ocean  
 One hoary rock shall stand,  
 Be this its latest legend,—  
 HERE WAS THE PILGRIM'S LAND!

### THE STEAMBOAT

SEE how yon flaming herald treads  
 The ridged and rolling waves,  
 As, crashing o'er her crested heads,  
 She bows her surly slaves!  
 With foam before and fire behind,  
 She rends the clinging sea,  
 That flies before the roaring wind,  
 Beneath her hissing lee.

The morning spray, like sea-born flowers,  
 With heaped and glistening bells,  
 Falls round her fast, in ringing showers,  
 With every wave that swells;  
 And, burning o'er the midnight deep,  
 In lurid fringes thrown,  
 The living gems of ocean sweep  
 Along her flashing zone.

With clashing wheel and lifting keel,  
 And smoking torch on high,  
 When winds are loud and billows reel,  
 She thunders foaming by;  
 When seas are silent and serene,  
 With even beam she glides,  
 The sunshine glimmering through the green  
 That skirts her gleaming sides.

Now, like a wild nymph, far apart  
 She veils her shadowy form,  
 The beating of her restless heart  
 Still sounding through the storm;  
 Now answers, like a courtly dame,  
 The reddening surges o'er,  
 With flying scarf of spangled flame,  
 The Pharos of the shore.

To-night yon pilot shall not sleep,  
 Who trims his narrowed sail;

To-night yon frigate scarce shall keep  
 Her broad breast to the gale;  
 And many a foresail, scooped and strained,  
 Shall break from yard and stay,  
 Before this smoky wreath has stained  
 The rising mist of day.

Hark! hark! I hear yon whistling shroud,  
 I see yon quivering mast;  
 The black throat of the hunted cloud  
 Is panting forth the blast!  
 An hour, and, whirled like winnowing chaff,  
 The giant surge shall fling  
 His tresses o'er yon pennon staff,  
 White as the sea-bird's wing!

Yet rest, ye wanderers of the deep;  
 Nor wind nor wave shall tire  
 Those fleshless arms, whose pulses leap  
 With floods of living fire;  
 Sleep on, and, when the morning light  
 Streams o'er the shining bay,  
 Oh think of those for whom the night  
 Shall never wake in day!

### LEXINGTON

SLOWLY the mist o'er the meadow was  
 creeping,  
 Bright on the dewy buds glistened the  
 sun,  
 When from his couch, while his children  
 were sleeping,  
 Rose the bold rebel and shouldered his  
 gun.  
 Waving her golden veil  
 Over the silent dale,  
 Blithe looked the morning on cottage and  
 spire;  
 Hushed was his parting sigh,  
 While from his noble eye  
 Flashed the last sparkle of liberty's fire.

On the smooth green where the fresh leaf  
 is springing  
 Calmly the first-born of glory have met;  
 Hark! the death-volley around them is  
 ringing!  
 Look! with their life-blood the young  
 grass is wet!  
 Faint is the feeble breath,  
 Murmuring low in death,  
 "Tell to our sons how their fathers have  
 died;"

Nerveless the iron hand,  
 Raised for its native land,  
 Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side.

Over the hillsides the wild knell is tolling,  
 From their far hamlets the yeomanry  
 come;

As through the storm-clouds the thunder-  
 burst rolling,

Circles the beat of the mustering drum.

Fast on the soldier's path

Darken the waves of wrath, —

Long have they gathered and loud shall  
 they fall;

Red glares the musket's flash,

Sharp rings the rifle's crash,

Blazing and clanging from thicket and  
 wall.

Gayly the plume of the horseman was dan-  
 cing,

Never to shadow his cold brow again;

Proudly at morning the war-steed was  
 prancing,

Reeking and panting he droops on the  
 rein;

Pale is the lip of scorn,

Voiceless the trumpet horn,

Torn is the silken-fringed red cross on  
 high;

Many a belted breast

Low on the turf shall rest

Ere the dark hunters the herd have passed  
 by.

Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse wind  
 is raving,

Rocks where the weary floods murmur  
 and wail,

Wilds where the fern by the furrow is  
 waving,

Reeled with the echoes that rode on the  
 gale;

Far as the tempest thrills

Over the darkened hills,

Far as the sunshine streams over the plain,  
 Roused by the tyrant band,

Woke all the mighty land,

Girded for battle, from mountain to main.

Green be the graves where her martyrs are  
 lying!

Shroudless and tombless they sunk to  
 their rest,

While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying

Wraps the proud eagle they roused  
 from his nest.

Borne on her Northern pine,

Long o'er the foaming brine

Spread her broad banner to storm and to  
 sun;

Heaven keep her ever free,

Wide as o'er land and sea

Floats the fair emblem her heroes have  
 won!

## ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL

This "punch-bowl" was, according to old family tradition, a *caudle-cup*. It is a massive piece of silver, its cherubs and other ornaments of coarse repoussé work, and has two handles like a loving-cup, by which it was held, or passed from guest to guest.

THIS ancient silver bowl of mine, it tells of  
 good old times,

Of joyous days and jolly nights, and merry  
 Christmas times;

They were a free and jovial race, but  
 honest, brave, and true,

Who dipped their ladle in the punch when  
 this old bowl was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar, — so  
 runs the ancient tale;

'T was hammered by an Antwerp smith,  
 whose arm was like a flail;

And now and then between the strokes, for  
 fear his strength should fail,

He wiped his brow and quaffed a cup of  
 good old Flemish ale.

'T was purchased by an English squire to  
 please his loving dame,

Who saw the cherubs, and conceived a  
 longing for the same;

And oft as on the ancient stock another  
 twig was found,

'T was filled with caudle spiced and hot,  
 and handed smoking round.

But, changing hands, it reached at length a  
 Puritan divine,

Who used to follow Timothy, and take a  
 little wine,

But hated punch and prelaey; and so it  
 was, perhaps,

He went to Leyden, where he found con-  
 venticles and schnapps.

And then, of course, you know what's  
next: it left the Dutchman's shore  
With those that in the Mayflower came, —  
a hundred souls and more, —  
Along with all the furniture, to fill their  
new abodes, —  
To judge by what is still on hand, at least  
a hundred loads.

'T was on a dreary winter's eve, the night  
was closing dim,  
When brave Miles Standish took the bowl,  
and filled it to the brim;  
The little Captain stood and stirred the  
posset with his sword,  
And all his sturdy men-at-arms were  
ranged about the board.

He poured the fiery Hollands in, — the  
man that never feared, —  
He took a long and solemn draught, and  
wiped his yellow beard;  
And one by one the musketeers — the men  
that fought and prayed —  
All drank as 't were their mother's milk,  
and not a man afraid.

That night, affrighted from his nest, the  
screaming eagle flew,  
He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the  
soldier's wild halloo;  
And there the sachem learned the rule he  
taught to kith and kin:  
"Run from the white man when you find  
he smells of Hollands gin!"

A hundred years, and fifty more, had  
spread their leaves and snows,  
A thousand rubs had flattened down each  
little cherub's nose,  
When once again the bowl was filled, but  
not in mirth or joy, —  
'T was mingled by a mother's hand to  
cheer her parting boy.

Drink, John, she said, 't will do you good,  
— poor child, you'll never bear  
This working in the dismal trench, out in  
the midnight air;  
And if — God bless me! — you were hurt,  
't would keep away the chill.  
So John *did* drink, — and well he wrought  
that night at Bunker's Hill!

I tell you, there was generous warmth in  
good old English cheer;  
I tell you, 't was a pleasant thought to  
bring its symbol here.  
'T is but the fool that loves excess; hast  
thou a drunken soul?  
Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my  
silver bowl!

I love the memory of the past, — its  
pressed yet fragrant flowers, —  
The moss that clothes its broken walls, the  
ivy on its towers;  
Nay, this poor bauble it bequeathed, — my  
eyes grow moist and dim,  
To think of all the vanished joys that  
danced around its brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it  
straight to me;  
The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er  
the liquid be;  
And may the cherubs on its face protect  
me from the sin  
That dooms one to those dreadful words,  
— "My dear, where *have* you  
been?"

### A SONG

FOR THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF  
HARVARD COLLEGE, 1836

This song, which I had the temerity to  
sing myself (*felix audacia*, Mr. Franklin Dex-  
ter had the goodness to call it), was sent in  
a little too late to be printed with the official  
account of the celebration. It was written  
at the suggestion of Dr. Jacob Bigelow, who  
thought the popular tune "The Poacher's  
Song" would be a good model for a lively  
ballad or ditty. He himself wrote the admir-  
able Latin song to be found in the record of  
the meeting.

WHEN the Puritans came over  
Our hills and swamps to clear,  
The woods were full of catamounts,  
And Indians red as deer,  
With tomahawks and scalping-knives,  
That make folks' heads look queer;  
Oh the ship from England used to bring  
A hundred wigs a year!



The crows came cawing through the air  
 To pluck the Pilgrims' corn,  
 The bears came snuffing round the door  
 Whene'er a babe was born,  
 The rattlesnakes were bigger round  
 Than the but of the old ram's horn  
 The deacon blew at meeting time  
 On every "Sabbath" morn.

But soon they knocked the wigwams  
 down,  
 And pine-tree trunk and limb  
 Began to sprout among the leaves  
 In shape of steeples slim;  
 And out the little wharves were stretched  
 Along the ocean's rim,  
 And up the little school-house shot  
 To keep the boys in trim.

And when at length the College rose,  
 The sachem cocked his eye  
 At every tutor's meagre ribs  
 Whose coat-tails whistled by:  
 But when the Greek and Hebrew words  
 Came tumbling from his jaws,  
 The copper-colored children all  
 Ran screaming to the squaws.

And who was on the Catalogue  
 When college was begun?  
 Two nephews of the President,  
 And *the* Professor's son;  
 (They turned a little Indian by,  
 As brown as any bun;)  
 Lord! how the seniors knocked about  
 The freshman class of one!

They had not then the dainty things  
 That commons now afford,  
 But succotash and hominy  
 Were smoking on the board;  
 They did not rattle round in gigs,  
 Or dash in long-tailed blues,  
 But always on Commencement days  
 The tutors blacked their shoes.

God bless the ancient Puritans!  
 Their lot was hard enough;  
 But honest hearts make iron arms,  
 And tender maids are tough;  
 So love and faith have formed and fed  
 Our true-born Yankee stuff,  
 And keep the kernel in the shell  
 The British found so rough!

## THE ISLAND HUNTING-SONG

The island referred to is a domain of princely proportions, which has long been the seat of a generous hospitality. Naushon is its old Indian name. William Swain, Esq., commonly known as "the Governor," was the proprietor of it at the time when this song was written. Mr. John M. Forbes is his worthy successor in territorial rights and as a hospitable entertainer. The *Island Book* has been the recipient of many poems from visitors and friends of the owners of the old mansion. [In *The Autocrat*, section ii., is an animated account of Naushon, followed by a poem, *Sun and Shadow*, written there.]

No more the summer floweret charms,  
 The leaves will soon be sere,  
 And Autumn folds his jewelled arms  
 Around the dying year;  
 So, ere the waning seasons claim  
 Our leafless groves awhile,  
 With golden wine and glowing flame  
 We'll crown our lonely isle.

Once more the merry voices sound  
 Within the antlered hall,  
 And long and loud the baying hounds  
 Return the hunter's call;  
 And through the woods, and o'er the hill,  
 And far along the bay,  
 The driver's horn is sounding shrill, —  
 Up, sportsmen, and away!

No bars of steel or walls of stone  
 Our little empire bound,  
 But, circling with his azure zone,  
 The sea runs foaming round;  
 The whitening wave, the purpled skies,  
 The blue and lifted shore,  
 Braid with their dim and blending dyes  
 Our wide horizon o'er.

And who will leave the grave debate  
 That shakes the smoky town,  
 To rule amid our island-state,  
 And wear our oak-leaf crown?  
 And who will be awhile content  
 To hunt our woodland game,  
 And leave the vulgar pack that scent  
 The reeking track of fame?

Ah, who that shares in toils like these  
 Will sigh not to prolong

Our days beneath the broad-leaved trees,  
 Our nights of mirth and song ?  
 Then leave the dust of noisy streets,  
 Ye outlaws of the wood,  
 And follow through his green retreats  
 Your noble Robin Hood.

### DEPARTED DAYS

YES, dear departed, cherished days,  
 Could Memory's hand restore  
 Your morning light, your evening rays,  
 From Time's gray urn once more,  
 Then might this restless heart be still,  
 This straining eye might close,  
 And Hope her fainting pinions fold,  
 While the fair phantoms rose.

But, like a child in ocean's arms,  
 We strive against the stream,  
 Each moment farther from the shore  
 Where life's young fountains gleam ;  
 Each moment fainter wave the fields,  
 And wider rolls the sea ;  
 The mist grows dark, — the sun goes  
 down, —  
 Day breaks, — and where are we ?

### THE ONLY DAUGHTER

#### ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE

THEY bid me strike the idle strings,  
 As if my summer days  
 Had shaken sunbeams from their wings  
 To warm my autumn lays ;  
 They bring to me their painted urn,  
 As if it were not time  
 To lift my gauntlet and to spurn  
 The lists of boyish rhyme ;  
 And were it not that I have still  
 Some weakness in my heart  
 That clings around my stronger will  
 And pleads for gentler art,  
 Perchance I had not turned away  
 The thoughts grown tame with toil,  
 To cheat this lone and pallid ray,  
 That wastes the midnight oil.

Alas ! with every year I feel  
 Some roses leave my brow ;  
 Too young for wisdom's tardy seal,  
 Too old for garlands now.

Yet, while the dewy breath of spring  
 Steals o'er the tingling air,  
 And spreads and fans each emerald wing  
 The forest soon shall wear,  
 How bright the opening year would seem,  
 Had I one look like thine  
 To meet me when the morning beam  
 Unseals these lids of mine !  
 Too long I bear this lonely lot,  
 That bids my heart run wild  
 To press the lips that love me not,  
 To clasp the stranger's child.

How oft beyond the dashing seas,  
 Amidst those royal bowers,  
 Where danced the lilacs in the breeze,  
 And swung the chestnut-flowers,  
 I wandered like a wearied slave  
 Whose morning task is done,  
 To watch the little hands that gave  
 Their whiteness to the sun ;  
 To revel in the bright young eyes,  
 Whose lustre sparkled through  
 The sable fringe of Southern skies  
 Or gleamed in Saxon blue !  
 How oft I heard another's name  
 Called in some truant's tone ;  
 Sweet accents ! which I longed to claim,  
 To learn and lisp my own !

Too soon the gentle hands, that pressed  
 The ringlets of the child,  
 Are folded on the faithful breast  
 Where first he breathed and smiled ;  
 Too oft the clinging arms untwine,  
 The melting lips forget,  
 And darkness veils the bridal shrine  
 Where wreaths and torches met ;  
 If Heaven but leaves a single thread  
 Of Hope's dissolving chain,  
 Even when her parting plumes are spread,  
 It bids them fold again ;  
 The cradle rocks beside the tomb ;  
 The cheek now changed and chill  
 Smiles on us in the morning bloom  
 Of one that loves us still.

Sweet image ! I have done thee wrong  
 To claim this destined lay ;  
 The leaf that asked an idle song  
 Must bear my tears away.  
 Yet in thy memory shouldst thou keep  
 This else forgotten strain,  
 Till years have taught thine eyes to weep,  
 And flattery's voice is vain ;

Oh then, thou fledgling of the nest,  
 Like the long-wandering dove,  
 Thy weary heart may faint for rest,  
 As mine, on changeless love;  
 And while these sculptured lines retrace  
 The hours now dancing by,  
 This vision of thy girlish grace  
 May cost thee, too, a sigh.

## SONG

WRITTEN FOR THE DINNER GIVEN TO  
 CHARLES DICKENS BY THE YOUNG  
 MEN OF BOSTON, FEBRUARY 1, 1842

THE stars their early vigils keep,  
 The silent hours are near,  
 When drooping eyes forget to weep, —  
 Yet still we linger here;  
 And what — the passing churl may ask —  
 Can claim such wondrous power,  
 That Toil forgets his wonted task,  
 And Love his promised hour?

The Irish harp no longer thrills,  
 Or breathes a fainter tone;  
 The clarion blast from Scotland's hills,  
 Alas! no more is blown;  
 And Passion's burning lip bewails  
 Her Harold's wasted fire,  
 Still lingering o'er the dust that veils  
 The Lord of England's lyre.

But grieve not o'er its broken strings,  
 Nor think its soul hath died,  
 While yet the lark at heaven's gate  
 sings,  
 As once o'er Avon's side;  
 While gentle summer sheds her bloom,  
 And dewy blossoms wave,  
 Alike o'er Juliet's storied tomb  
 And Nelly's nameless grave.

Thou glorious island of the sea!  
 Though wide the wasting flood  
 That parts our distant land from thee,  
 We claim thy generous blood;  
 Nor o'er thy far horizon springs  
 One hallowed star of fame,  
 But kindles, like an angel's wings,  
 Our western skies in flame!

## LINES

RECITED AT THE BERKSHIRE JUBILEE,  
 PITTSFIELD, MASS., AUGUST 23, 1844

[Before reading these *Lines*, the poet spoke as follows:

"One of my earliest recollections is of an annual pilgrimage made by my parents to the west. The young horse was brought up, fattened by a week's rest and high feeding, prancing and cantering to the door. It came to the corner and was soon over the western hills. He was gone a fortnight; and one afternoon — it always seems to me it was a sunny afternoon — we saw an equipage crawling from the west toward the old homestead; the young horse, who set out fat and prancing, worn thin and reduced by a long journey — the chaise covered with dust, and all speaking of a terrible crusade, a formidable pilgrimage. Winter-evening stories told me where — to Berkshire, to the borders of New York, to the old domain, owned so long that there seemed a kind of hereditary love for it. Many years passed away, and I travelled down the beautiful Rhine. I wished to see the equally beautiful Hudson. I found myself at Albany; a few hours' ride brought me to Pittsfield, and I went to the little spot, the scene of this pilgrimage — a mansion — and found it surrounded by a beautiful meadow, through which the winding river made its course in a thousand fantastic curves; the mountains reared their heads around it, the blue air which makes our city-pale cheeks again to deepen with the hue of health, coursing about it pure and free. I recognized it as the scene of the annual pilgrimage. Since then I have made an annual visit to it.

"In 1735, Hon. Jacob Wendell, my grandfather in the maternal line, bought a township not then laid out — the township of Pooton-suck — and that little spot which we still hold is the relic of twenty-four thousand acres of baronial territory. When I say this, no feeling which can be the subject of ridicule animates my bosom. I know too well that the hills and rocks outlast our families. I know we fall upon the places we claim, as the leaves of the forest fall, and as passed the soil from the hands of the original occupants into the hands of my immediate ancestors. I know it must pass from me and mine; and yet with pleasure and pride I feel I can take every inhabitant by the hand and say, If I am not a son or a grandson, or even a nephew of this fair county, I am at least allied to it by hereditary relation."]

COME back to your mother, ye children,  
for shame,  
Who have wandered like truants for riches  
or fame !

With a smile on her face, and a sprig in  
her cap,  
She calls you to feast from her bountiful  
lap.

Come out from your alleys, your courts,  
and your lanes,  
And breathe, like young eagles, the air of  
our plains ;  
Take a whiff from our fields, and your ex-  
cellent wives  
Will declare it's all nonsense insuring your  
lives.

Come you of the law, who can talk, if you  
please,  
Till the man in the moon will allow it's a  
cheese,  
And leave "the old lady, that never tells  
lies,"  
To sleep with her handkerchief over her  
eyes.

Ye healers of men, for a moment decline  
Your feats in the rhubarb and ipecac  
line ;  
While you shut up your turnpike, your  
neighbors can go  
The old roundabout road to the regions  
below.

You clerk, on whose ears are a couple of  
pens,  
And whose head is an ant-hill of units and  
tens,  
Though Plato denies you, we welcome you  
still  
As a featherless biped, in spite of your  
quill.

Poor drudge of the city ! how happy he  
feels,  
With the burs on his legs and the grass at  
his heels !  
No *dodger* behind, his bandannas to share,  
No constable grumbling, " You must n't  
walk there ! "

In yonder green meadow, to memory dear,  
He slaps a mosquito and brushes a tear ;

The dew-drops hang round him on blossoms  
and shoots,  
He breathes but one sigh for his youth and  
his boots.

There stands the old school-house, hard by  
the old church ;  
That tree at its side had the flavor of  
birch ;  
Oh, sweet were the days of his juvenile  
tricks,  
Though the prairie of youth had so many  
" big licks."

By the side of you river he weeps and he  
slumps,  
The boots fill with water, as if they were  
pumps,  
Till, sated with rapture, he steals to his  
bed,  
With a glow in his heart and a cold in his  
head.

'T is past, — he is dreaming, — I see him  
again ;  
The ledger returns as by legerdemain ;  
His neckcloth is damp with an easterly  
flaw,  
And he holds in his fingers an omnibus  
straw.

He dreams the chill gust is a blossomy  
gale,  
That the straw is a rose from his dear na-  
tive vale ;  
And murmurs, unconscious of space and of  
time,  
" A 1. Extra super. Ah, is n't it PRIME ! "

Oh, what are the prizes we perish to  
win  
To the first little " shiner " we caught with  
a pin !  
No soil upon earth is so dear to our eyes  
As the soil we first stirred in terrestrial  
pies !

Then come from all parties and parts to  
our feast ;  
Though not at the " Astor," we'll give you  
at least  
A bite at an apple, a seat on the grass,  
And the best of old — water — at nothing  
a glass.

NUX POSTCENATICA

I WAS sitting with my microscope, upon my  
parlor rug,  
With a very heavy quarto and a very lively  
bug ;  
The true bug had been organized with only  
two antennæ,  
But the humbug in the copperplate would  
have them twice as many.

And I thought, like Dr. Faustus, of the  
emptiness of art,  
How we take a fragment for the whole,  
and call the whole a part,  
When I heard a heavy footstep that was  
loud enough for two,  
And a man of forty entered, exclaiming,  
“How d’ye do?”

He was not a ghost, my visitor, but solid  
flesh and bone ;  
He wore a Palo Alto hat, his weight was  
twenty stone ;  
(It’s odd how hats expand their brims as  
riper years invade,  
As if when life had reached its noon it  
wanted them for shade !)

I lost my focus, — dropped my book, —  
the bug, who was a flea,  
At once exploded, and commenced experi-  
ments on me.  
They have a certain heartiness that fre-  
quently appalls,—  
Those mediæval gentlemen in semilunar  
smalls !

“My boy,” he said, (colloquial ways, — the  
vast, broad-hatted man,)  
“Come dine with us on Thursday next, —  
you must, you know you can ;  
We’re going to have a roaring time, with  
lots of fun and noise,  
Distinguished guests, et cetera, the JUDGE,  
and all the boys.”

Not so, — I said, — my temporal bones are  
showing pretty clear.  
It’s time to stop, — just look and see that  
hair above this ear ;  
My golden days are more than spent, —  
and, what is very strange,  
If these are real silver hairs, I’m getting  
lots of change.

Besides — my prospects — don’t you know  
that people won’t employ  
A man that wrongs his manliness by laugh-  
ing like a boy ?  
And suspect the azure blossom that unfolds  
upon a shoot,  
As if wisdom’s old potato could not flourish  
at its root ?

It’s a very fine reflection, when you’re  
etching out a smile  
On a copperplate of faces that would  
stretch at least a mile,  
That, what with sneers from enemies and  
cheapening shrugs of friends,  
It will cost you all the earnings that a  
month of labor lends !

It’s a vastly pleasing prospect, when you’re  
screwing out a laugh,  
That your very next year’s income is dimin-  
ished by a half,  
And a little boy trips barefoot that Pegasus  
may go,  
And the baby’s milk is watered that your  
Helicon may flow !

No ; — the joke has been a good one, — but  
I’m getting fond of quiet,  
And I don’t like deviations from my cus-  
tomary diet ;  
So I think I will not go with you to hear  
the toasts and speeches,  
But stick to old Montgomery Place, and  
have some pig and peaches.

The fat man answered : Shut your mouth,  
and hear the genuine creed ;  
The true essentials of a feast are only fun  
and feed ;  
The force that wheels the planets round  
delights in spinning tops,  
And that young earthquake t’other day  
was great at shaking props.

I tell you what, philosopher, if all the long-  
gest heads  
That ever knocked their sinciputs in stretch-  
ing on their beds  
Were round one great mahogany, I’d beat  
those fine old folks  
With twenty dishes, twenty fools, and  
twenty clever jokes !

Why, if Columbus should be there, the  
company would beg  
He 'd show that little trick of his of bal-  
ancing the egg!  
Milton to Stilton would give in, and Solo-  
mon to Salmon,  
And Roger Bacon be a bore, and Francis  
Bacon gammon!

And as for all the "patronage" of all the  
clowns and boors  
That squint their little narrow eyes at any  
freak of yours,  
Do leave them to your prosier friends, —  
such fellows ought to die  
When rhubarb is so very scarce and ipecac  
so high!

And so I come, — like Lochinvar, to tread  
a single measure, —  
To purchase with a loaf of bread a sugar-  
plum of pleasure,  
To enter for the cup of glass that 's run  
for after dinner,  
Which yields a single sparkling draught,  
then breaks and cuts the winner.

Ah, that's the way delusion comes, — a  
glass of old Madeira,  
A pair of visual diaphragms revolved by  
Jane or Sarah,  
And down go vows and promises without  
the slightest question  
If eating words won't compromise the or-  
gans of digestion!

And yet, among my native shades, beside  
my nursing mother,  
Where every stranger seems a friend, and  
every friend a brother,  
I feel the old convivial glow (unaided) o'er  
me stealing, —  
The warm, champagne, old-particular,  
brandy-punchy feeling.

We 're all alike; — Vesuvius flings the seo-  
riæ from his fountain,  
But down they come in volleying rain back  
to the burning mountain;  
We leave, like those volcanic stones, our  
precious Alma Mater,  
But will keep dropping in again to see the  
dear old crater.

## VERSES FOR AFTER-DINNER

PHI BETA KAPPA SOCIETY, 1844

I WAS thinking last night, as I sat in the  
cars,  
With the charmingest prospect of cinders  
and stars,  
Next Thursday is — bless me! — how hard  
it will be,  
If that cannibal president calls upon me!

There is nothing on earth that he will not  
devour,  
From a tutor in seed to a freshman in  
flower;  
No sage is too gray, and no youth is too  
green,  
And you can't be too plump, though you 're  
never too lean.

While others enlarge on the boiled and the  
roast,  
He serves a raw clergyman up with a toast,  
Or catches some doctor, quite tender and  
young,  
And basely insists on a bit of his tongue.

Poor victim, prepared for his classical  
spit,  
With a stuffing of praise and a basting of  
wit,  
You may twitch at your collar and wrinkle  
your brow,  
But you 're up on your legs, and you 're in  
for it now.

Oh, think of your friends, — they are wait-  
ing to hear  
These jokes that are thought so remark-  
ably queer;  
And all the Jack Horners of metrical buns  
Are prying and fingering to pick out the  
puns.

Those thoughts which, like chickens, will  
always thrive best  
When reared by the heat of the natural  
nest,  
Will perish if hatched from their embryo  
dream  
In the mist and the glow of convivial steam.

Oh pardon me, then, if I meekly retire,  
 With a very small flash of ethereal fire;  
 No rubbing will kindle your Lucifer  
 match,  
 If the *fiz* does not follow the primitive  
 scratch.

Dear friends, who are listening so sweetly  
 the while,  
 With your lips double-reefed in a snug  
 little smile,  
 I leave you two fables, both drawn from  
 the deep, —  
 The shells you can drop, but the pearls you  
 may keep.

The fish called the FLOUNDER, perhaps  
 you may know,  
 Has one side for use and another for  
 show;  
 One side for the public, a delicate brown,  
 And one that is white, which he always  
 keeps down.

A very young flounder, the flattest of  
 flats,  
 (And they're none of them thicker than  
 opera hats,)  
 Was speaking more freely than charity  
 taught  
 Of a friend and relation that just had been  
 caught.

“My! what an exposure! just see what a  
 sight!  
 I blush for my race, — he is showing his  
 white!  
 Such spinning and wriggling, — why, what  
 does he wish?  
 How painfully small to respectable fish!”

Then said an old SCULPIN, — “My free-  
 dom excuse,  
 You're playing the cobbler with holes in  
 your shoes;  
 Your brown side is up, — but just wait till  
 you're tried  
 And you'll find that all flounders are  
 white on one side.”

There's a slice near the PICKEREL's pecto-  
 ral fins,  
 Where the *thorac* leaves off and the *venter*  
 begins,

Which his brother, survivor of fish-hooks  
 and lines,  
 Though fond of his family, never declines.

He loves his relations; he feels they'll be  
 missed;  
 But that one little tidbit he cannot resist;  
 So your bait may be swallowed, no matter  
 how fast,  
 For you catch your next fish with a piece  
 of the last.

And thus, O survivor, whose merciless  
 fate  
 Is to take the next hook with the presi-  
 dent's bait,  
 You are lost while you snatch from the  
 end of his line  
 The morsel he rent from this bosom of  
 mine!

## A MODEST REQUEST

COMPLIED WITH AFTER THE DINNER AT  
 PRESIDENT EVERETT'S INAUGURATION

SCENE, — a back parlor in a certain square,  
 Or court, or lane, — in short, no matter  
 where;  
 Time, — early morning, dear to simple  
 souls  
 Who love its sunshine and its fresh-baked  
 rolls;  
 Persons, — take pity on this telltale blush,  
 That, like the *Æthiop*, whispers, “Hush,  
 oh hush!”

Delightful scene! where smiling comfort  
 broods,  
 Nor business frets, nor anxious care in-  
 trudes;

*O si sic omnia!* were it ever so!  
 But what is stable in this world below?  
*Medio e fonte*, — Virtue has her faults, —  
 The clearest fountains taste of Epsom  
 salts;

We snatch the eup and lift to drain it  
 dry, —

Its central dimple holds a drowning fly!  
 Strong is the pine by Maine's ambrosial  
 streams,

But stronger augers pierce its thickest  
 beams;

No iron gate, no spiked and panelled door,  
Can keep out death, the postman, or the  
bore.

Oh for a world where peace and silence  
reign,  
And blunted dulness terebrates in vain!  
— The door-bell jingles, — enter Richard  
Fox,  
And takes this letter from his leathern box.

“ Dear Sir, —

In writing on a former day,  
One little matter I forgot to say;  
I now inform you in a single line,  
On Thursday next our purpose is to *dine*.  
The act of feeding, as you understand,  
Is but a fraction of the work in hand;  
Its nobler half is that ethereal meat  
The papers call ‘the intellectual treat;’  
Songs, speeches, toasts, around the festive  
board  
Drowned in the juice the College pumps  
afford;  
For only water flanks our knives and  
forks,  
So, sink or float, we swim without the  
corks.

Yours is the art, by native genius taught,  
To clothe in eloquence the naked thought;  
Yours is the skill its music to prolong  
Through the sweet effluence of mellifluous  
song;

Yours the quaint trick to cram the pithy line  
That cracks so crisply over bubbling wine;  
And since success your various gifts at-  
tends,

We — that is, I and all your numerous  
friends —

Expect from you — your single self a  
host —

A speech, a song, excuse me, *and* a toast;  
Nay, not to haggle on so small a claim,  
A few of each, or several of the same.

(Signed), Yours, *most truly*, — ”

No! my sight must fail, —  
If that ain’t Judas on the largest scale!  
Well, this *is* modest; — nothing else than  
that?

My coat? my boots? my pantaloons? my  
hat?

My stick? my gloves? as well as all my  
wits,

Learning and linen, — everything that  
fits!

Jack, said my lady, is it grog you’ll try,  
Or punch, or toddy, if perhaps you’re  
dry?

Ah, said the sailor, though I can’t refuse,  
You know, my lady, ‘tain’t for me to  
choose;

I’ll take the grog to finish off my lunch,  
And drink the toddy while you mix the  
punch.

THE SPEECH. (The speaker, rising to be  
seen,

Looks very red, because so very green.)

I rise — I rise — with unaffected fear,  
(Louder! — speak louder! — who the  
deuce can hear?)

I rise — I said — with undisguised dis-  
may —

— Such are my feelings as I rise, I say!  
Quite unprepared to face this learned  
throng,

Already gorged with eloquence and song;  
Around my view are ranged on either  
hand

The genius, wisdom, virtue of the land;  
“ Hands that the rod of empire might have  
swayed ”

Close at my elbow stir their lemonade;  
Would you like Homer learn to write and  
speak,

That bench is groaning with its weight of  
Greek;

Behold the naturalist who in his teens  
Found six new species in a dish of greens;  
And lo, the master in a statelier walk,  
Whose annual ciphering takes a ton of  
chalk;

And there the linguist, who by common  
roots

Thro’ all their nurseries tracks old Noah’s  
shoots, —

How Shem’s proud children reared the  
Assyrian piles,

While Ham’s were scattered through the  
Sandwich Isles!

— Fired at the thought of all the present  
shows,

My kindling fancy down the future flows:  
I see the glory of the coming days

O’er Time’s horizon shoot its streaming  
rays;

Near and more near the radiant morning  
draws

In living lustre (rapturous applause);



From east to west the blazing heralds run,  
Loosed from the chariot of the ascending  
sun,

Through the long vista of uncounted years  
In cloudless splendor (three tremendous  
cheers).

My eye prophetic, as the depths unfold,  
Sees a new advent of the age of gold;  
While o'er the scene new generations press,  
New heroes rise the coming time to bless, —  
Not such as Homer's, who, we read in Pope,  
Dined without forks and never heard of  
soap, —

Not such as May to Marlborough Chapel  
brings,

Lean, hungry, savage, anti-everthings,  
Copies of Luther in the pasteboard style, —  
But genuine articles, the true Carlyle;  
While far on high the blazing orb shall  
shed

Its central light on Harvard's holy head,  
And learning's ensigns ever float unfurled  
Here in the focus of the new-born world!  
The speaker stops, and, trampling down  
the pause,

Roars through the hall the thunder of ap-  
plause,

One stormy gust of long-suspended Ahs!  
One whirlwind chaos of insane Hurrahs!

THE SONG. But this demands a briefer  
line, —

A shorter muse, and not the old long Nine;  
Long metre answers for a common song,  
Though common metre does not answer  
long.

She came beneath the forest dome  
To seek its peaceful shade,  
An exile from her ancient home,  
A poor, forsaken maid;  
No banner, flaunting high above,  
No blazoned cross, she bore:  
One holy book of light and love  
Was all her worldly store.

The dark brown shadows passed away,  
And wider spread the green,  
And where the savage used to stray  
The rising mart was seen:  
So, when the laden winds had brought  
Their showers of golden rain,  
Her lap some precious gleanings caught,  
Like Ruth's amid the grain.

But wrath soon gathered uncontrolled  
Among the baser churls,  
To see her ankles red with gold,  
Her forehead white with pearls.  
"Who gave to thee the glittering bands  
That lace thine azure veins?  
Who bade thee lift those snow-white  
hands  
We bound in gilded chains?"

"These are the gems my children gave,"  
The stately dame replied;  
"The wise, the gentle, and the brave,  
I nurtured at my side.  
If envy still your bosom stings,  
Take back their rims of gold;  
My sons will melt their wedding-rings,  
And give a hundred-fold!"

THE TOAST. Oh tell me, ye who thought-  
less ask

Exhausted nature for a threefold task,  
In wit or pathos if one share remains,  
A safe investment for an ounce of brains!  
Hard is the job to launch the desperate  
pun,

A pun-job dangerous as the Indian one.  
Turned by the current of some stronger  
wit

Back from the object that you mean to  
hit,

Like the strange missile which the Austra-  
lian throws,

Your verbal *boomerang* slaps you on the  
nose.

One vague inflection spoils the whole with  
doubt,

One trivial letter ruins all, left out;  
A knot can choke a felon into clay,  
A not will save him, spelt without the *k*;  
The smallest word has some unguarded  
spot,

And danger lurks in *i* without a dot.

Thus great Achilles, who had shown his  
zeal

In healing wounds, died of a wounded heel;  
Unhappy chief, who, when in childhood  
doused,

Had saved his bacon had his feet been  
soused!

Accursed heel that killed a hero stout!

Oh, had your mother known that you were  
out,

Death had not entered at the trifling part  
That still defies the small chirurgeon's art  
With corns and bunions, — not the glo-  
rious John,

Who wrote the book we all have pondered  
on,

But other bunions, bound in fleecy hose,  
To "Pilgrim's Progress" unrelenting foes !

A HEALTH, unmingled with the reveller's  
wine,

To him whose title is indeed divine;  
Truth's sleepless watchman on her mid-  
night tower,

Whose lamp burns brightest when the  
tempests lower.

On, who can tell with what a leaden flight  
Drag the long watches of his weary night,  
While at his feet the hoarse and blinding  
gale

Strews the torn wreck and bursts the  
fragile sail,

When stars have faded, when the wave is  
dark,

When rocks and sands embrace the found-  
ering bark !

But still he pleads with unavailing cry,  
Behold the light, O wanderer, look or die !

A health, fair Themis ! Would the en-  
chanted vine

Wreathed its green tendrils round this cup  
of thine !

If Learning's radiance fill thy modern  
court,

Its glorious sunshine streams through  
Blackstone's port !

Lawyers are thirsty, and their clients  
too, —

Witness at least, if memory serve me true,  
Those old tribunals, famed for dusty suits,  
Where men sought justice ere they brushed  
their boots;

And what can match, to solve a learned  
doubt,

The warmth within that comes from "cold  
without" ?

Health to the art whose glory is to give  
The crowning boon that makes it life to  
live.

Ask not her home; — the rock where  
nature flings

Her arctic lichen, last of living things;

The gardens, fragrant with the orient's  
balm,  
From the low jasmine to the star-like  
palm,

Hail her as mistress o'er the distant waves,  
And yield their tribute to her wandering  
slaves.

Wherever, moistening the ungrateful soil,  
The tear of suffering tracks the path of  
toil,

There, in the anguish of his fevered hours,  
Her gracious finger points to healing  
flowers;

Where the lost felon steals away to die,  
Her soft hand waves before his closing  
eye;

Where hunted misery finds his darkest  
lair,

The midnight taper shows her kneeling  
there!

VIRTUE, — the guide that men and nations  
own;

And LAW, — the bulwark that protects her  
throne;

And HEALTH, — to all its happiest charm  
that lends;

These and their servants, man's untiring  
friends:

Pour the bright lymph that Heaven itself  
lets fall,

In one fair bumper let us toast them all!

#### THE PARTING WORD

I MUST leave thee, lady sweet !  
Months shall waste before we meet;  
Winds are fair and sails are spread,  
Anchors leave their ocean bed;  
Ere this shining day grow dark,  
Skies shall gird my shoreless bark.  
Through thy tears, O lady mine,  
Read thy lover's parting line.

When the first sad sun shall set,  
Thou shalt tear thy locks of jet;  
When the morning star shall rise,  
Thou shalt wake with weeping eyes;  
When the second sun goes down,  
Thou more tranquil shalt be grown,  
Taught too well that wild despair  
Dims thine eyes and spoils thy hair.

All the first unquiet week  
Thou shalt wear a smileless cheek;

In the first month's second half  
Thou shalt once attempt to laugh;  
Then in Pickwick thou shalt dip,  
Slightly puckering round the lip,  
Till at last, in sorrow's spite,  
Sammel makes thee laugh outright.

While the first seven mornings last,  
Round thy chamber bolted fast  
Many a youth shall fume and pout,  
"Hang the girl, she's always out!"  
While the second week goes round,  
Vainly shall they ring and pound;  
When the third week shall begin,  
"Martha, let the creature in."

Now once more the flattering throng  
Round thee flock with smile and song,  
But thy lips, unweaned as yet,  
Lisp, "Oh, how can I forget!"  
Men and devils both contrive  
Traps for catching girls alive;  
Eye was duped, and Helen kissed, —  
How, oh how, can you resist?

First be careful of your fan,  
Trust it not to youth or man;  
Love has filled a pirate's sail  
Often with its perfumed gale.  
Mind your kerchief most of all,  
Fingers touch when kerchiefs fall;  
Shorter ell than mercers' clip  
Is the space from hand to lip.

Trust not such as talk in tropes,  
Full of pistols, daggers, ropes;  
All the hemp that Russia bears  
Scarcely would answer lovers' prayers;  
Never thread was spun so fine,  
Never spider stretched the line,  
Would not hold the lovers true  
That would really swing for you.

Fiercely some shall storm and swear,  
Beating breasts in black despair;  
Others murmur with a sigh,  
You must melt, or they will die:  
Painted words on empty lies,  
Grubs with wings like butterflies;  
Let them die, and welcome, too;  
Pray what better could they do?

Fare thee well: if years efface  
From thy heart love's burning trace,

Keep, oh keep that hallowed seat  
From the tread of vulgar feet;  
If the blue lips of the sea  
Wait with icy kiss for me,  
Let not thine forget the vow,  
Sealed how often, Love, as now.

## A SONG OF OTHER DAYS

As o'er the glacier's frozen sheet  
Breathes soft the Alpine rose,  
So through life's desert springing sweet  
The flower of friendship grows;  
And as where'er the roses grow  
Some rain or dew descends,  
'Tis nature's law that wine should flow  
To wet the lips of friends.  
Then once again, before we part,  
My empty glass shall ring;  
And he that has the warmest heart  
Shall loudest laugh and sing.

They say we were not born to eat;  
But gray-haired sages think  
It means, Be moderate in your meat,  
And partly live to drink.  
For baser tribes the rivers flow  
That know not wine or song;  
Man wants but little drink below,  
But wants that little strong.  
Then once again, etc.

If one bright drop is like the gem  
That decks a monarch's crown,  
One goblet holds a diadem  
Of rubies melted down!  
A fig for Caesar's blazing brow,  
But, like the Egyptian queen,  
Bid each dissolving jewel glow  
My thirsty lips between.  
Then once again, etc.

The Greecian's mound, the Roman's urn,  
Are silent when we call,  
Yet still the purple grapes return  
To cluster on the wall;  
It was a bright Immortal's head  
They circled with the vine,  
And o'er their best and bravest dead  
They poured the dark-red wine.  
Then once again, etc.

Metlinks o'er every sparkling glass  
Young Eros waves his wings,

And echoes o'er its dimples pass  
 From dead Anacreon's strings ;  
 And, tossing round its beaded brim  
 Their locks of floating gold,  
 With bacchant dance and choral hymn  
 Return the nymphs of old.  
 Then once again, etc.

A welcome then to joy and mirth,  
 From hearts as fresh as ours,  
 To scatter o'er the dust of earth  
 Their sweetly mingled flowers;  
 'Tis Wisdom's self the cup that fills  
 In spite of Folly's frown,  
 And Nature, from her vine-clad hills,  
 That rains her life-blood down !  
 Then once again, before we part,  
 My empty glass shall ring ;  
 And he that has the warmest heart  
 Shall loudest laugh and sing.

### SONG

FOR A TEMPERANCE DINNER TO WHICH  
 LADIES WERE INVITED (NEW YORK  
 MERCANTILE LIBRARY ASSOCIATION,  
 NOVEMBER, 1842)

[In the *Professor* Dr. Holmes makes the following reference to this song : —

“ I once wrote a song about wine, in which I spoke so warmly of it, that I was afraid some would think it was written *inter pocula* ; whereas it was composed in the bosom of my family, under the most tranquillizing domestic influences.

“ — The divinity student turned towards me, looking mischievous. — Can you tell me, — he said, — who wrote a song for a temperance celebration once, of which the following is a verse ? —

“ Alas for the loved one, too gentle and fair  
 The joys of the banquet to chasten and share !  
 Her eye lost its light that his goblet might shine,  
 And the rose of her cheek was dissolved in his wine !

I did, — I answered. — What are you going to do about it ? — I will tell you another line I wrote long ago : —

“ Don't be ' consistent, ' — but be simply true.” ]

A HEALTH to dear woman ! She bids us  
 untwine,  
 From the cup it encircles, the fast-clinging  
 vine ;

But her cheek in its crystal with pleasure  
 will glow,  
 And mirror its bloom in the bright wave  
 below.

A health to sweet woman ! The days are  
 no more  
 When she watched for her lord till the  
 revel was o'er,  
 And smoothed the white pillow, and  
 blushed when he came,  
 As she pressed her cold lips on his forehead  
 of flame.

Alas for the loved one ! too spotless and fair  
 The joys of his banquet to chasten and  
 share ;  
 Her eye lost its light that his goblet might  
 shine,  
 And the rose of her cheek was dissolved in  
 his wine.

Joy smiles in the fountain, health flows in  
 the rills,  
 As their ribbons of silver unwind from the  
 hills ;  
 They breathe not the mist of the baccha-  
 nal's dream,  
 But the lilies of innocence float on their  
 stream.

Then a health and a welcome to woman  
 once more !  
 She brings us a passport that laughs at our  
 door ;  
 It is written on crimson, — its letters are  
 pearls, —  
 It is countersigned *Nature*. — So, room for  
 the Girls !

### A SENTIMENT

THE pledge of Friendship ! it is still di-  
 vine,  
 Though watery floods have quenched its  
 burning wine ;  
 Whatever vase the sacred drops may hold,  
 The gourd, the shell, the cup of beaten  
 gold,  
 Around its brim the hand of Nature  
 throws  
 A garland sweeter than the banquet's rose.  
 Bright are the blushes of the vine-wreathed  
 bowl,

Warm with the sunshine of Amareon's  
soul,  
But dearer memories gild the tasteless  
wave  
That fainting Sidney perished as he gave.  
'Tis the heart's current lends the cup its  
glow,  
Whate'er the fountain whence the draught  
may flow, —  
The diamond dew-drops sparkling through  
the sand,  
Scooped by the Arab in his sunburnt hand,  
Or the dark streamlet oozing from the  
snow,  
Where creep and crouch the shuddering  
Esquimaux;  
Ay, in the stream that, ere again we meet,  
Shall burst the pavement, glistening at our  
feet,  
And, stealing silent from its leafy hills,  
Thread all our alleys with its thousand  
rills, —  
In each pale draught if generous feeling  
blend,  
And o'er the goblet friend shall smile on  
friend,  
Even cold Cochituate every heart shall  
warm,  
And genial Nature still defy reform!

## A RHYMED LESSON

(URANIA)

This poem was delivered before the Boston  
Mercantile Library Association, October 14,  
1846.

YES, dear Enchantress, — wandering far  
and long,  
In realms unperfumed by the breath of  
song,  
Where flowers ill-flavored shed their sweets  
around,  
And bitterest roots invade the ungenial  
ground,  
Whose gems are crystals from the Epsom  
mine,  
Whose vineyards flow with antimonial wine,  
Whose gates admit no mirthful feature in,  
Save one gaunt mocker, the Sardonic grin,  
Whose pangs are real, not the woes of  
rhyme  
That blue-eyed misses warble out of time; —

Truant, not recreant to thy sacred claim,  
Older by reckoning, but in heart the same,  
Freed for a moment from the chains of  
toil,

I tread once more thy consecrated soil;  
Here at thy feet my old allegiance own,  
Thy subject still, and loyal to thy throne!

My dazzled glance explores the crowded  
hall;

Alas, how vain to hope the smiles of all!  
I know my audience. All the gay and  
young

Love the light antics of a playful tongue;  
And these, remembering some expansive  
line

My lips let loose among the nuts and wine,  
Are all impatience till the opening pun  
Proclaims the witty shaftfight is begun.

Two fifths at least, if not the total half,  
Have come infuriate for an earthquake  
laugh;

I know full well what alderman has tied  
His red bandanna tight about his side;  
I see the mother, who, aware that boys  
Perform their laughter with superfluous  
noise,

Beside her kerchief brought an extra one  
To stop the explosions of her bursting son;  
I know a tailor, once a friend of mine,  
Expects great doings in the button line, —  
For mirth's concussions rip the outward  
case,

And plant the stitches in a tenderer place.  
I know my audience, — these shall have  
their due;

A smile awaits them ere my song is through!

I know myself. Not servile for applause,  
My Muse permits no deprecating clause;  
Modest or vain, she will not be denied  
One bold confession due to honest pride;  
And well she knows the drooping veil of song  
Shall save her boldness from the caviller's  
wrong.

Her sweeter voice the Heavenly Maid im-  
parts

To tell the secrets of our aching hearts:  
For this, a suppliant, captive, prostrate,  
bound,

She kneels imploring at the feet of sound;  
For this, convulsed in thought's maternal  
pains,

She loads her arms with rhyme's resound-  
ing chains;

Faint though the music of her fetters be,  
It lends one charm,—her lips are ever  
free!

Think not I come, in manhood's fiery  
noon,  
To steal his laurels from the stage buffoon;  
His sword of lath the harlequin may wield;  
Behold the star upon my lifted shield!  
Though the just critic pass my humble  
name,  
And sweeter lips have drained the cup of  
fame,

While my gay stanza pleased the banquet's  
lords,

The soul within was tuned to deeper chords!  
Say, shall my arms, in other conflicts taught  
To swing aloft the ponderous mace of  
thought,

Lift, in obedience to a school-girl's law,  
Mirth's tinsel wand or laughter's tickling  
straw?

Say, shall I wound with satire's rankling  
spear

The pure, warm hearts that bid me wel-  
come here?

No! while I wander through the land of  
dreams,

To strive with great and play with trifling  
themes,

Let some kind meaning fill the varied line.  
You have your judgment; will you trust to  
mine?

Between two breaths what crowded mys-  
teries lie,—

The first short gasp, the last and long-  
drawn sigh!

Like phantoms painted on the magic slide,  
Forth from the darkness of the past we  
glide,

As living shadows for a moment seen  
In airy pageant on the eternal screen,

Traced by a ray from one unchanging  
flame,

Then seek the dust and stillness whence  
we came.

But whence and why, our trembling  
souls inquire,

Caught these dim visions their awakening  
fire?

Oh, who forgets when first the piercing  
thought

Through childhood's musings found its  
way unsought?

I AM;—I LIVE. The mystery and the  
fear

When the dread question, WHAT HAS  
BROUGHT ME HERE?

Burst through life's twilight, as before the  
sun

Roll the deep thunders of the morning gun!  
Are angel faces, silent and serene,

Bent on the conflicts of this little scene,  
Whose dream-like efforts, whose unreal  
strife,

Are but the preludes to a larger life?

Or does life's summer see the end of all,  
These leaves of being mouldering as they  
fall,

As the old poet vaguely used to deem,  
As WESLEY questioned in his youthful  
dream?

Oh, could such mockery reach our souls  
indeed,

Give back the Pharaohs' or the Athenian's  
creed;

Better than this a Heaven of man's de-  
vice,—

The Indian's sports, the Moslem's para-  
dise!

Or is our being's only end and aim  
To add new glories to our Maker's name,  
As the poor insect, shrivelling in the blaze,  
Lends a faint sparkle to its streaming  
rays?

Does earth send upward to the Eternal's  
ear

The mingled discords of her jarring sphere  
To swell his anthem, while creation rings

With notes of anguish from its shattered  
strings?

Is it for this the immortal Artist means  
These conscious, throbbing, agonized ma-  
chines?

Dark is the soul whose sullen creed can  
bind

In chains like these the all-embracing  
Mind;

No! two-faced bigot, thou dost ill reprove  
The sensual, selfish, yet benignant Jove,

And praise a tyrant throned in lonely  
pride,

Who loves himself, and cares for naught  
beside;

Who gave thee, summoned from primeval night,  
A thousand laws, and not a single right, —  
A heart to feel, and quivering nerves to thrill,

The sense of wrong, the death-defying will;

Who girt thy senses with this goodly frame,

Its earthly glories and its orbs of flame,  
Not for thyself, unworthy of a thought,  
Poor helpless victim of a life unsought,  
But all for him, unchanging and supreme,  
The heartless centre of thy frozen scheme!

Trust not the teacher with his lying scroll,

Who tears the charter of thy shuddering soul;

The God of love, who gave the breath that warms

All living dust in all its varied forms,  
Asks not the tribute of a world like this  
To fill the measure of his perfect bliss.  
Though winged with life through all its radiant shores.

Creation flowed with unexhausted stores  
Cherub and seraph had not yet enjoyed;  
For this he called thee from the quickening void!

Nor this alone; a larger gift was thine,  
A mightier purpose swelled his vast design:

Thought, — conscience, — will, — to make them all thine own,

He rent a pillar from the eternal throne!

Made in his image, thou must nobly dare

The thorny crown of sovereignty to share.  
With eye uplifted, it is thine to view,  
From thine own centre, Heaven's o'erarching blue;

So round thy heart a beaming circle lies  
No fiend can blot, no hypocrite disguise;  
From all its orbs one cheering voice is heard,

Full to thine ear it bears the Father's word,

Now, as in Eden where his first-born trod:  
"Seek thine own welfare, true to man and God!"

Think not too meanly of thy low estate;  
Thou hast a choice; to choose is to create!

Remember whose the sacred lips that tell,  
Angels approve thee when thy choice is well;

Remember, One, a judge of righteous men,  
Swore to spare Sodom if she held but ten!  
Use well the freedom which thy Master gave,

(Think'st thou that Heaven can tolerate a slave?)

And He who made thee to be just and true  
Will bless thee, love thee, — ay, respect thee too!

Nature has placed thee on a changeful tide,

To breast its waves, but not without a guide;

Yet, as the needle will forget its aim,  
Jarred by the fury of the electric flame,  
As the true current it will falsely feel,  
Warped from its axis by a freight of steel;  
So will thy CONSCIENCE lose its balanced truth

If passion's lightning fall upon thy youth,  
So the pure effluence quit its sacred hold  
Girt round too deeply with magnetic gold.

Go to yon tower, where busy science plies

Her vast antennae, feeling through the skies:

That little vernier on whose slender lines  
The midnight taper trembles as it shines,  
A silent index, tracks the planets' march  
In all their wanderings through the ethereal arch;

Tells through the mist where dazzled Mercury burns,

And marks the spot where Uranus returns.

So, till by wrong or negligence effaced,  
The living index which thy Maker traced  
Repeats the line each starry Virtue draws  
Through the wide circuit of creation's laws;

Still tracks unchanged the everlasting ray  
Where the dark shadows of temptation stray,

But, once defaced, forgets the orbs of light,

And leaves thee wandering o'er the expanse of night.

"What is thy creed?" a hundred lips inquire;

"Thou seekest God beneath what Christian spire?"

Nor ask they idly, for uncounted lies  
 Float upward on the smoke of sacrifice;  
 When man's first incense rose above the  
 plain,  
 Of earth's two altars one was built by  
 Cain!

Uncursed by doubt, our earliest creed  
 we take;

We love the precepts for the teacher's  
 sake;

The simple lessons which the nursery  
 taught

Fell soft and stainless on the buds of  
 thought,

And the full blossom owes its fairest hue  
 To those sweet tear-drops of affection's  
 dew.

Too oft the light that led our earlier  
 hours

Fades with the perfume of our cradle  
 flowers;

The clear, cold question chills to frozen  
 doubt;

Tired of beliefs, we dread to live without:

Oh then, if Reason waver at thy side,  
 Let humbler Memory be thy gentle guide;

Go to thy birthplace, and, if faith was  
 there,

Repeat thy father's creed, thy mother's  
 prayer!

Faith loves to lean on Time's destroying  
 arm,

And age, like distance, lends a double  
 charm;

In dim cathedrals, dark with vaulted gloom,  
 What holy awe invests the saintly tomb!

There pride will bow, and anxious care ex-  
 pand,

And creeping avarice come with open hand;

The gay can weep, the impious can adore,  
 From morn's first glimmerings on the  
 chancel floor

Till dying sunset sheds his crimson stains  
 Through the faint halos of the irised panes.

Yet there are graves, whose rudely-  
 shapen sod

Bears the fresh footprints where the sexton  
 trod;

Graves where the verdure has not dared to  
 shoot,

Where the chance wild-flower has not fixed  
 its root,

Whose slumbering tenants, dead without a  
 name,

The eternal record shall at length proclaim

Pure as the holiest in the long array  
 Of hooded, mitred, or tiaraed clay!

Come, seek the air; some pictures we  
 may gain

Whose passing shadows shall not be in  
 vain;

Not from the scenes that crowd the stran-  
 ger's soil,

Not from our own amidst the stir of toil,  
 But when the Sabbath brings its kind re-  
 lease,

And Care lies slumbering on the lap of  
 Peace.

The air is hushed, the street is holy ground;  
 Hark! The sweet bells renew their wel-  
 come sound:

As one by one awakes each silent tongue,  
 It tells the turret whence its voice is flung.

The Chapel, last of sublunary things  
 That stirs our echoes with the name of  
 Kings,

Whose bell, just glistening from the font  
 and forge,

Rolled its proud requiem for the second  
 George,

Solemn and swelling, as of old it rang,  
 Flings to the wind its deep, sonorous clang;

The simpler pile, that, mindful of the  
 hour

When Howe's artillery shook its half-built  
 tower,

Wears on its bosom, as a bride might do,  
 The iron breastpin which the "Rebels"

threw,  
 Wakes the sharp echoes with the quivering  
 thrill

Of keen vibrations, tremulous and shrill;

Aloft, suspended in the morning's fire,  
 Crash the vast cymbals from the Southern  
 spire;

The Giant, standing by the elm-clad green,  
 His white lance lifted o'er the silent scene,

Whirling in air his brazen goblet round,  
 Swings from its brim the swollen floods of  
 sound;

While, sad with memories of the olden  
 time,

Throbs from his tower the Northern Min-  
 strel's chime,—

Faint, single tones, that spell their ancient  
 song,

But tears still follow as they breathe along.



Child of the soil, whom fortune sends to range  
 Where man and nature, faith and customs change,  
 Borne in thy memory, each familiar tone  
 Mourns on the winds that sigh in every zone.  
 When Ceylon sweeps thee with her perfumed breeze  
 Through the warm billows of the Indian seas;  
 When — ship and shadow blended both in one —  
 Flames o'er thy mast the equatorial sun,  
 From sparkling midnight to refulgent noon  
 Thy canvas swelling with the still monsoon;  
 When through thy shrouds the wild tornado sings,  
 And thy poor sea-bird folds her tattered wings, —  
 Oft will delusion o'er thy senses steal,  
 And airy echoes ring the Sabbath peal!  
 Then, dim with grateful tears, in long array  
 Rise the fair town, the island-studded bay,  
 Home, with its smiling board, its cheering fire,  
 The half-choked welcome of the expecting sire,  
 The mother's kiss, and, still if aught remain,  
 Our whispering hearts shall aid the silent strain.  
 Ah, let the dreamer o'er the taffrail lean  
 To muse unheeded, and to weep unseen;  
 Fear not the tropic's dews, the evening's chills,  
 His heart lies warm among his triple hills!

Turned from her path by this deceitful gleam,  
 My wayward fancy half forgets her theme.  
 See through the streets that slumbered in repose  
 The living current of devotion flows,  
 Its varied forms in one harmonious band:  
 Age leading childhood by its dimpled hand;  
 Want, in the robe whose faded edges fall  
 To tell of rags beneath the tartan shawl;  
 And wealth, in silks that, fluttering to appear,  
 Lift the deep borders of the proud cashmere.  
 See, but glance briefly, sorrow-worn and pale,

Those sunken cheeks beneath the widow's veil;  
 Alone she wanders where with *him* she trod,  
 No arm to stay her, but she leans on God.  
 While other doublets deviate here and there,  
 What secret handcuff binds that pretty pair?  
 Compactest couple! pressing side to side, —  
 Ah, the white bonnet that reveals the bride!  
 By the white neckcloth, with its straitened tie,  
 The sober hat, the Sabbath-speaking eye,  
 Severe and smileless, he that runs may read  
 The stern disciple of Geneva's creed:  
 Decent and slow, behold his solemn march;  
 Silent he enters through yon crowded arch.  
 A livelier bearing of the outward man,  
 The light-hued gloves, the undevout rattan,  
 Now smartly raised or half profanely twirled, —  
 A bright, fresh twinkle from the week-day world, —  
 Tell their plain story; yes, thine eyes behold  
 A cheerful Christian from the liberal fold.  
 Down the chill street that curves in gloomiest shade  
 What marks betray yon solitary maid?  
 The cheek's red rose that speaks of balmy air,  
 The Celtic hue that shades her braided hair,  
 The gilded missal in her kerchief tied, —  
 Poor Nora, exile from Killarney's side!  
 Sister in toil, though blanched by colder skies,  
 That left thy azure in her downcast eyes,  
 See pallid Margaret, Labor's patient child,  
 Scarcely weaned from home, the nursling of the wild,  
 Where white Katahdin o'er the horizon shines,  
 And broad Penobscot dashes through the pines.  
 Still, as she hastes, her careful fingers hold  
 The unfauling hymn-book in its cambrie fold.  
 Six days at drudgery's heavy wheel she stands,  
 The seventh sweet morning folds her weary hands.  
 Yes, child of suffering, thou mayst well be sure  
 He who ordained the Sabbath loves the poor!

This weekly picture faithful Memory  
draws,  
Nor claims the noisy tribute of applause;  
Faint is the glow such barren hopes can  
lend,  
And frail the line that asks no loftier end.  
Trust me, kind listener, I will yet be-  
guile  
Thy saddened features of the promised  
smile.  
This magic mantle thou must well divide,  
It has its sable and its ermine side;  
Yet, ere the lining of the robe appears,  
Take thou in silence what I give in tears.

Dear listening soul, this transitory scene  
Of murmuring stillness, busily serene, —  
This solemn pause, the breathing-space of  
man,  
The halt of toil's exhausted caravan, —  
Comes sweet with music to thy wearied  
ear;  
Rise with its anthems to a holier sphere !

Deal meekly, gently, with the hopes  
that guide  
The lowliest brother straying from thy  
side:  
If right, they bid thee tremble for thine  
own;  
If wrong, the verdict is for God alone !

What though the champions of thy faith  
esteem  
The sprinkled fountain or baptismal  
stream;  
Shall jealous passions in unseemly strife  
Cross their dark weapons o'er the waves of  
life ?

Let my free soul, expanding as it can,  
Leave to his scheme the thoughtful Puri-  
tan;  
But Calvin's dogma shall my lips deride ?  
In that stern faith my angel Mary died;  
Or ask if mercy's milder creed can save,  
Sweet sister, risen from thy new-made  
grave ?

True, the harsh founders of thy church  
reviled  
That ancient faith, the trust of Erin's  
child;  
Must thou be raking in the crumbled past  
For racks and fagots in her teeth to cast ?

See from the ashes of Helvetia's pile  
The whitened skull of old Servetus smile !  
Round her young heart thy "Romish  
Upas" threw  
Its firm, deep fibres, strengthening as she  
grew;  
Thy sneering voice may call them "Popish  
tricks,"  
Her Latin prayers, her dangling crucifix,  
But *De Profundis* blessed her father's  
grave,  
That "idol" cross her dying mother gave!  
What if some angel looks with equal eyes  
On her and thee, the simple and the wise,  
Writes each dark fault against thy brighter  
creed,  
And drops a tear with every foolish bead!  
Grieve, as thou must, o'er history's reek-  
ing page;  
Blush for the wrongs that stain thy happier  
age;  
Strive with the wanderer from the better  
path,  
Bearing thy message meekly, not in wrath;  
Weep for the frail that err, the weak that  
fall,  
Have thine own faith, — but hope and  
pray for all !

Faith; Conscience; Love. A meaner  
task remains,  
And humbler thoughts must creep in  
lowlier strains.  
Shalt thou be honest ? Ask the worldly  
schools,  
And all will tell thee knaves are busier  
fools;  
Prudent ? Industrious ? Let not modern  
pens  
Instruct "Poor Richard's" fellow-citizens.

Be firm! One constant element in luck  
Is genuine solid old Teutonic pluck.  
See yon tall shaft; it felt the earthquake's  
thrill,  
Clung to its base, and greets the sunrise  
still.

Stick to your aim: the mongrel's hold  
will slip,  
But only crowbars loose the bulldog's grip;  
Small as he looks, the jaw that never  
yields  
Drags down the bellowing monarch of the  
fields !

Yet in opinions look not always back, —  
Your wake is nothing, mind the coming  
track;  
Leave what you've done for what you have  
to do;  
Don't be "consistent," but be simply true.

Don't catch the fidgets; you have found  
your place  
Just in the focus of a nervous race,  
Fretful to change and rabid to discuss,  
Full of excitements, always in a fuss.  
Think of the patriarchs; then compare as  
men  
These lean-checked maniacs of the tongue  
and pen!  
Run, if you like, but try to keep your  
breath;  
Work like a man, but don't be worked to  
death;  
And with new notions, — let me change  
the rule, —  
Don't strike the iron till it's slightly cool.

Choose well your *set*; our feeble nature  
seeks  
The aid of clubs, the countenance of  
eliques;  
And with this object settle first of all  
Your weight of metal and your size of  
ball.  
Track not the steps of such as hold you  
cheap,  
Too mean to prize, though good enough to  
keep;  
The "real, genuine, no-mistake Tom  
Thumbs"  
Are little people fed on great men's  
crumbs.

Yet keep no followers of that hateful  
brood  
That basely mingles with its wholesome  
food  
The tumid reptile, which, the poet said,  
Doth wear a precious jewel in his head.

If the wild filly, "Progress," thou  
wouldest ride,  
Have young companions ever at thy side;  
But wouldest thou stride the stanch old  
mare, "Success,"  
Go with thine elders, though they please  
thee less.  
Shun such as lounge through afternoons  
and eves,

And on thy dial write, "Beware of  
thieves!"

Felon of minutes, never taught to feel  
The worth of treasures which thy fingers  
steal,  
Pick my left pocket of its silver dime,  
But spare the right, — it holds my golden  
time!

Does praise delight thee? Choose some  
*ultra* side, —  
A sure old recipe, and often tried;  
Be its apostle, congressman, or bard,  
Spokesman or jokesman, only drive it hard;  
But know the forfeit which thy choice  
abides,  
For on two wheels the poor reformer  
rides, —  
One black with epithets the *anti* throws,  
One white with flattery painted by the *pros*.

Though books on MANNERS are not out  
of print,  
An honest tongue may drop a harmless  
hint.  
Stop not, unthinking, every friend you  
meet,  
To spin your wordy fabric in the street;  
While you are emptying your colloquial  
pack,  
The fiend *Lumbago* jumps upon his back.  
Nor cloud his features with the unwel-  
come tale

Of how he looks, if haply thin and pale;  
Health is a subject for his child, his wife,  
And the rude office that insures his life.

Look in his face, to meet thy neighbor's  
soul.  
Not on his garments, to detect a hole;  
"How to observe" is what thy pages show,  
Pride of thy sex, Miss Harriet Martineau!  
Oh, what a precious book the one would be  
That taught observers what they're *not* to  
see!

I tell in verse — 't were better done in  
prose —  
One curious trick that everybody knows;  
Once form this habit, and it's very strange  
How long it sticks, how hard it is to  
change.  
Two friendly people, both disposed to  
smile,  
Who meet, like others, every little while,  
Instead of passing with a pleasant bow,

And "How d'ye do?" or "How's your  
uncle now?"

Impelled by feelings in their nature kind,  
But slightly weak and somewhat undefined,  
Rush at each other, make a sudden stand,  
Begin to talk, expatiate, and expand;  
Each looks quite radiant, seems extremely  
struck,

Their meeting so was such a piece of luck;  
Each thinks the other thinks he's greatly  
pleased

To screw the vice in which they both are  
squeezed;

So there they talk, in dust, or mud, or  
snow,

Both bored to death, and both afraid to  
go!

Your hat once lifted, do not hang your  
fire,

Nor, like slow Ajax, fighting still, retire;  
When your old castor on your crown you  
clap,

Go off; you've mounted your percussion  
cap.

Some words on LANGUAGE may be well  
applied,

And take them kindly, though they touch  
your pride.

Words lead to things; a scale is more pre-  
cise, —

Coarse speech, bad grammar, swearing,  
drinking, vice.

Our cold Northeaster's icy fetter clips  
The native freedom of the Saxon lips;

See the brown peasant of the plastic South,  
How all his passions play about his mouth!

With us, the feature that transmits the  
soul,

A frozen, passive, palsied breathing-hole.  
The crampy shackles of the ploughboy's  
walk

Tie the small muscles when he strives to  
talk;

Not all the pumice of the polished town  
Can smooth this roughness of the barnyard  
down;

Rich, honored, titled, he betrays his race  
By this one mark, — he's awkward in the  
face; —

Nature's rude impress, long before he  
knew

The sunny street that holds the sifted few.  
It can't be helped, though, if we're taken  
young,

We gain some freedom of the lips and  
tongue;

But school and college often try in vain  
To break the padlock of our boyhood's  
chain:

One stubborn word will prove this axiom  
true, —

No quondam rustic can enunciate *view*.

A few brief stanzas may be well em-  
ployed

To speak of errors we can all avoid.  
Learning condemns beyond the reach of  
hope

The careless lips that speak of soap for  
soap;

Her edict exiles from her fair abode  
The clownish voice that utters road for  
road:

Less stern to him who calls his coat a coat,  
And steers his boat, believing it a boat,  
She pardoned one, our classic city's boast,  
Who said at Cambridge most instead of  
most,

But knit her brows and stamped her angry  
foot

To hear a Teacher call a root a root.

Once more: speak clearly, if you speak  
at all;

Carve every word before you let it fall;  
Don't, like a lecturer or dramatic star,  
Try over-hard to roll the British R;  
Do put your accents in the proper spot;  
Don't, — let me beg you, — don't say  
"How?" for "What?"

And when you stick on conversation's burs,  
Don't strew your pathway with those  
dreadful *urs*.

From little matters let us pass to less,  
And lightly touch the mysteries of DRESS;

The outward forms the inner man reveal, —  
We guess the pulp before we cut the peel.

I leave the broadcloth, — coats and all  
the rest, —

The dangerous waistcoat, called by cock-  
neys "vest,"

The things named "pants" in certain  
documents,

A word not made for gentlemen, but  
"gents;"

One single precept might the whole con-  
dense:

Be sure your tailor is a man of sense;  
But add a little care, a decent pride,  
And always err upon the sober side.

Three pairs of boots one pair of feet de-  
mands,

If polished daily by the owner's hands;  
If the dark menial's visit save from this,  
Have twice the number, — for he'll some-  
times miss.

One pair for critics of the nicer sex,  
Close in the instep's clinging circumflex,  
Long, narrow, light; the Gallic boot of love,  
A kind of cross between a boot and glove.  
Compact, but easy, strong, substantial,  
square,

Let native art compile the medium pair.  
The third remains, and let your tasteful  
skill

Here show some relies of affection still;  
Let no stiff cowhide, reeking from the tan,  
No rough caoutchouc, no deformed brogan,  
Disgrace the tapering outline of your feet,  
Though yellow torrents gurgle through the  
street.

Wear seemly gloves; not black, nor yet  
too light,  
And least of all the pair that once was  
white;

Let the dead party where you told your  
loves

Bury in peace its dead bouquets and gloves;  
Shave like the goat, if so your fancy bids,  
But be a parent, — don't neglect your kids.

Have a good hat; the secret of your looks  
Lives with the beaver in Canadian brooks;  
Virtue may flourish in an old cravat,  
But man and nature scorn the shocking hat.  
Does beauty slight you from her gay  
abodes?

Like bright Apollo, you must take to  
*Rhoades*, —

Mount the new castor, — ice itself will melt;  
Boots, gloves, may fail; the hat is always  
felt!

Be shy of breastpins; plain, well-ironed  
white,

With small pearl buttons, — two of them  
in sight, —

Is always genuine, while your gems may  
pass,

Though real diamonds, for ignoble glass.

But spurn those paltry Cisatlautie lies  
That round his breast the shabby rustic ties;  
Breathe not the name profaned to hallow  
things

The indignant laundress blushes when she  
brings!

Our freeborn race, averse to every check,  
Has tossed the yoke of Europe from its  
*neck*;

From the green prairie to the sea-girt town,  
The whole wide nation turns its collars  
down.

The stately neck is manhood's manliest  
part;

It takes the life-blood freshest from the  
heart.

With short, curled ringlets close around it  
spread,

How light and strong it lifts the Grecian  
head!

Thine, fair Erechtheus of Minerva's wall;  
Or thine, young athlete of the Louvre's  
hall,

Smooth as the pillar flashing in the sun  
That filled the arena where thy wreaths  
were won,

Firm as the band that clasps the antlered  
spoil

Strained in the winding anaconda's coil!

I spare the contrast; it were only kind  
To be a little, nay, intensely blind.

Choose for yourself: I know it cuts your  
ear;

I know the points will sometimes interfere;  
I know that often, like the filial John,

Whom sleep surprised with half his drapery  
on,

You show your features to the astonished  
town

With one side standing and the other  
down; —

But oh, my friend! my favorite fellow-  
man!

If Nature made you on her modern plan,  
Sooner than wander with your windpipe  
bare, —

The fruit of Eden ripening in the air, —  
With that lean head-stalk, that protruding  
chin,

Wear standing collars, were they made of  
tin!

And have a neckcloth — by the throat of  
Jove! —

Cut from the funnel of a rusty stove!

The long-drawn lesson narrows to its close,  
Chill, slender, slow, the dwindled current flows;  
Tired of the ripples on its feeble springs,  
Once more the Muse unfolds her upward wings.

Land of my birth, with this unhallowed tongue,  
Thy hopes, thy dangers, I perchance had sung;  
But who shall sing, in brutal disregard  
Of all the essentials of the "native bard" ?  
Lake, sea, shore, prairie, forest, mountain, fall,  
His eye omnivorous must devour them all;  
The tallest summits and the broadest tides  
His foot must compass with its giant strides,  
Where Ocean thunders, where Missouri rolls,  
And tread at once the tropics and the poles;  
His food all forms of earth, fire, water, air,  
His home all space, his birthplace everywhere.

Some grave compatriot, having seen perhaps  
The pictured page that goes in Worcester's Maps,  
And read in earnest what was said in jest,  
"Who drives fat oxen" — please to add the rest, —  
Sprung the odd notion that the poet's dreams  
Grow in the ratio of his hills and streams;  
And hence insisted that the aforesaid "bard,"  
Pink of the future, fancy's pattern-card,  
The babe of nature in the "giant West,"  
Must be of course her biggest and her best.

Oh! when at length the expected bard shall come,  
Land of our pride, to strike thine echoes dumb,  
(And many a voice exclaims in prose and rhyme,  
It's getting late, and he's behind his time,)  
When all thy mountains clap their hands in joy,  
And all thy cataracts thunder, "That's the boy," —

Say if with him the reign of song shall end,  
And Heaven declare its final dividend !

Be calm, dear brother! whose impassioned strain  
Comes from an alley watered by a drain;  
The little Mincio, dribbling to the Po,  
Beats all the epics of the Hoang Ho;  
If loved in earnest by the tuneful maid,  
Don't mind their nonsense, — never be afraid !

The nurse of poets feeds her winged brood  
By common firesides, on familiar food;  
In a low hamlet, by a narrow stream,  
Where bovine rustics used to doze and dream,  
She filled young William's fiery fancy full,  
While old John Shakespeare talked of beeves and wool !

No Alpine needle, with its climbing spire,  
Brings down for mortals the Promethean fire,  
If careless nature have forgot to frame  
An altar worthy of the sacred flame.  
Unblest by any save the goatherd's lines,  
Mont Blanc rose soaring through his "sea of pines;"  
In vain the rivers from their ice-caves flash;  
No hymn salutes them but the Ranz des Vaches,  
Till lazy Coleridge, by the morning's light,  
Gazed for a moment on the fields of white,  
And lo! the glaciers found at length a tongue,  
Mont Blanc was vocal, and Chamouni sung!

Children of wealth or want, to each is given  
One spot of green, and all the blue of heaven!  
Enough if these their outward shows impart;  
The rest is thine, — the scenery of the heart.  
If passion's hectic in thy stanzas glow,  
Thy heart's best life-blood ebbing as they flow;  
If with thy verse thy strength and bloom distil,  
Drained by the pulses of the fevered thrill;  
If sound's sweet effluence polarize thy brain,

And thoughts turn crystals in thy fluid  
strain, —

Nor rolling ocean, nor the prairie's bloom,  
Nor streaming cliffs, nor rayless cavern's  
gloom,

Need'st thou, young poet, to inform thy  
line;

Thy own broad signet stamps thy song  
divine!

Let others gaze where silvery streams  
are rolled,

And chase the rainbow for its cup of gold;  
To thee all landscapes wear a heavenly dye,  
Changed in the glance of thy prismatic eye;  
Nature evoked thee in sublimer throes,

For thee her inmost Arethusa flows, —  
The mighty mother's living depths are  
stirred, —

Thou art the starred Osiris of the herd!

A few brief lines; they touch on solemn  
chords,

And hearts may leap to hear their honest  
words;

Yet, ere the jarring bugle-blast is blown,  
The softer lyre shall breathe its soothing  
tone.

New England! proudly may thy children  
claim

Their honored birthright by its humblest  
name!

Cold are thy skies, but, ever fresh and  
clear,

No rank malaria stains thine atmosphere;  
No fungous weeds invade thy scanty soil.  
Scarred by the ploughshares of unslumber-  
ing toil.

Long may the doctrines by thy sages  
taught,

Raised from the quarries where their sires  
have wrought,

Be like the granite of thy rock-ribbed  
land, —

As slow to rear, as obdurate to stand;  
And as the ice that leaves thy crystal mine

Chills the fierce alcohol in the Creole's  
wine,

So may the doctrines of thy sober school  
Keep the hot theories of thy neighbors  
cool!

If ever, trampling on her ancient path,  
Cankered by treachery or inflamed by  
wrath,

With smooth "Resolves" or with dis-  
cordant cries,

The mad Briareus of disunion rise,  
Chiefs of New England! by your sires'  
renown,

Dash the red torches of the rebel down!  
Flood his black hearthstone till its flames  
expire,

Though your old Sæhem fanned his coun-  
cil-fire!

But if at last, her fading eye run,  
The tongue must forfeit what the arm has  
won,

Then rise, wild Ocean! roll thy surging  
shock

Full on old Plymouth's desecrated rock!  
Seale the proud shaft degenerate hands  
have hewn,

Where bleeding Valor stained the flowers  
of June!

Sweep in one tide her spires and turrets  
down,

And howl her dirge above Monadnock's  
crown!

List not the tale; the Pilgrim's hallowed  
shore,

Though strewn with weeds, is granite at  
the core;

Oh, rather trust that He who made her  
free

Will keep her true as long as faith shall be!

Farewell! yet lingering through the  
destined hour,  
Leave, sweet Enchantress, one memorial  
flower!

An Angel, floating o'er the waste of  
snow

That clad our Western desert, long ago,  
(The same fair spirit who, unseen by day,  
Shone as a star along the Mayflower's  
way,) —

Sent the first herald of the Heavenly plan,  
To choose on earth a resting-place for  
man, —

Tired with his flight along the unvaried  
field,

Turned to soar upwards, when his glance  
revealed

A calm, bright bay enclosed in rocky  
bounds,

And at its entrance stood three sister  
mounds.

The Angel spake: "This threefold hill  
 shall be  
 The home of Arts, the nurse of Liberty!  
 One stately summit from its shaft shall  
 pour  
 Its deep-red blaze along the darkened  
 shore;  
 Emblem of thoughts that, kindling far and  
 wide,  
 In danger's night shall be a nation's guide.  
 One swelling crest the citadel shall crown,  
 Its slanted bastions black with battle's  
 frown,  
 And bid the sons that tread its scowling  
 heights  
 Bare their strong arms for man and all his  
 rights!  
 One silent steep along the northern wave  
 Shall hold the patriarch's and the hero's  
 grave;  
 When fades the torch, when o'er the peace-  
 ful scene  
 The embattled fortress smiles in living  
 green,  
 The cross of Faith, the anchor staff of  
 Hope,  
 Shall stand eternal on its grassy slope;  
 There through all time shall faithful  
 Memory tell,  
 'Here Virtue toiled, and Patriot Valor  
 fell;  
 Thy free, proud fathers slumber at thy  
 side;  
 Live as they lived, or perish as they  
 died!'"

#### AN AFTER-DINNER POEM

(TERPSICHORE)

Read at the Annual Dinner of the Phi Beta  
 Kappa Society, at Cambridge, August 24,  
 1843.

IN narrowest girdle, O reluctant Muse,  
 In closest frock and Cinderella shoes,  
 Bound to the foot-lights for thy brief dis-  
 play,  
 One zephyr step, and then dissolve away!

Short is the space that gods and men can  
 spare  
 To Song's twin brother when she is not  
 there.

Let others water every lusty line,  
 As Homer's heroes did their purple wine;  
 Pierian revellers! Know in strains like  
 these  
 The native juice, the real honest squeeze, —  
 Strains that, diluted to the twentieth  
 power,  
 In yon grave temple might have filled an  
 hour.  
 Small room for Fancy's many-chorded  
 lyre,  
 For Wit's bright rockets with their trains  
 of fire,  
 For Pathos, struggling vainly to surprise  
 The iron tutor's tear-denying eyes,  
 For Mirth, whose finger with delusive  
 wile  
 Turns the grim key of many a rusty smile,  
 For Satire, emptying his corrosive flood  
 On hissing Folly's gas-exhaling brood,  
 The pun, the fun, the moral, and the joke,  
 The hit, the thrust, the pugilistic poke, —  
 Small space for these, so pressed by nig-  
 gard Time,  
 Like that false matron, known to nursery  
 rhyme, —  
 Insidious Morey, — scarce her tale begun,  
 Ere listening infants weep the story done.

Oh, had we room to rip the mighty bags  
 That Time, the harlequin, has stuffed with  
 rags!  
 Grant us one moment to unloose the  
 strings,  
 While the old graybeard shuts his leather  
 wings.  
 But what a heap of motley trash appears  
 Crammed in the bundles of successive  
 years!  
 As the lost rustic on some festal day  
 Stares through the concourse in its vast  
 array, —  
 Where in one cake a throng of faces runs,  
 All stuck together like a sheet of buns, —  
 And throws the bait of some unheeded  
 name,  
 Or shoots a wink with most uncertain aim,  
 So roams my vision, wandering over all,  
 And strives to choose, but knows not where  
 to fall.

Skins of flayed authors, husks of dead re-  
 views,  
 The turn-coat's clothes, the office-seeker's  
 shoes,



Scraps from cold feasts, where conversation runs  
 Through mouldy toasts to oxidated puns,  
 And grating songs a listening crowd endures,  
 Rasped from the throats of bellowing amateurs;  
 Sermons, whose writers played such dangerous tricks  
 Their own heresiarchs called them heretics,  
 (Strange that one term such distant poles should link,  
 The Priestleyan's copper and the Puseyan's zinc);  
 Poems that shuffle with superfluous legs  
 A blindfold minuet over addled eggs,  
 Where all the syllables that end in *ed*,  
 Like old dragons, have cuts across the head;  
 Essays so dark Champollion might despair  
 To guess what mummy of a thought was there,  
 Where our poor English, striped with foreign phrase,  
 Looks like a zebra in a parson's chaise;  
 Lectures that cut our dimmers down to roots,  
 Or prove (by monkeys) men should stick to fruits, —  
 Delusive error, as at trifling charge  
 Professor Gripes will certify at large;  
 Mesmeric pamphlets, which to facts appeal,  
 Each fact as slippery as a fresh-caught eel;  
 And figured heads, whose hieroglyphs invite  
 To wandering knaves that discount fools at sight:  
 Such things as these, with heaps of unpaid bills,  
 And eady puffs and homeopathic pills,  
 And ancient bell-crowns with contracted rim,  
 And bonnets hideous with expanded brim,  
 And coats whose memory turns the sartor pale,  
 Their sequels tapering like a lizard's tail, —  
 How might we spread them to the smiling day,  
 And toss them, fluttering like the new-mown hay,  
 To laughter's light or sorrow's pitying shower,  
 Were these brief minutes lengthened to an hour.

The narrow moments fit like Sunday shoes, —  
 How vast the heap, how quickly must we choose!  
 A few small scraps from out his mountain mass  
 We snatch in haste, and let the vagrant pass.  
 This shrunken CRUST that Cerberus could not bite,  
 Stamped (in one corner) "Pickwick copy-right,"  
 Kneaded by youngsters, raised by flattery's yeast,  
 Was once a loaf, and helped to make a feast.  
 He for whose sake the glittering show appears  
 Has sown the world with laughter and with tears,  
 And they whose welcome wets the bumper's brim  
 Have wit and wisdom, — for they all quote him.  
 So, many a tongue the evening hour prolongs  
 With spangled speeches, — let alone the songs;  
 Statesmen grow merry, lean attorneys laugh,  
 And weak teetotals warm to half and half,  
 And beardless Tullys, new to festive scenes,  
 Cut their first crop of youth's precocious greens,  
 And wits stand ready for impromptu claps,  
 With loaded barrels and percussion caps,  
 And Pathos, cantering through the minor keys,  
 Waves all her onions to the trembling breeze;  
 While the great Feasted views with silent glee  
 His scattered limbs in Yankee friecasse.  
 Sweet is the scene where genial friendship plays  
 The pleasing game of interchanging praise.  
 Self-love, grimalkin of the human heart,  
 Is ever pliant to the master's art;  
 Soothed with a word, she peacefully withdraws  
 And sheathes in velvet her obnoxious claws,  
 And thrills the hand that smooths her glossy fur  
 With the light tremor of her grateful purr.

But what sad music fills the quiet hall,  
 If on her back a feline rival fall !  
 And oh, what noises shake the tranquil  
 house  
 If old Self-interest cheats her of a mouse !

Thou, O my country, hast thy foolish ways,  
 Too apt to purr at every stranger's praise;  
 But if the stranger touch thy modes or  
 laws,

Off goes the velvet and out come the  
 claws !

And thou, Illustrious ! but too poorly  
 paid

In toasts from Pickwick for thy great cru-  
 sade,

Though, while the echoes labored with thy  
 name,

The public trap denied thy little game,  
 Let other lips our jealous laws revile, —  
 The marble Talfourd or the rude Car-  
 lyle, —

But on thy lids, which Heaven forbids to  
 close

Where'er the light of kindly nature glows,  
 Let not the dollars that a churl denies  
 Weigh like the shillings on a dead man's  
 eyes !

Or, if thou wilt, be more discreetly blind,  
 Nor ask to see all wide extremes combined.  
 Not in our wastes the dainty blossoms  
 smile

That crowd the gardens of thy scanty isle.  
 There white-cheeked Luxury weaves a  
 thousand charms;

Here sun-browned Labor swings his naked  
 arms.

Long are the furrows he must trace be-  
 tween

The ocean's azure and the prairie's green ;  
 Full many a blank his destined realm dis-  
 plays,

Yet sees the promise of his riper days:  
 Far through yon depths the panting en-  
 gine moves,

His chariots ringing in their steel-shod  
 grooves;

And Erie's naiad flings her diamond wave  
 O'er the wild sea-nymph in her distant  
 cave!

While tasks like these employ his anxious  
 hours,

What if his cornfields are not edged with  
 flowers ?

Though bright as silver the meridian beams

Shine through the crystal of thine English  
 streams,

Turbid and dark the mighty wave is whirled  
 That drains our Andes and divides a world !

But lo ! a PARCHMENT ! Surely it would  
 seem

The sculptured impress speaks of power  
 supreme ;

Some grave design the solemn page must  
 claim

That shows so broadly an emblazoned name.  
 A sovereign's promise ! Look, the lines  
 afford

All Honor gives when Caution asks his  
 word :

There sacred Faith has laid her-snow-white  
 hands,

And awful Justice knit her iron bands ;  
 Yet every leaf is stained with treachery's  
 dye,

And every letter crusted with a lie.  
 Alas ! no treason has degraded yet

The Arab's salt, the Indian's calumet ;  
 A simple rite, that bears the wanderer's  
 pledge,

Blunts the keen shaft and turns the dagger's  
 edge;

While jockeying senates stop to sign and  
 seal,

And freeborn statesmen legislate to steal.  
 Rise, Europe, tottering with thine Atlas load,  
 Turn thy proud eye to Freedom's blest  
 abode,

And round her forehead, wreathed with  
 heavenly flame,

Bind the dark garland of her daughter's  
 shame !

Ye ocean clouds, that wrap the angry blast,  
 Coil her stained ensign round its haughty  
 mast,

Or tear the fold that wears so foul a scar,  
 And drive a bolt through every blackened  
 star !

Once more, — once only, — we must stop so  
 soon :

What have we here ? A GERMAN-SILVER  
 SPOON ;

A cheap utensil, which we often see  
 Used by the dabblers in æsthetic tea,  
 Of slender fabric, somewhat light and thin,  
 Made of mixed metal, chiefly lead and tin ;  
 The bowl is shallow, and the handle small,  
 Marked in large letters with the name

JEAN PAUL.

Small as it is, its powers are passing  
 strange,  
 For all who use it show a wondrous change ;  
 And first, a fact to make the barbers stare,  
 It beats Macassar for the growth of hair.  
 See those small youngsters whose expansive  
 ears  
 Maternal kindness grazed with frequent  
 shears ;  
 Each bristling crop a dangling mass be-  
 comes,  
 And all the spoonies turn to Absalons !  
 Nor this alone its magic power displays,  
 It alters strangely all their works and  
 ways ;  
 With uncouth words they tire their tender  
 lungs,  
 The same bald phrases on their hundred  
 tongues :  
 " Ever " " The Ages " in their page ap-  
 pear,  
 " Always " the bedlamite is called a  
 " Seer ; "  
 On every leaf the " earnest " sage may  
 scan,  
 Portentous bore ! their " many-sided "  
 man. —  
 A weak eclectic, groping vague and dim,  
 Whose every angle is a half-starved whim,  
 Blind as a mole and curious as a lynx,  
 Who rides a beetle, which he calls a  
 " Sphinx. "  
 And oh, what questions asked in clubfoot  
 rhyme  
 Of Earth the tongueless and the deaf-mute  
 Time !  
 Here babbling " Insight " shouts in Nature's  
 ears  
 His last conundrum on the orbs and spheres ;  
 There Self-inspection sucks its little thumb,  
 With " Whence am I ? " and " Wherefore  
 did I come ? "  
 Deluded infants ! will they ever know  
 Some doubts must darken o'er the world  
 below,  
 Though all the Platos of the nursery trail  
 Their " clouds of glory " at the go-cart's  
 tail ?  
 Oh might these couplets their attention  
 claim

That gain their author the Philistine's  
 name !  
 ( A stubborn race, that, spurning foreign  
 law,  
 Was much belabored with an ass's jaw. )

Melodious Laura ! From the sad retreats  
 That hold thee, smothered with excess of  
 sweets,  
 Shade of a shadow, spectre of a dream,  
 Glance thy wan eye across the Stygian  
 stream !  
 The slipshod dreamer treads thy fragrant  
 halls,  
 The sophist's cobwebs hang thy roseate  
 walls,  
 And o'er the crotchets of thy jingling tunes  
 The bard of mystery scrawls his crooked  
 " runes. "  
 Yes, thou art gone, with all the tuneful  
 hordes  
 That candied thoughts in amber-colored  
 words,  
 And in the precincts of thy late abodes  
 The clattering verse-wright hammers Or-  
 phic odes.  
 Thou, soft as zephyr, wast content to fly  
 On the gilt pinions of a balmy sigh ;  
 He, vast as Phœbus on his burning wheels,  
 Would stride through ether at Orion's heels.  
 Thy emblem, Laura, was a perfume-jar,  
 And thine, young Orpheus, is a pewter star.  
 The balance trembles, — be its verdict told  
 When the new jargon slumbers with the  
 old !

Cease, playful goddess ! From thine airy  
 bound  
 Drop like a feather softly to the ground ;  
 This light bolero grows a ticklish dance,  
 And there is mischief in thy kindling  
 glance.  
 To-morrow bids thee, with rebuking frown,  
 Change thy gauze tunic for a home-made  
 gown,  
 Too blest by fortune if the passing day  
 Adorn thy bosom with its frail bouquet,  
 But oh, still happier if the next forgets  
 Thy daring steps and dangerous pirouettes !

## MEDICAL POEMS

[This division was made when the Riverside Edition was arranged, but by accident the

last number in the division was at that time omitted.]

### THE MORNING VISIT

A SICK man's chamber, though it often  
boast  
The grateful presence of a literal toast,  
Can hardly claim, amidst its various  
wealth,  
The right unchallenged to propose a  
health;  
Yet though its tenant is denied the feast,  
Friendship must launch his sentiment at  
least,  
As prisoned damsels, locked from lovers'  
lips,  
Toss them a kiss from off their fingers'  
tips.

The morning visit, — not till sickness falls  
In the charmed circles of your own safe  
walls;  
Till fever's throb and pain's relentless rack  
Stretch you all helpless on your aching  
back;  
Not till you play the patient in your turn,  
The morning visit's mystery shall you  
learn.

'T is a small matter in your neighbor's  
case,  
To charge your fee for showing him your  
face;  
You skip up-stairs, inquire, inspect, and  
touch,  
Prescribe, take leave, and off to twenty  
such.

But when at length, by fate's transferred  
decree,  
The visitor becomes the visitée,  
Oh, then, indeed, it pulls another string;  
Your ox is gored, and that's a different  
thing!

Your friend is sick : phlegmatic as a Turk,  
You write your recipe and let it work;  
Not yours to stand the shiver and the  
frown,  
And sometimes worse, with which your  
draught goes down.  
Calm as a clock your knowing hand di-  
rects,

*Rhei, jalapæ ana grana sex,*  
Or traces on some tender missive's back,  
*Scrupulos duos pulveris ipecac;*  
And leaves your patient to his qualms and  
gripes,  
Cool as a sportsman banging at his snipes.  
But change the time, the person, and the  
place,

And be yourself "the interesting case,"  
You'll gain some knowledge which it's  
well to learn;  
In future practice it may serve your turn.  
Leeches, for instance, — pleasing creatures  
quite;  
Try them, — and bless you, — don't you  
find they bite?

You raise a blister for the smallest cause,  
But be yourself the sitter whom it draws,  
And trust my statement, you will not  
deny  
The worst of draughtsmen is your Spanish  
fly!

It's mighty easy ordering when you please,  
*Infusi sennæ capiat uncias tres;*  
It's mighty different when you quackle  
down

Your own three ounces of the liquid brown.  
*Pilula, pulvis,* — pleasant words enough,  
When other throats receive the shocking  
stuff;

But oh, what flattery can disguise the  
groan  
That meets the gulp which sends it through  
your own!

Be gentle, then, though Art's unsparing  
rules  
Give you the handling of her sharpest  
tools;

Use them not rashly, — sickness is enough;  
Be always "ready," but be never "rough."

Of all the ills that suffering man endures,  
The largest fraction liberal Nature cures;  
Of those remaining, 't is the smallest part  
Yields to the efforts of judicious Art;

But simple *Kindness*, kneeling by the bed  
To shift the pillow for the sick man's head,  
Give the fresh draught to cool the lips that  
burn,  
Fan the hot brow, the weary frame to  
turn, —

*Kindness*, untutored by our grave M. D.'s,  
But Nature's graduate, when she schools to  
please,

Wins back more sufferers with her voice  
and smile

Than all the trumpery in the druggist's  
pile.

Once more, be *quiet*: coming up the stair.  
Don't be a plantigrade, a human bear,  
But, stealing softly on the silent toe,  
Reach the sick chamber ere you're heard  
below.

Whatever changes there may greet your  
eyes,

Let not your looks proclaim the least sur-  
prise;

It's not your business by your face to show  
All that your patient does not want to  
know;

Nay, use your optics with considerate care,  
And don't abuse your privilege to stare.

But if your eyes may probe him overmuch,  
Beware still further how you rudely touch;  
Don't clutch his carpus in your icy fist,  
But warm your fingers ere you take the  
wrist.

If the poor victim needs must be percussed,  
Don't make an anvil of his aching bust;

(Doctors exist within a hundred miles  
Who thump a thorax as they'd hammer  
piles;)

If you must listen to his doubtful chest,  
Catch the essentials, and ignore the rest.

Spare him; the sufferer wants of you and  
art

A track to steer by, not a finished chart.  
So of your questions: don't in mercy try

To pump your patient absolutely dry;  
He's not a mollusk squirming in a dish,  
You're not Agassiz, and he's not a fish.

And last, not least, in each perplexing case,  
Learn the sweet magic of a *cheerful face*;  
Not always smiling, but at least serene,  
When grief and anguish cloud the anxious  
scene.

Each look, each movement, every word and  
tone,  
Should tell your patient you are all his  
own;

Not the mere artist, purchased to attend,  
But the warm, ready, self-forgetting friend,  
Whose genial visit in itself combines  
The best of cordials, tonics, anodynes.

Such is the *visi* that from day to day  
Sheds o'er my chamber its benignant ray.  
I give his health, who never cared to claim  
Her babbling homage from the tongue of  
Fame;

Unmoved by praise, he stands by all con-  
fess,

The truest, noblest, wisest, kindest, best.

## THE TWO ARMIES

[Written for and read at a meeting of the  
Massachusetts Medical Society in 1858.

In printing these verses in the *Autocrat*,  
where they are referred to the "Professor," the  
poet says: "He introduced them with a few  
remarks, he told me, of which the only one he  
remembered was this: that he had rather  
write a single line which one among them  
should think worth remembering than set them  
all laughing with a string of epigrams."]

As Life's mending column pours,  
Two marshalled hosts are seen, —  
Two armies on the trampled shores  
That Death flows black between.

One marches to the drum-beat's roll,  
The wide-mouthed clarion's bray,  
And bears upon a crimson scroll,  
"Our glory is to slay."

One moves in silence by the stream,  
With sad, yet watchful eyes.  
Calm as the patient planet's gleam  
That walks the clouded skies.

Along its front no sabres shine,  
No blood-red pennons wave ;  
Its banner bears the single line,  
"Our duty is to save."

For those no death-bed's lingering shade ;  
At Honor's trumpet-call,  
With knitted brow and lifted blade  
In Glory's arms they fall.

For these no clashing falchions bright,  
No stirring battle-cry ;  
The bloodless stabber calls by night, —  
Each answers, "Here am I !"

For those the sculptor's laurelled bust,  
The builder's marble piles,  
The anthems pealing o'er their dust  
Through long cathedral aisles.

For these the blossom-sprinkled turf  
That floods the lonely graves  
When Spring rolls in her sea-green surf  
In flowery-foaming waves.

Two paths lead upward from below,  
And angels wait above,  
Who count each burning life-drop's flow,  
Each falling tear of Love.

Though from the Hero's bleeding breast  
Her pulses Freedom drew,  
Though the white lilies in her crest  
Sprang from that scarlet dew, —

While Valor's haughty champions wait  
Till all their scars are shown,  
Love walks unchallenged through the gate,  
To sit beside the Throne !

### THE STETHOSCOPE SONG

#### A PROFESSIONAL BALLAD

THERE was a young man in Boston town,  
He bought him a stethoscope nice and  
new,  
All mounted and finished and polished  
down,  
With an ivory cap and a stopper too.

It happened a spider within did crawl,  
And spun him a web of ample size,  
Wherein there chanced one day to fall  
A couple of very imprudent flies.

The first was a bottle-fly, big and blue,  
The second was smaller, and thin and  
long ;

So there was a concert between the two,  
Like an octave flute and a tavern gong.

Now being from Paris but recently,  
This fine young man would show his skill ;  
And so they gave him, his hand to try,  
A hospital patient extremely ill.

Some said that his *liver* was short of *bile*,  
And some that his *heart* was over size,  
While some kept arguing, all the while,  
He was crammed with *tubercles* up to his  
eyes.

This fine young man then up stepped he,  
And all the doctors made a pause ;  
Said he, The man must die, you see,  
By the fifty-seventh of Louis's laws.

But since the case is a desperate one,  
To explore his chest it may be well ;  
For if he should die and it were not done,  
You know the *autopsy* would not tell.

Then out his stethoscope he took,  
And on it placed his curious ear ;  
*Mon Dieu !* said he, with a knowing look,  
Why, here is a sound that's mighty  
queer !

The *bourdonnement* is very clear, —  
*Amphoric buzzing*, as I'm alive !  
Five doctors took their turn to hear ;  
*Amphoric buzzing*, said all the five.

There's *empyema* beyond a doubt ;  
We'll plunge a *trocar* in his side.  
The diagnosis was made out, —  
They tapped the patient ; so he died.

Now such as hate new-fashioned toys  
Began to look extremely glum ;  
They said that *rattles* were made for boys,  
And vowed that his *buzzing* was all a  
hum.

There was an old lady had long been sick,  
And what was the matter none did  
know ;  
Her pulse was slow, though her tongue was  
quick ;  
To her this knowing youth must go.

So there the nice old lady sat,  
 With phials and boxes all in a row;  
 She asked the young doctor what he was  
 to, at,  
 To thump her and tumble her ruffles  
 so.

Now, when the stethoscope came out,  
 The flies began to buzz and whiz:  
 Oh, ho! the matter is clear, no doubt;  
 An *aneurism* there plainly is.

The *bruit de râpe* and the *bruit de scie*  
 And the *bruit de diable* are all combined;  
 How happy Bouillaud would be,  
 If he a case like this could find!

Now, when the neighboring doctors found  
 A case so rare had been descried,  
 They every day her ribs did pound  
 In squads of twenty; so she died.

Then six young damsels, slight and frail,  
 Received this kind young doctor's cares;  
 They all were getting slim and pale,  
 And short of breath on mounting stairs.

They all made rhymes with "sighs" and  
 "skies,"  
 And loathed their puddings and buttered  
 rolls,  
 And dieted, much to their friends' surprise,  
 On pickles and pencils and chalk and  
 coals.

So fast their little hearts did bound,  
 The frightened insects buzzed the more;  
 So over all their chests he found  
 The *rôle siffant* and the *rôle sonore*.

He shook his head. There's grave dis-  
 ease,—  
 I greatly fear you all must die;  
 A slight *post-mortem*, if you please,  
 Surviving friends would gratify.

The six young damsels wept aloud,  
 Which so prevailed on six young men  
 That each his honest love avowed,  
 Whereat they all got well again.

This poor young man was all aghast;  
 The price of stethoscopes came down;  
 And so he was reduced at last  
 To practise in a country town.

The doctors being very sore,  
 A stethoscope they did devise  
 That had a rammer to clear the bore,  
 With a knob at the end to kill the flies.

Now use your ears, all you that can,  
 But don't forget to mind your eyes,  
 Or you may be cheated, like this young  
 man,  
 By a couple of silly, abnormal flies.

## EXTRACTS FROM A MEDICAL POEM

### THE STABILITY OF SCIENCE

THE feeble sea-birds, blinded in the  
 storms,  
 On some tall lighthouse dash their little  
 forms,  
 And the rude granite scatters for their  
 pains  
 Those small deposits that were meant for  
 brains.

Yet the proud fabric in the morning's sun  
 Stands all unconscious of the mischief done;  
 Still the red beacon pours its evening rays  
 For the lost pilot with as full a blaze,—  
 Nay, shines, all radiance, o'er the scattered  
 fleet

Of gulls and boobies brainless at its feet.  
 I tell their fate, though courtesy disclaims  
 To call our kind by such ungentle names;  
 Yet, if your rashness bid you vainly dare,  
 Think of your doom, ye simple, and be-  
 ware!

See where aloft its hoary forehead rears  
 The towering pride of twice a thousand  
 years!

Far, far below the vast incumbent pile  
 Sleeps the gray rock from art's Ægean isle  
 Its massive courses, circling as they rise,  
 Swell from the waves to mingle with the  
 skies;

There every quarry lends its marble spoil,  
 And clustering ages blend their common  
 toil;

The Greek, the Roman, reared its ancient  
 walls,

The silent Arab arched its mystic halls;  
 In that fair niche, by countless billows  
 laved,

Trace the deep lines that Sydenham en-  
 graved;

On yon broad front that breasts the chang-  
ing swell,  
Mark where the ponderous sledge of Hun-  
ter fell;  
By that square buttress look where Louis  
stands,  
The stone yet warm from his uplifted  
hands;  
And say, O Science, shall thy life-blood  
freeze,  
When fluttering folly flaps on walls like  
these ?

## A PORTRAIT

Thoughtful in youth, but not austere in  
age;  
Calm, but not cold, and cheerful though a  
sage;  
Too true to flatter and too kind to sneer,  
And only just when seemingly severe;  
So gently blending courtesy and art  
That wisdom's lips seemed borrowing  
friendship's heart.  
Taught by the sorrows that his age had  
known  
In others' trials to forget his own,  
As hour by hour his lengthened day de-  
clined,  
A sweeter radiance lingered o'er his mind.  
Cold were the lips that spoke his early  
praise,  
And hushed the voices of his morning days,  
Yet the same accents dwelt on every  
tongue,  
And love renewing kept him ever young.

## A SENTIMENT

'Ο βίος βραχύς, — life is but a song;  
'Η τέχνη μακρή, — art is wondrous long;  
Yet to the wise her paths are ever fair,  
And Patience smiles, though Genius may  
despair.  
Give us but knowledge, though by slow  
degrees,  
And blend our toil with moments bright as  
these;  
Let Friendship's accents cheer our doubt-  
ful way,  
And Love's pure planet lend its guiding  
ray, —  
Our tardy Art shall wear an angel's wings,  
And life shall lengthen with the joy it  
brings !

## A POEM

FOR THE MEETING OF THE AMERICAN  
MEDICAL ASSOCIATION AT NEW YORK,  
MAY 5, 1853

I HOLD a letter in my hand, —  
A flattering letter, more 's the pity, —  
By some contriving junto planned,  
And signed *per order of Committee*.  
It touches every tenderest spot, —  
My patriotic predilections,  
My well-known — something — don't ask  
what, —  
My poor old songs, my kind affections.

They make a feast on Thursday next,  
And hope to make the feasters merry;  
They own they're something more per-  
plexed  
For poets than for port and sherry.  
They want the men of — (word torn out);  
Our friends will come with anxious faces,  
(To see our blankets off, no doubt,  
And trot us out and show our paces.)

They hint that papers by the score  
Are rather musty kind of ratios, —  
They don't exactly mean a bore,  
But only trying to the patience;  
That such as — you know who I mean —  
Distinguished for their — what d' ye  
call 'em —  
Should bring the dews of Hippocrene  
To sprinkle on the faces solemn.

— The same old story: that's the chaff  
To catch the birds that sing the ditties;  
Upon my soul, it makes me laugh  
To read these letters from Committees !  
They're all *so* loving and *so* fair, —  
All for *your* sake such kind compunction;  
'T would save your carriage half its wear  
To touch its wheels with such an un-  
ction !

Why, who am I, to lift me here  
And beg such learned folk to listen,  
To ask a smile, or coax a tear  
Beneath these stoic lids to glisten ?  
As well might some arterial thread  
Ask the whole frame to feel it gushing,  
While throbbing fierce from heel to head  
The vast aortic tide was rushing.



As well some hair-like nerve might strain  
To set its special streamlet going,  
While through the myriad-channelled  
brain

The burning flood of thought was flowing;  
Or trembling fibre strive to keep

The springing haunches gathered shorter,  
While the scourged racer, leap on leap,

Was stretching through the last hot  
quarter!

Ah me! you take the bud that came

Self-sown in your poor garden's borders,  
And hand it to the stately dame

That florists breed for, all she orders.

*She thanks you, — it was kindly meant —*

*(A pale affair, not worth the keeping,) —*

*Good morning;* and your bud is sent

To join the tea-leaves used for sweeping.

Not always so, kind hearts and true, —

For such I know are round me beating;

Is not the bud I offer you,

Fresh gathered for the hour of meeting,

Pale though its outer leaves may be,

Rose-red in all its inner petals? —

Where the warm life we cannot see —

The life of love that gave it — settles.

We meet from regions far away,

Like rills from distant mountains stream-  
ing;

The sun is on Francisco's bay,

O'er Chesapeake the lighthouse gleaming;

While summer girds the still bayou

In chains of bloom, her bridal token,

Monadnock sees the sky grow blue,

His crystal bracelet yet unbroken.

Yet Nature bears the selfsame heart

Beneath her russet-mantled bosom

As where, with burning lips apart,

She breathes and white magnolias blossom;

The selfsame founts her chalice fill

With showery sunlight running over,

On fiery plain and frozen hill,

On myrtle-beds and fields of clover.

I give you *Home!* its crossing lines

United in one golden suture,

And showing every day that shines

The present growing to the future, —

A flag that bears a hundred stars

In one bright ring, with love for centre,

Fenced round with white and crimson bars  
No prowling treason dares to enter!

O brothers, home may be a word

To make affection's living treasure,

The wave an angel might have stirred,

A stagnant pool of selfish pleasure;

HOME! It is where the day-star springs

And where the evening sun reposes,

Where'er the eagle spreads his wings,

From northern pines to southern roses!

#### A SENTIMENT

[Distributed among the members gathered at the meeting of the American Medical Association, in Philadelphia, May 1, 1855.]

A TRIPLE health to Friendship, Science,  
Art,

From heads and hands that own a common  
heart!

Each in its turn the others' willing slave,

Each in its season strong to heal and save.

Friendship's blind service, in the hour of  
need,

Wipes the pale face, and lets the victim  
bleed.

Science must stop to reason and explain;

ART elaps his finger on the streaming vein.

But Art's brief memory fails the hand at  
last;

Then SCIENCE lifts the flambeau of the past.

When both their equal impotence deplore,

When Learning sighs, and Skill can do no  
more,

The tear of FRIENDSHIP pours its heavenly  
balm,

And soothes the pang no anodyne may  
calm!

#### RIP VAN WINKLE, M. D.

AN AFTER-DINNER PRESCRIPTION TAKEN  
BY THE MASSACHUSETTS MEDICAL SO-  
CIETY, AT THEIR MEETING HELD MAY  
25, 1870

#### CANTO FIRST

OLD Rip Van Winkle had a grandson  
Rip,

Of the paternal block a genuine chip, —

A lazy, sleepy, curious kind of chap;  
 He, like his grandsire, took a mighty nap,  
 Whereof the story I propose to tell  
 In two brief cantos, if you listen well.

The times were hard when Rip to man-  
 hood grew;  
 They always will be when there's work to  
 do.

He tried at farming, — found it rather  
 slow, —

And then at teaching — what he did n't  
 know;

Then took to hanging round the tavern  
 bars,

To frequent toddies and long-nine cigars,  
 Till Dame Van Winkle, out of patience,  
 vexed

With preaching homilies, having for their  
 text

A mop, a broomstick, aught that might  
 avail

To point a moral or adorn a tale,  
 Exclaimed, "I have it! Now, then, Mr.  
 V.!

He's good for *something*, — make him an  
 M. D.!"

The die was cast; the youngster was  
 content;

They packed his shirts and stockings, and  
 he went.

How hard he studied it were vain to tell;  
 He drowns through Wistar, nodded over  
 Bell,

Slept sound with Cooper, snored aloud on  
 Good;

Heard heaps of lectures, — doubtless under-  
 stood, —

A constant listener, for he did not fail  
 To carve his name on every bench and rail.

Months grew to years; at last he counted  
 three,

And Rip Van Winkle found himself M. D.  
 Illustrious title! in a gilded frame

He set the sheepskin with his Latin name,  
 RIPUM VAN WINKLUM, QUEM WE — SCIMUS  
 — know

IDONEUM ESSE — to do so and so.

He hired an office; soon its walls displayed  
 His new diploma and his stock in trade,

A mighty arsenal to subdue disease,  
 Of various names, whereof I mention these:  
 Lancets and bougies, great and little squirt,

Rhubarb and Senna, Snakeroot, Thorough-  
 wort,

Ant. Tart., Vin. Colch., Pil. Cochiae, and  
 Black Drop,

Tinctures of Opium, Gentian, Henbane,  
 Hop,

Pulv. Ipecacuanhae, which for lack

Of breath to utter men call Ipecac,  
 Camphor and Kino, Turpentine, Tolu,  
 Cubebs, "Copeevy," Vitriol, — white and  
 blue, —

Fennel and Flaxseed, Slippery Elm and  
 Squill,

And roots of Sassafras, and "Sassaf'ril,"  
 Brandy, — for colics, — Pinkroot, death on  
 worms, —

Valerian, calmer of hysteric squirms,

Musk, Assafœtida, the resinous gum  
 Named from its odor, — well, it does smell  
 some, —

Jalap, that works not wisely, but too well,  
 Ten pounds of Bark and six of Calomel.

For outward griefs he had an ample store,  
 Some twenty jars and gallipots, or more:  
*Ceratum simplex* — housewives oft compile  
 The same at home, and call it "wax and  
 ile;"

*Unguentum resinosum* — change its name,  
 The "drawing salve" of many an ancient  
 dame;

*Argenti Nitras*, also Spanish flies,  
 Whose virtue makes the water-bladders  
 rise —

(Some say that spread upon a toper's skin  
 They draw no water, only rum or gin);  
 Leeches, sweet vermin! don't they charm  
 the sick?

And Sticking-plaster — how it hates to  
 stick!

*Emplastrum Ferri* — ditto *Picis*, Pitch;  
 Washes and Powders, Brimstone for the —  
 which,

*Scabies* or *Psora*, is thy chosen name  
 Since Hahnemann's goose-quill scratched  
 thee into fame,

Proved thee the source of every nameless  
 ill,

Whose sole specific is a moonshine pill,

Till saucy Science, with a quiet grin,  
 Held up the Aearus, crawling on a pin?  
 — Mountains have labored and have  
 brought forth mice:

The Dutchman's theory hatched a brood of  
 — twice

I've wellnigh said them — words unfitting  
quite  
For these fair precincts and for ears polite.

The surest foot may chance at last to  
slip,  
And so at length it proved with Doctor  
Rip.

One full-sized bottle stood upon the shelf,  
Which held the medicine that he took him-  
self ;

Whate'er the reason, it must be confessed  
He filled that bottle oftener than the rest ;  
What drug it held I don't presume to  
know —

The gilded label said "Elixir Pro."

One day the Doctor found the bottle  
full,

And, being thirsty, took a vigorous pull,  
Put back the "Elixir" where 't was al-  
ways found,

And had old Dobbin saddled and brought  
round.

— You know those old-time rhubarb-colored  
nags

That carried Doctors and their saddle-  
bags ;

Sagacious beasts ! they stopped at every  
place

Where blinds were shut — knew every  
patient's case —

Looked up and thought — The baby's in a  
fit —

*That* won't last long — he'll soon be  
through with it ;

But shook their heads before the knocked  
door

Where some old lady told the story o'er  
Whose endless stream of tribulation flows  
For gastric griefs and peristaltic woes.

What jack-o'-lantern led him from his  
way,

And where it led him, it were hard to  
say ;

Enough that wandering many a weary mile  
Through paths the mountain sheep trod  
single file,

O'ercome by feelings such as patients  
know

Who dose too freely with "Elixir Pro.,"

He tumbled — dismounted, slightly in a heap,  
And lay, promiscuous, lapped in balmy  
sleep.

Night followed night, and day succeeded  
day,

But snoring still the slumbering Doctor  
lay.

Poor Dobbin, starving, thought upon his  
stall,

And straggled homeward, saddle-bags and  
all.

The village people hunted all around,  
But Rip was missing, — never could be  
found.

"Drowned," they guessed ; — for more  
than half a year

The pouts and eels *did* taste uncommon  
queer ;

Some said of apple-brandy — other some  
Found a strong flavor of New England rum.

Why can't a fellow hear the fine things  
said

About a fellow when a fellow's dead ?

The best of doctors — so the press de-  
clared —

A public blessing while his life was spared,  
True to his country, bounteous to the poor,

In all things temperate, sober, just, and  
pure ;

The best of husbands ! echoed Mrs. Van,  
And set her cap to catch another man.

So ends this Canto — if it's *quantum suff.*,  
We'll just stop here and say we've had  
enough,

And leave poor Rip to sleep for thirty  
years ;

I grind the organ — if you lend your ears  
To hear my second Canto, after that

We'll send around the monkey with the  
hat.

## CANTO SECOND

So thirty years had passed — but not a  
word

In all that time of Rip was ever heard ;  
The world wagged on — it never does go  
back —

The widow Van was now the widow Mae —  
France was an Empire — Andrew J. was  
dead.

And Abraham L. was reigning in his stead.  
Four murderous years had passed in savage  
strife,

Yet still the rebel held his bloody knife.

— At last one morning — who forgets the  
day

When the black cloud of war dissolved  
away? —  
The joyous tidings spread o'er land and  
sea,  
Rebellion done for! Grant has captured  
Lee!  
Up every flagstaff sprang the Stars and  
Stripes —  
Out rushed the Extras wild with mammoth  
types —  
Down went the laborer's hod, the school-  
boy's book —  
"Hooraw!" he cried, "the rebel army's  
took!"  
Ah! what a time! the folks all mad with  
joy:  
Each fond, pale mother thinking of her  
boy;  
Old gray-haired fathers meeting — "Have  
— you — heard?"  
And then a choke — and not another word;  
Sisters all smiling — maidens, not less dear,  
In trembling poise between a smile and  
tear;  
Poor Bridget thinking how she'll stuff the  
plums  
In that big cake for Johnny when he comes;  
Cripples afoot; rheumatics on the jump;  
Old girls so loving they could hug the  
pump;  
Guns going bang! from every fort and  
ship;  
They banged so loud at last they wakened  
Rip.

I spare the picture, how a man appears  
Who's been asleep a score or two of years;  
You all have seen it to perfection done  
By Joe Van Wink — I mean Rip Jefferson.  
Well, so it was; old Rip at last came back,  
Claimed his old wife — the present widow  
Mac —  
Had his old sign regilded, and began  
To practise physic on the same old plan.

Some weeks went by — it was not long  
to wait —  
And "please to call" grew frequent on the  
slate.  
He had, in fact, an ancient, mildewed air,  
A long gray beard, a plenteous lack of  
hair, —  
The musty look that always recommends  
Your good old Doctor to his ailing friends.  
— Talk of your science! after all is said

There's nothing like a bare and shiny head;  
Age lends the graces that are sure to please;  
Folks want their Doctors mouldy, like their  
cheese.

So Rip began to look at people's tongues  
And thump their briskets (called it "sound  
their lungs"),  
Brushed up his knowledge smartly as he  
could,  
Read in old Cullen and in Doctor Good.  
The town was healthy; for a month or two  
He gave the sexton little work to do.

About the time when dog-day heats be-  
gin,  
The summer's usual maladies set in;  
With autumn evenings dysentery came,  
And dusky typhoid lit his smouldering  
flame;  
The blacksmith ailed, the carpenter was  
down,  
And half the children sickened in the town.  
The sexton's face grew shorter than be-  
fore —  
The sexton's wife a brand-new bonnet  
wore —  
Things looked quite serious — Death had  
got a grip  
On old and young, in spite of Doctor Rip.

And now the Squire was taken with a  
chill —  
Wife gave "hot-drops" — at night an In-  
dian pill;  
Next morning, feverish — bedtime, getting  
worse —  
Out of his head — began to rave and curse;  
The Doctor sent for — double quick he  
came:  
*Ant. Tart. gran. duo*, and repeat the same  
If no et cetera. Third day — nothing new;  
Percussed his thorax till 't was black and  
blue —  
Lung-fever threatening — something of the  
sort —  
Out with the lancet — let him bleed — a  
quart —  
Ten leeches next — then blisters to his side;  
Ten grains of calomel; just then he died.

The Deacon next required the Doctor's  
care —  
Took cold by sitting in a draught of air —  
Pains in the back, but what the matter is

Not quite so clear, — wife calls it “rheumatiz.”

Rubs back with flannel — gives him something hot —

“Ah!” says the Deacon, “that goes *nigh* the spot.”

Next day a *rigor* — “Run, my little man, And say the Deacon sends for Doctor Van.” The Doctor came — percussion as before, Thumping and banging till his ribs were sore —

“Right side the flattest” — then more vigorous raps —

“Fever — that’s certain — pleurisy, perhaps.

A quart of blood will ease the pain, no doubt,

Ten leeches next will help to suck it out,  
Then clap a blister on the painful part —  
But first two grains of *Antimonium Tart.*  
Last with a dose of cleansing calomel  
Unload the portal system — (that sounds well!)”

But when the selfsame remedies were tried,

As all the village knew, the Squire had died;

The neighbors hinted: “This will never do;  
He’s killed the Squire — he’ll kill the Deacon too.”

Now when a doctor’s patients are perplexed,

A *consultation* comes in order next —  
You know what that is? In a certain place  
Meet certain doctors to discuss a case  
And other matters, such as weather, crops,  
Potatoes, pumpkins, lager-beer, and hops,  
For what’s the use! — there’s little to be said.

Nine times in ten your man’s as good as dead;

At best a talk (the secret to disclose)  
Where three men guess and *sometimes* one man knows.

The counsel summoned came without delay —

Young Doctor Green and shrewd old Doctor Gray —

They heard the story — “Bleed!” says Doctor Green,

“That’s downright murder! cut his throat, you mean!”

Leeches! the reptiles! Why, for pity’s sake,

Not try an adder or a rattlesnake?

Blisters! Why bless you, they’re against the law —

It’s rank assault and battery if they draw!  
Tartrate of Antimony! shade of Luke,

Stomachs turn pale at thought of such rebuke!

The portal system! What’s the man about?

Unload your nonsense! Calomel’s played out!

You’ve been asleep — you’d better sleep away

Till some one calls you.”

“Stop!” says Doctor Gray —  
“The story is you slept for thirty years;  
With brother Green, I own that it appears  
You must have slumbered most amazing sound;

But sleep once more till thirty years come round,

You’ll find the lancet in its honored place,  
Leeches and blisters rescued from disgrace,  
Your drugs redeemed from fashion’s passing scorn,

And counted safe to give to babes unborn.”

Poor sleepy Rip, M. M. S. S., M. D.,  
A puzzled, serious, saddened man was he;  
Home from the Deacon’s house he plodded slow

And filled one bumper of “Elixir Pro.”  
“Good-by,” he faltered, “Mrs. Van, my dear!

I’m going to sleep, but wake me once a year;

I don’t like bleaching in the frost and dew,  
I’ll take the barn, if all the same to you.

Just once a year — remember! no mistake!  
Cry, ‘Rip Van Winkle! time for you to wake!’

Watch for the week in May when laylocks blow,

For then the Doctors meet, and I must go.”

Just once a year the Doctor’s worthy dame

Goes to the barn and shouts her husband’s name;

“Come, Rip Van Winkle!” (giving him a shake)

“Rip! Rip Van Winkle! time for you to  
wake!  
Laylocks in blossom! 't is the month of  
May —  
The Doctors' meeting is this blessed day,  
And come what will, you know I heard you  
swear  
You'd never miss it, but be always there!”

And so it is, as every year comes round  
Old Rip Van Winkle here is always found.  
You'll quickly know him by his mildewed  
air,  
The hayseed sprinkled through his seanty  
hair,  
The lichens growing on his rusty suit —  
I've seen a toadstool sprouting on his  
boot —  
— Who says I lie? Does any man pre-  
sume? —  
Toadstool! No matter — call it a mush-  
room.  
Where is his seat? He moves it every  
year;  
But look, you'll find him, — he is always  
here, —  
Perhaps you'll track him by a whiff you  
know —  
A certain flavor of “Elixir Pro.”

Now, then, I give you — as you seem to  
think  
We can give toasts without a drop to  
drink —  
Health to the mighty sleeper, — long live  
he!  
Our brother Rip, M. M. S. S., M. D.!

## POEM

READ AT THE DINNER GIVEN TO THE  
AUTHOR BY THE MEDICAL PROFES-  
SION OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK,  
APRIL 12, 1883.

HAVE I deserved your kindness? Nay,  
my friends,  
While the fair banquet its illusion lends  
Let me believe it, though the blood may  
rush  
And to my cheek recall the maiden blush  
That o'er it flamed with momentary blaze  
When first I heard the honeyed words of  
praise;

Let me believe it while the roses wear  
Their bloom unwithering in the heated  
air;  
Too soon, too soon, their glowing leaves  
must fall,  
The laughing echoes leave the silent hall,  
Joy drop his garland, turn his empty cup,  
And weary Labor take his burden up, —  
How weighs that burden they can tell  
alone  
Whose dial marks no moment as their own.

Am I your creditor? Too well I know  
How Friendship pays the debt it does not  
owe,  
Shapes a poor semblance fondly to its  
mind,  
Adds all the virtues that it fails to find,  
Adorns with graces to its heart's content,  
Borrows from love what nature never  
lent,  
Till what with halo, jewels, gilding, paint,  
The veriest sinner deems himself a saint.  
Thus while you pay these honors as my  
due  
I owe my value's larger part to you,  
And in the tribute of the hour I see  
Not what I am, but what I ought to be.

Friends of the Muse, to you of right belong  
The first staid footsteps of my square-toed  
song;  
Full well I know the strong heroic line  
Has lost its fashion since I made it mine;  
But there are tricks old singers will not  
learn,  
And this grave measure still must serve  
my turn.  
So the old bird resumes the selfsame note  
His first young summer wakened in his  
throat;  
The selfsame tune the old canary sings,  
And all unchanged the bobolink's carol  
rings;  
When the tired songsters of the day are  
still  
The thrush repeats his long-remembered  
trill;  
Age alters not the crow's persistent caw,  
The Yankee's “Haow,” the stammering  
Briton's “Haw;”  
And so the hand that takes the lyre for  
you  
Plays the old tune on strings that once  
were new.

Nor let the rhymester of the hour deride  
 The straight-backed measure with its  
 stately stride;  
 It gave the mighty voice of Dryden scope;  
 It sheathed the steel-bright epigrams of  
 Pope;  
 In Goldsmith's verse it learned a sweeter  
 strain;  
 Byron and Campbell wore its clanking  
 chain;  
 I smile to listen while the critic's scorn  
 Flouts the proud purple kings have nobly  
 worn;  
 Bid each new rhymmer try his dainty skill  
 And mould his frozen phrases as he will;  
 We thank the artist for his neat device;  
 The shape is pleasing, though the stuff is  
 ice.

Fashions will change — the new costume  
 allures,

Unfading still the better type endures;  
 While the slashed doublet of the cavalier  
 Gave the old knight the pomp of chauticleer,  
 Our last-hatched dandy with his glass and  
 stick

Recalls the semblance of a new-born  
 chick;

(To match the model he is aiming at  
 He ought to wear an eggshell for a  
 hat;) —

Which of these objects would a painter  
 choose,

And which Velasquez or Van Dyck re-  
 fuse?

When your kind summons reached my  
 calm retreat,

Who are the friends, I questioned, I shall  
 meet?

Some in young manhood, shivering with  
 desire

To feel the genial warmth of fortune's  
 fire, —

Each with his bellows ready in his hand  
 To puff the flame just waiting to be  
 fanned;

Some heads half-silvered, some with snow-  
 white hair, —

A crown ungarmented glistening here and  
 there,

The mimic moonlight gleaming on the  
 seals

As evening's empress lights the shining  
 Alps;

But count the crowds that throng your  
 festal scenes,  
 How few that knew the century in its  
 teens!

Save for the lingering handful fate be-  
 friends,

Life's busy day the Sabbath decade ends;  
 When that is over, how with what remains  
 Of nature's outfit, muscle, nerve, and  
 brains?

Were this a pulpit I should doubtless  
 preach,

Were this a platform I should gravely  
 teach,

But to no solemn duties I pretend  
 In my vocation at the table's end;  
 So as my answer let me tell instead  
 What Landlord Porter — rest his soul! —  
 once said.

A feast it was that none might scorn to  
 share;

Cambridge and Concord's demigods were  
 there, —

“And who were they?” You know as  
 well as I

The stars long glittering in our Eastern  
 sky, —

The names that blazon our provincial  
 scroll

Ring round the world with Britain's drum-  
 beat roll!

Good was the dinner, better was the talk;  
 Some whispered, devious was the home-  
 ward walk;

The story came from some reporting spy, —  
 They lie, those fellows, — oh, how they *do*  
 lie!

Not ours those foot-tracks in the new-fallen  
 snow, —

Poets and sages never zigzagged so!

Now Landlord Porter, grave, concise, se-  
 vere,

Master, nay, monarch in his proper sphere,  
 Though to belles-lettres he pretended not,  
 Lived close to Harvard, so knew what was  
 what;

And having bards, philosophers, and such,  
 To eat his dinner, put the finest touch  
 His art could teach, those learned mouths  
 to fill

With the best proofs of gustatory skill;

And finding wisdom plenty at his board,  
Wit, science, learning, all his guests had  
stored,

By way of contrast, ventured to produce,  
To please their palates, an inviting goose.  
Better it were the company should starve  
Than hands unskilled that goose attempt to  
carve;

None but the master-artist shall assail  
The bird that turns the mightiest surgeon  
pale.

One voice arises from the banquet-hall.  
The landlord answers to the pleading call;  
Of stature tall, sublime of port he stands,  
His blade and bident gleaming in his hands;  
Beneath his glance the strong-knit joints  
relax  
As the weak knees before the headsman's  
axe.

And Landlord Porter lifts his glittering  
knife  
As some stout warrior armed for bloody  
strife;

All eyes are on him; some in whispers ask,  
What man is he who dares this dangerous  
task?

When lo! the triumph of consummate art,  
With scarce a touch the creature drops  
apart!

As when the baby in his nurse's lap  
Spills on the carpet a dissected map.

Then the calm sage, the monarch of the  
lyre,

Critics and men of science all admire,  
And one whose wisdom I will not impeach,  
Lively, not churlish, somewhat free of  
speech,

Speaks thus: "Say, master, what of worth  
is left

In birds like this, of breast and legs be-  
reft?"

And Landlord Porter, with uplifted eyes,  
Smiles on the simple querist, and replies:  
"When from a goose you've taken legs  
and breast,

Wipe lips, thank God, and leave the poor  
the rest!"

Kind friends, sweet friends, I hold it hardly  
fair

With that same bird your minstrel to com-  
pare,

Yet in a certain likeness we agree,  
No wrong to him and no offence to me;  
I take him for the moral he has lent,  
My partner, — to a limited extent.

When the stern Landlord whom we all  
obey  
Has carved from life its seventh great  
slice away,  
Is the poor fragment left in blank collapse  
A pauper remnant of unvalued seraps?

I care not much what Solomon has said,  
Before his time to nobler pleasures dead;  
Poor man! he needed half a hundred lives  
With such a babbling wilderness of wives!  
But is there nothing that may well employ  
Life's winter months, — no sunny hour of  
joy?

While o'er the fields the howling tempests  
rage,

The prisoned linnets warbles in its cage;  
When chill November through the forest  
blows,

The greenhouse shelters the untroubled  
rose;

Round the high trellis creeping tendrils  
twine,

And the ripe clusters fill with blameless  
wine;

We make the vine forget the winter's cold,  
But how shall age forget its growing old?

Though doing right is better than deceit,  
Time is a trickster it is fair to cheat;

The honest watches ticking in your fobs  
Tell every minute how the rascal robs.

To clip his forelock and his scythe to hide,  
To lay his hour-glass gently on its side,

To slip the cards he marked upon the  
shelf

And deal him others you have marked  
yourself,

If not a virtue cannot be a sin,  
For the old rogue is sure at last to win.

What does he leave when life is well-nigh  
spent

To lap its evening in a calm content?  
Art, letters, science, these at least befriend

Our day's brief remnant to its peaceful  
end, —

Peaceful for him who shows the setting  
sun

A record worthy of his Lord's Well done!



When he, the master whom I will not name,  
 Known to our calling, not unknown to fame,  
 At life's extremest verge, half conscious lay,  
 Helpless and sightless, dying day by day,  
 His brain, so long with varied wisdom fraught,  
 Filled with the broken enginery of thought,  
 A flitting vision often would illumine  
 His darkened world, and cheer its deepening gloom, —  
 A sunbeam struggling through the long eclipse, —  
 And smiles of pleasure play around his lips.  
 He loved the art that shapes the dome and spire;  
 The Roman's page, the ring of Byron's lyre,  
 And oft when fitful memory would return  
 To find some fragment in her broken urn,  
 Would wake to life some long-forgotten hour.  
 And lead his thought to Pisa's terraced tower,  
 Or trace in light before his rayless eye  
 The dome-crowned Pantheon printed on the sky;  
 Then while the view his ravished soul absorbs  
 And lends a glitter to the sightless orbs,  
 The patient watcher feels the stillness stirred  
 By the faint murmur of some classic word,  
 Or the long roll of Harold's lofty rhyme,  
 "Simple, erect, severe, austere, sublime." —  
 Such were the dreams that soothed his couch of pain,  
 The sweet nepenthe of the worn-out brain.

Brothers in art, who live for others' needs  
 In duty's bondage, mercy's gracious deeds,  
 Of all who toil beneath the circling sun  
 Whose evening rest than yours more fairly won?

Though many a cloud your struggling morn obscures,  
 What sunset brings a brighter sky than yours?

I, who your labors for a while have shared,  
 New tasks have sought, with new companions fared,

For nature's servant far too often seen  
 A loiterer by the waves of Hippocrene;  
 Yet round the earlier friendship twines the new,

My footsteps wander, but my heart is true,  
 Nor e'er forgets the living or the dead  
 Who trod with me the paths where science led.

How can I tell you, O my loving friends!  
 What light, what warmth, your joyous welcome lends

To life's late hour? Alas! my song is sung,

Its fading accents falter on my tongue,  
 Sweet friends, if, shrieking in the banquet's blaze,

Your blushing guest must face the breath of praise,

Speak not too well of one who scarce will know

Himself transfigured in its roseate glow;  
 Say kindly of him what is, chiefly, true,  
 Remembering always he belongs to you;  
 Deal with him as a truant, if you will,  
 But claim him, keep him, call him brother still!

## SONGS IN MANY KEYS

1849-1861

### PROLOGUE

THE piping of our slender, peaceful reeds  
Whispers uncared for while the trumpets  
bray;

Song is thin air; our hearts' exulting play  
Beats time but to the tread of marching  
deeds,

Following the mighty van that Freedom  
leads,

Her glorious standard flaming to the day!  
The crimsoned pavement where a hero  
bleeds

Breathes nobler lessons than the poet's lay.  
Strong arms, broad breasts, brave hearts,  
are better worth

Than strains that sing the ravished echoes  
dumb.

Hark! 't is the loud reverberating drum  
Rolls o'er the prairied West, the rock-  
bound North:

The myriad-handed Future stretches forth  
Its shadowy palms. Behold, we come, —  
we come!

Turn o'er these idle leaves. Such toys as  
these

Were not unsought for, as, in languid  
dreams,

We lay beside our lotus-feeding streams,  
And nursed our fancies in forgetful ease.

It matters little if they pall or please,  
Dropping untimely, while the sudden  
gleams

Glare from the mustering clouds whose  
blackness seems

Too swollen to hold its lightning from the  
trees.

Yet, in some lull of passion, when at last  
These calm revolving moons that come and  
go —

Turning our months to years, they creep so  
slow —

Have brought us rest, the not unwelcome  
past

May flutter to thee through these leaflets,  
cast

On the wild winds that all around us blow.  
May 1, 1861.

### AGNES

The story of Sir Harry Frankland and Agnes Surriage is told in the ballad with a very strict adherence to the facts. These were obtained from information afforded me by the Rev. Mr. Webster, of Hopkinton, in company with whom I visited the Frankland Mansion in that town, then standing; from a very interesting Memoir, by the Rev. Elias Nason, of Medford; and from the manuscript diary of Sir Harry, or more properly Sir Charles Henry Frankland, now in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

At the time of the visit referred to, old Julia was living, and on our return we called at the house where she resided.<sup>1</sup> Her account is little more than paraphrased in the poem. If the incidents are treated with a certain liberality at the close of the fifth part, the essential fact that Agnes rescued Sir Harry from the ruins after the earthquake, and their subsequent marriage as related, may be accepted as literal truth. So with regard to most of the trifling details which are given; they are taken from the record.

It is greatly to be regretted that the Frankland Mansion no longer exists. It was accidentally burned on the 23d of January, 1858, a year or two after the first sketch of this ballad was written. A visit to it was like stepping out of the century into the years before the Revolution. A new house, similar in plan and arrangements to the old one, has been built upon its site, and the terraces, the clump of box, and the lilacs doubtless remain to bear witness to the truth of this story.

<sup>1</sup> She was living June 10, 1861, when this ballad was published.

The story, which I have told literally in rhyme, has been made the subject of a carefully studied and interesting romance by Mr. E. L. Byrner.

## PART I. THE KNIGHT

THE tale I tell is gospel true,  
As all the bookmen know,  
And pilgrims who have strayed to view  
The wrecks still left to show.

The old, old story, — fair, and young,  
And fond, — and not too wise, —  
That matrons tell, with sharpened tongue,  
To maids with downcast eyes.

Ah! maidens err and matrons warn  
Beneath the coldest sky;  
Love lurks amid the tasselled corn  
As in the bearded rye!

But who would dream our sober sires  
Had learned the old world's ways,  
And warmed their hearths with lawless fires  
In Shirley's homespun days?

'T is like some poet's pictured trance  
His idle rhymes recite, —  
This old New England-born romance  
Of Agnes and the Knight;

Yet, known to all the country round,  
Their home is standing still,  
Between Wachusett's lonely mound  
And Shawmut's threefold hill.

One hour we rumble on the rail,  
One half-hour guide the rein,  
We reach at last, o'er hill and dale,  
The village on the plain.

With blackening wall and mossy roof,  
With stained and warping floor,  
A stately mansion stands aloof  
And bars its haughty door.

This lowlier portal may be tried,  
That breaks the gable wall;  
And lo! with arches opening wide,  
Sir Harry Frankland's hall!

'T was in the second George's day  
They sought the forest shade,

The knotted trunks they cleared away,  
The massive beams they laid,

They piled the rock-hewn chimney tall,  
They smoothed the terraced ground,  
They reared the marble-pillared wall  
That fenced the mansion round.

Far stretched beyond the village bound  
The Master's broad domain;  
With page and valet, horse and hound,  
He kept a godly train.

And, all the midland county through,  
The ploughman stopped to gaze  
Whene'er his chariot swept in view  
Behind the shining bays,

With mute obeisance, grave and slow,  
Repaid by nod polite, —  
For such the way with high and low  
Till after Concord fight.

Nor less to courtly circles know  
That graced the three-hilled town  
With far-off splendors of the Throne,  
And glimmerings from the Crown;

Wise Phipps, who held the seals of state  
For Shirley over sea;  
Brave Knowles, whose press-gang moved  
of late  
The King Street mob's decree;

And judges grave, and colonels grand,  
Fair dames and stately men,  
The mighty people of the land,  
The "World" of there and then.

'T was strange no Chloe's "beauteous  
Form,"  
And "Eyes' celestial Blew,"  
This Strephon of the West could warm,  
No Nymph his Heart subdue!

Perchance he wooed as gallants use,  
Whom fleeting loves enchain,  
But still unfettered, free to choose,  
Would brook no bridle-rein.

He saw the fairest of the fair,  
But smiled alike on all;  
No band his roving foot might snare,  
No ring his hand enthrall.

## PART II. THE MAIDEN

Why seeks the knight that rocky cape  
Beyond the Bay of Lynn?  
What chance his wayward course may shape  
To reach its village inn?

No story tells; whate'er we guess,  
The past lies deaf and still,  
But Fate, who rules to blight or bless,  
Can lead us where she will.

Make way! Sir Harry's coach and four,  
And liveried grooms that ride!  
They cross the ferry, touch the shore  
On Winnisimmet's side.

They hear the wash on Chelsea Beach, —  
The level marsh they pass,  
Where miles on miles the desert reach  
Is rough with bitter grass.

The shining horses foam and pant,  
And now the smells begin  
Of fishy Swampscott, salt Nahant,  
And leather-scented Lynn.

Next, on their left, the slender spires  
And glittering vanes that crown  
The home of Salem's frugal sires,  
The old, witch-haunted town.

So onward, o'er the rugged way  
That runs through rocks and sand,  
Showered by the tempest-driven spray,  
From bays on either hand,

That shut between their outstretched arms  
The crews of Marblehead,  
The lords of ocean's watery farms,  
Who plough the waves for bread.

At last the ancient inn appears,  
The spreading elm below,  
Whose flapping sign these fifty years  
Has seesawed to and fro.

How fair the azure fields in sight  
Before the low-browed inn!  
The tumbling billows fringe with light  
The crescent shore of Lynn;

Nahant thrusts outward through the waves  
Her arm of yellow sand,

And breaks the roaring surge that braves  
The gauntlet on her hand;

With eddying whirl the waters lock  
Yon treeless mound forlorn,  
The sharp-winged sea-fowl's breeding-rock,  
That fronts the Spouting Horn;

Then free the white-sailed shallows glide,  
And wide the ocean smiles,  
Till, shoreward bent, his streams divide  
The two bare Misery Isles.

The master's silent signal stays  
The wearied cavalcade;  
The coachman reins his smoking bays  
Beneath the elm-tree's shade.

A gathering on the village green!  
The cocked-hats crowd to see,  
On legs in ancient velveteen,  
With buckles at the knee.

A clustering round the tavern-door  
Of square-toed village boys,  
Still wearing, as their grandsires wore,  
The old-world corduroys!

A scampering at the "Fountain" inn, —  
A rush of great and small, —  
With hurrying servants' mingled din  
And screaming matron's call!

Poor Agnes! with her work half done  
They caught her unaware;  
As, humbly, like a praying nun,  
She knelt upon the stair;

Bent o'er the steps, with lowliest mien  
She knelt, but not to pray, —  
Her little hands must keep them clean,  
And wash their stains away.

A foot, an ankle, bare and white,  
Her girlish shapes betrayed, —  
"Ha! Nymphs and Graces!" spoke the  
Knight;  
"Look up, my beauteous Maid!"

She turned, — a reddening rose in bud,  
Its calyx half withdrawn, —  
Her cheek on fire with damasked blood  
Of girlhood's glowing dawn!

He searched her features through and through,

As royal lovers look

On lowly maidens, when they woo  
Without the ring and book.

“Come hither, Fair one ! Here, my Sweet !

Nay, prithee, look not down !

Take this to shoe those little feet,” —  
He tossed a silver crown.

A sudden paleness struck her brow, —

A swifter blush succeeds ;

It burns her cheek ; it kindles now  
Beneath her golden beads.

She flitted, but the glittering eye

Still sought the lovely face.

Who was she ? What, and whence ? and why

Doomed to such menial place ?

A skipper’s daughter, — so they said, —

Left orphan by the gale

That cost the fleet of Marblehead  
And Gloucester thirty sail.

Ah ! many a lonely home is found

Along the Essex shore,

That cheered its goodman outward bound,  
And sees his face no more !

“Not so,” the matron whispered, — “sure

No orphan girl is she, —

The Surriage folk are deadly poor  
Since Edward left the sea,

“And Mary, with her growing brood,

Has work enough to do

To find the children clothes and food  
With Thomas, John, and Hugh.

“This girl of Mary’s, growing tall, —

(Just turned her sixteenth year,) —

To earn her bread and help them all,  
Would work as housemaid here.”

So Agnes, with her golden beads,

And naught beside as dower,

Grew at the wayside with the weeds,  
Herself a garden-flower.

’T was strange, ’t was sad, — so fresh, so fair !

Thus Pity’s voice began.

Such grace ! an angel’s shape and air !  
The half-heard whisper ran.

For eyes could see in George’s time,

As now in later days,

And lips could shape, in prose and rhyme,  
The honeyed breath of praise.

No time to woo ! The train must go

Long ere the sun is down,

To reach, before the night-winds blow,  
The many-steeped town.

’T is midnight, — street and square are still ;

Dark roll the whispering waves

That lap the piers beneath the hill

Ridged thick with ancient graves.

Ah, gentle sleep ! thy hand will smooth

The weary couch of pain,

When all thy poppies fail to soothe  
The lover’s throbbing brain !

’T is morn, — the orange-mantled sun

Breaks through the fading gray,

And long and loud the Castle gun  
Peals o’er the glistening bay.

“Thank God ’t is day !” With eager eye

He hails the morning shine : —

“If art can win, or gold can buy,  
The maiden shall be mine !”

#### PART III. THE CONQUEST

“Who saw this hussy when she came ?

What is the wench, and who ?”

They whisper. *Agnes* — is her name ?

Pray what has she to do ?

The housemaids parley at the gate,

The scullions on the stair,

And in the footmen’s grave debate

The butler deigns to share.

Black Dinah, stolen when a child,

And sold on Boston pier,

Grown up in service, petted, spoiled,

Speaks in the coachman’s ear :

“What, all this household at his will ?

And all are yet too few ?

More servants, and more servants still, —

This pert young madam too !”

"*Servant! fine servant!*" laughed aloud  
The man of coach and steeds;  
"She looks too fair, she steps too proud,  
This girl with golden beads!

"I tell you, you may fret and frown,  
And call her what you choose,  
You'll find my Lady in her gown,  
Your Mistress in her shoes!"

Ah, gentle maidens, free from blame,  
God grant you never know  
The little whisper, loud with shame,  
That makes the world your foe!

Why tell the lordly flatterer's art,  
That won the maiden's ear, —  
The fluttering of the frightened heart,  
The blush, the smile, the tear?

Alas! it were the saddening tale  
That every language knows, —  
The wooing wind, the yielding sail,  
The sunbeam and the rose.

And now the gown of sober stuff  
Has changed to fair brocade,  
With brodered hem, and hanging cuff,  
And flower of silken braid;

And clasped around her blanching wrist  
A jewelled bracelet shines,  
Her flowing tresses' massive twist  
A glittering net confines;

And mingling with their truant wave  
A fretted chain is hung;  
But ah! the gift her mother gave, —  
Its beads are all unstrung!

Her place is at the master's board,  
Where none disputes her claim;  
She walks beside the mansion's lord,  
His bride in all but name.

The busy tongues have ceased to talk,  
Or speak in softened tone,  
So gracious in her daily walk  
The angel light has shown.

No want that kindness may relieve  
Assails her heart in vain,  
The lifting of a ragged sleeve  
Will check her palfrey's rein.

A thoughtful calm, a quiet grace  
In every movement shown,  
Reveal her moulded for the place  
She may not call her own.

And, save that on her youthful brow  
There broods a shadowy care,  
No matron sealed with holy vow  
In all the land so fair!

## PART IV. THE RESCUE

A ship comes foaming up the bay,  
Along the pier she glides;  
Before her furrow melts away,  
A courier mounts and rides.

"Haste, Haste, post Haste!" the letters  
bear;  
"Sir Harry Frankland, These."  
Sad news to tell the loving pair!  
The knight must cross the seas.

"Alas! we part!" — the lips that spoke  
Lost all their rosy red,  
As when a crystal cup is broke,  
And all its wine is shed.

"Nay, droop not thus, — where'er," he  
cried,  
"I go by land or sea,  
My love, my life, my joy, my pride,  
Thy place is still by me!"

Through town and city, far and wide,  
Their wandering feet have strayed,  
From Alpine lake to ocean tide,  
And cold Sierra's shade.

At length they see the waters gleam  
Amid the fragrant bowers  
Where Lisbon mirrors in the stream  
Her belt of ancient towers.

Red is the orange on its bough,  
To-morrow's sun shall fling  
O'er Cintra's hazel-shaded brow  
The flush of April's wing.

The streets are loud with noisy mirth,  
They dance on every green;  
The morning's dial marks the birth  
Of proud Braganza's queen.

At eve beneath their pictured dome  
 The gilded courtiers throng;  
 The broad moldores have cheated Rome  
 Of all her lords of song.

Ah ! Lisbon dreams not of the day —  
 Pleased with her painted scenes —  
 When all her towers shall slide away  
 As now these canvas screens !

The spring has passed, the summer fled,  
 And yet they linger still,  
 Though autumn's rustling leaves have  
 spread  
 The flank of Cintra's hill.

The town has learned their Saxon name,  
 And touched their English gold,  
 Nor tale of doubt nor hint of blame  
 From over sea is told.

Three hours the first November dawn  
 Has climbed with feeble ray  
 Through mists like heavy curtains drawn  
 Before the darkened day.

How still the muffled echoes sleep !  
 Hark ! hark ! a hollow sound, —  
 A noise like chariots rumbling deep  
 Beneath the solid ground.

The channel lifts, the water slides  
 And bares its bar of sand,  
 Anon a mountain billow strides  
 And crashes o'er the land.

The turrets lean, the steeples reel  
 Like masts on ocean's swell,  
 And clash a long discordant peal,  
 The death-doomed city's knell.

The pavement bursts, the earth upheaves  
 Beneath the staggering town !  
 The turrets crack — the castle cleaves —  
 The spires come rushing down.

Around, the lurid mountains glow  
 With strange unearthly gleams;  
 While black abysses gape below,  
 Then close in jagged seams.

The earth has folded like a wave,  
 And thrice a thousand score,  
 Clasped, shroudless, in their closing grave,  
 The sun shall see no more !

And all is over. Street and square  
 In ruined heaps are piled;  
 Ah ! where is she, so frail, so fair,  
 Amid the tumult wild ?

Unscathed, she treads the wreck-piled  
 street,  
 Whose narrow gaps afford  
 A pathway for her bleeding feet,  
 To seek her absent lord.

A temple's broken walls arrest  
 Her wild and wandering eyes;  
 Beneath its shattered portal pressed,  
 Her lord unconscious lies.

The power that living hearts obey  
 Shall lifeless blocks withstand ?  
 Love led her footsteps where he lay, —  
 Love nerves her woman's hand:

One cry, — the marble shaft she grasps, —  
 Up heaves the ponderous stone : —  
 He breathes, — her fainting form he  
 clasps, —  
 Her life has bought his own !

## PART V. THE REWARD

How like the starless night of death  
 Our being's brief eclipse,  
 When faltering heart and failing breath  
 Have bleached the fading lips !

She lives ! What guerdon shall repay  
 His debt of ransomed life ?  
 One word can charm all wrongs away, —  
 The sacred name of WIFE !

The love that won her girlish charms  
 Must shield her matron fame,  
 And write beneath the Frankland arms  
 The village beauty's name.

Go, call the priest ! no vain delay  
 Shall dim the sacred ring !  
 Who knows what change the passing  
 day,  
 The fleeting hour, may bring ?

Before the holy altar bent,  
 There kneels a goodly pair;  
 A stately man, of high descent.  
 A woman, passing fair.

No jewels lend the blinding sheen  
That meaner beauty needs,  
But on her bosom heaves unseen  
A string of golden beads.

The vow is spoke, — the prayer is said, —  
And with a gentle pride  
The Lady Agnes lifts her head,  
Sir Harry Frankland's bride.

No more her faithful heart shall bear  
Those griefs so meekly borne, —  
The passing sneer, the freezing stare,  
The icy look of scorn;

No more the blue-eyed English dames  
Their haughty lips shall curl,  
Whene'er a hissing whisper names  
The poor New England girl.

But stay! — his mother's haughty brow, —  
The pride of ancient race, —  
Will plighted faith, and holy vow,  
Win back her fond embrace?

Too well she knew the saddening tale  
Of love no vow had blest,  
That turned his blushing honors pale  
And stained his knightly crest.

They seek his Northern home, — alas:  
He goes alone before; —  
His own dear Agnes may not pass  
The proud, ancestral door.

He stood before the stately dame;  
He spoke; she calmly heard,  
But not to pity, nor to blame;  
She breathed no single word.

He told his love, — her faith betrayed;  
She heard with tearless eyes;  
Could she forgive the erring maid?  
She stared in cold surprise.

How fond her heart, he told, — how true;  
The haughty eyelids fell; —  
The kindly deeds she loved to do;  
She murmured, "It is well."

But when he told that fearful day,  
And how her feet were led  
To where entombed in life he lay,  
The breathing with the dead,

And how she bruised her tender breasts  
Against the crushing stone,  
That still the strong-armed clown protests  
No man can lift alone, —

Oh! then the frozen spring was broke;  
By turns she wept and smiled; —  
"Sweet Agnes!" so the mother spoke,  
"God bless my angel child!

"She saved thee from the jaws of death, —  
'Tis thine to right her wrongs;  
I tell thee, — I, who gave thee breath, —  
To her thy life belongs!"

Thus Agnes won her noble name,  
Her lawless lover's hand;  
The lowly maiden so became  
A lady in the land!

#### PART VI. CONCLUSION

The tale is done; it little needs  
To track their after ways,  
And string again the golden beads  
Of love's uncounted days.

They leave the fair ancestral isle  
For bleak New England's shore;  
How gracious is the courtly smile  
Of all who frowned before!

Again through Lisbon's orange bowers  
They watch the river's gleam,  
And shudder as her shadowy towers  
Shake in the trembling stream.

Fate parts at length the fondest pair;  
His cheek, alas! grows pale;  
The breast that trampling death could  
spare  
His noiseless shafts assail.

He longs to change the heaven of blue  
For England's clouded sky, —  
To breathe the air his boyhood knew;  
He seeks them but to die.

Hard by the terraced hillside town,  
Where healing streamlets run,  
Still sparkling with their old renown, —  
The "Waters of the Sun," —

The Lady Agnes raised the stone  
That marks his honored grave,



And there Sir Harry sleeps alone  
By Wiltshire Avon's wave.

The home of early love was dear;  
She sought its peaceful shade,  
And kept her state for many a year,  
With none to make afraid.

At last the evil days were come  
That saw the red cross fall;  
She hears the rebels' rattling drum, —  
Farewell to Frankland Hall!

I tell you, as my tale began,  
The hall is standing still;  
And you, kind listener, maid or man,  
May see it if you will.

The box is glistening huge and green,  
Like trees the lilacs grow,  
Three elms high-arching still are seen,  
And one lies stretched below.

The hangings, rough with velvet flowers,  
Flap on the latticed wall;  
And o'er the mossy ridgepole towers  
The rock-hewn chimney tall.

The doors on mighty hinges elash  
With massive bolt and bar,  
The heavy English-moulded sash  
Scarce can the night-winds jar.

Behold the chosen room he sought  
Alone, to fast and pray,  
Each year, as chill November brought  
The dismal earthquake day.

There hung the rapier blade he wore,  
Bent in its flattened sheath;  
The coat the shrieking woman tore  
Caught in her clenching teeth; —

The coat with tarnished silver lace  
She snapped at as she slid,  
And down upon her death-white face  
Crashed the huge coffin's lid.

A graded terrace yet remains;  
If on its turf you stand  
And look along the wooded plains  
That stretch on either hand,

The broken forest walls define  
A dim, receding view,

Where, on the far horizon's line,  
He cut his vista through.

If further story you shall crave,  
Or ask for living proof,  
Go see old Julia, born a slave  
Beneath Sir Harry's roof.

She told me half that I have told,  
And she remembers well  
The mansion as it looked of old  
Before its glories fell; —

The box, when round the terraced square  
Its glossy wall was drawn;  
The climbing vines, the snow-balls fair,  
The roses on the lawn.

And Julia says, with truthful look  
Stamped on her wrinkled face,  
That in her own black hands she took  
The coat with silver lace.

And you may hold the story light,  
Or, if you like, believe;  
But there it was, the woman's bite, —  
A mouthful from the sleeve.

Now go your ways; — I need not tell  
The moral of my rhyme;  
But, youths and maidens, ponder well  
This tale of olden time!

## THE PLOUGHMAN

ANNIVERSARY OF THE BERKSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, OCTOBER 4, 1849

[At this anniversary, Dr. Holmes not only read the following poem, but was chairman of the committee on the ploughing match, and read the report which will be found in the notes at the end of this volume.]

CLEAR the brown path, to meet his coulter's  
gleam!  
Lo! on he comes, behind his smoking  
team,  
With toil's bright dew-drops on his sun-  
burnt brow,  
The lord of earth, the hero of the plough!  
First in the field before the reddening  
sun,  
Last in the shadows when the day is done,

Line after line, along the bursting sod,  
 Marks the broad acres where his feet have  
 trod;  
 Still, where he treads, the stubborn clods  
 divide,  
 The smooth, fresh furrow opens deep and  
 wide;  
 Matted and dense the tangled turf up-  
 heaves,  
 Mellow and dark the ridgy cornfield  
 cleaves;  
 Up the steep hillside, where the laboring  
 train  
 Slants the long track that scores the level  
 plain;  
 Through the moist valley, clogged with  
 oozing clay,  
 The patient convoy breaks its destined way ;  
 At every turn the loosening chains resound,  
 The swinging ploughshare circles glisten-  
 ing round,  
 Till the wide field one billowy waste ap-  
 pears,  
 And wearied hands unbind the panting  
 steers.

These are the hands whose sturdy labor  
 brings  
 The peasant's food, the golden pomp of  
 kings;  
 This is the page, whose letters shall be seen  
 Changed by the sun to words of living  
 green;  
 This is the scholar, whose immortal pen  
 Spells the first lesson hunger taught to  
 men;  
 These are the lines which heaven-com-  
 manded Toil  
 Shows on his deed, — the charter of the  
 soil !

O gracious Mother, whose benignant  
 breast  
 Wakes us to life, and lulls us all to rest,  
 How thy sweet features, kind to every  
 clime,  
 Mock with their smile the wrinkled front  
 of time !  
 We stain thy flowers, — they blossom o'er  
 the dead;  
 We rend thy bosom, and it gives us bread ;  
 O'er the red field that trampling strife has  
 torn,  
 Waves the green plumage of thy tasselled  
 corn;

Our maddening conflicts scar thy fairest  
 plain,  
 Still thy soft answer is the growing grain.  
 Yet, O our Mother, while uncounted  
 charms  
 Steal round our hearts in thine embracing  
 arms,  
 Let not our virtues in thy love decay,  
 And thy fond sweetness waste our strength  
 away.

No ! by these hills, whose banners now dis-  
 played  
 In blazing cohorts Autumn has arrayed ;  
 By yon twin summits, on whose splintery  
 crests  
 The tossing hemlocks hold the eagles'  
 nests ;  
 By these fair plains the mountain circle  
 screens,  
 And feeds with streamlets from its dark  
 ravines, —  
 True to their home, these faithful arms  
 shall toil  
 To crown with peace their own untainted  
 soil ;  
 And, true to God, to freedom, to mankind,  
 If her chained bandogs Faction shall un-  
 bind,  
 These stately forms, that bending even now  
 Bowed their strong manhood to the humble  
 plough,  
 Shall rise erect, the guardians of the land,  
 The same stern iron in the same right hand,  
 Till o'er their hills the shouts of triumph run,  
 The sword has rescued what the plough-  
 share won !

### SPRING

WINTER is past ; the heart of Nature  
 warms  
 Beneath the wrecks of unresisted storms ;  
 Doubtful at first, suspected more than seen,  
 The southern slopes are fringed with ten-  
 der green ;  
 On sheltered banks, beneath the dripping  
 eaves,  
 Spring's earliest nurslings spread their  
 glowing leaves,  
 Bright with the hues from wider pictures  
 won,  
 White, azure, golden, — drift, or sky, or  
 sun, —

The snowdrop, bearing on her patient  
breast

The frozen trophy torn from Winter's  
crest;

The violet, gazing on the arch of blue  
Till her own iris wears its deepened hue;  
The spendthrift crocus, bursting through  
the mould

Naked and shivering with his cup of gold.  
Swelled with new life, the darkening elm  
on high

Prints her thick buds against the spotted  
sky;

On all her boughs the stately chestnut  
eaves

The gummy shroud that wraps her embryo  
leaves;

The house-fly, stealing from his narrow  
grave,

Drugged with the opiate that November  
gave,

Beats with faint wing against the sunny  
pane,

Or crawls, tenacious, o'er its lucid plain;  
From shaded chinks of lichen-crustled  
walls,

In languid curves, the gliding serpent  
crawls;

The bog's green harper, thawing from his  
sleep,

Twangs a hoarse note and tries a shortened  
leap;

On floating rails that face the softening  
noons

The still shy turtles range their dark pla-  
toons,

Or, toiling aimless o'er the mellowing  
fields,

Trail through the grass their tessellated  
shields.

At last young April, ever frail and fair,  
Wooded by her playmate with the golden  
hair,

Chased to the margin of receding floods  
O'er the soft meadows starred with open-  
ing buds,

In tears and blushes sighs herself away,  
And hides her cheek beneath the flowers of  
May.

Then the proud tulip lights her beacon  
blaze,

Her clustering curls the hyacinth displays;

O'er her tall blades the crested fleur-de-  
lis,

Like blue-eyed Pallas, towers erect and  
free;

With yellower flames the lengthened sun-  
shine glows,

And love lays bare the passion-breathing  
rose;

Queen of the lake, along its reedy verge  
The rival lily hastens to emerge,

Her snowy shoulders glistening as she  
strips,

Till morn is sultan of her parted lips.

Then bursts the song from every leafy  
glade,

The yielding season's bridal serenade;  
Then flash the wings returning Summer  
calls

Through the deep arches of her forest  
halls, —

The bluebird, breathing from his azure  
plumes

The fragrance borrowed where the myrtle  
blooms;

The thrush, poor wanderer, dropping  
meekly down,

Clad in his remnant of autumnal brown;

The oriole, drifting like a flake of fire  
Rent by a whirlwind from a blazing spire.

The robin, jerking his spasmodic throat,  
Repeats, imperious, his *staccato* note;

The crack-brained bobolink courts his  
crazy mate,

Poised on a bulrush tipsy with his weight;  
Nay, in his cage the lone canary sings,

Feels the soft air, and spreads his idle wings.

Why dream I here within these caging  
walls,

Deaf to her voice, while blooming Nature  
calls;

Peering and gazing with insatiate looks  
Through blinding lenses, or in wearying  
books ?

Off, gloomy spectres of the shrivelled past !  
Fly with the leaves that fill the autumn  
blast !

Ye imps of Science, whose relentless chains  
Lock the warm tides within these living  
veins,

Close your dim cavern, while its captive  
strays

Dazzled and giddy in the morning's blaze !

## THE STUDY

YET in the darksome crypt I left so late,  
Whose only altar is its rusted grate, —  
Sepulchral, rayless, joyless as it seems,  
Shamed by the glare of May's refulgent  
beams, —

While the dim seasons dragged their  
shrouded train,

Its paler splendors were not quite in vain.  
From these dull bars the cheerful firelight's  
glow

Streamed through the casement o'er the  
spectral snow;

Here, while the night-wind wreaked its  
frantic will

On the loose ocean and the rock-bound hill,  
Rent the cracked topsail from its quivering  
yard,

And rived the oak a thousand storms had  
scarred,

Fenced by these walls the peaceful taper  
shone,

Nor felt a breath to slant its trembling  
cone.

Not all unblest the mild interior scene  
When the red curtain spread its falling  
screen;

O'er some light task the lonely hours were  
past,

And the long evening only flew too fast;  
Or the wide chair its leathern arms would  
lend

In genial welcome to some easy friend,  
Stretched on its bosom with relaxing nerves,  
Slow moulding, plastic, to its hollow curves;  
Perchance indulging, if of generous creed,  
In brave Sir Walter's dream-compelling  
weed.

Or, happier still, the evening hour would  
bring

To the round table its expected ring,  
And while the punch-bowl's sounding depths  
were stirred, —

Its silver cherubs smiling as they heard, —  
Our hearts would open, as at evening's hour  
The close-sealed primrose frees its hidden  
flower.

Such the warm life this dim retreat has  
known,  
Not quite deserted when its guests were  
flown;

Nay, filled with friends, an unobtrusive set,  
Guiltless of calls and cards and etiquette,  
Ready to answer, never known to ask,  
Claiming no service, prompt for every task.

On those dark shelves no housewife hand  
profanes,

O'er his mute files the monarch folio reigns;  
A mingled race, the wreck of chance and  
time,

That talk all tongues and breathe of every  
clime,

Each knows his place, and each may claim  
his part

In some quaint corner of his master's  
heart.

This old Decretal, won from Kloss's hoards,  
Thick-leaved, brass-cornered, ribbed with  
oaken boards,

Stands the gray patriarch of the graver  
rows,

Its fourth ripe century narrowing to its  
close;

Not daily conned, but glorious still to view,  
With glistening letters wrought in red and  
blue.

There towers Stagira's all-embracing sage,  
The Aldine anchor on his opening page;

There sleep the births of Plato's heavenly  
mind,

In yon dark tomb by jealous clasps con-  
fined,

"Olim e libris" (dare I call it mine?)  
Of Yale's grave Head and Killingworth's  
divine!

In those square sheets the songs of Maro  
fill

The silvery types of smooth-leaved Basker-  
ville;

High over all, in close, compact array,  
Their classic wealth the Elzevirs display.

In lower regions of the sacred space  
Range the dense volumes of a humbler  
race;

There grim surgeons all their mysteries  
teach,

In spectral pictures, or in crabbed speech;  
Harvey and Haller, fresh from Nature's  
page,

Shoulder the dreamers of an earlier age,  
Lully and Geber, and the learned crew

That loved to talk of all they could not do.  
Why count the rest, — those names of later  
days

That many love, and all agree to praise, —

Or point the titles, where a glance may read  
 The dangerous lines of party or of creed?  
 Too well, perchance, the chosen list would show  
 What few may care and none can claim to know.  
 Each has his features, whose exterior seal  
 A brush may copy, or a sunbeam steal;  
 Go to his study, — on the nearest shelf  
 Stands the mosaic portrait of himself.

What though for months the tranquil dust descends,  
 Whitening the heads of these mine ancient friends,  
 While the damp offspring of the modern press  
 Flaunts on my table with its pictured dress;  
 Not less I love each dull familiar face,  
 Nor less should miss it from the appointed place;  
 I snatch the book, along whose burning leaves  
 His scarlet web our wild romancer weaves,  
 Yet, while proud Hester's fiery paings I share,  
 My old MAGNALLA must be standing *there!*

## THE BELLS

WHEN o'er the street the morning peal is flung  
 From yon tall belfry with the brazen tongue,  
 Its wide vibrations, wafted by the gale,  
 To each far listener tell a different tale.  
 The sexton, stooping to the quivering floor  
 Till the great caldron spills its brassy roar,  
 Whirls the hot axle, counting, one by one,  
 Each dull concussion, till his task is done.  
 Toil's patient daughter, when the welcome note  
 Clangs through the silence from the steeple's throat,  
 Streams, a white unit, to the chequered street,  
 Demure, but guessing whom she soon shall meet;  
 The bell, responsive to her secret flame,  
 With every note repeats her lover's name.  
 The lover, tenant of the neighboring lane,

Sighing, and fearing lest he sigh in vain,  
 Hears the stern accents, as they come and go,  
 Their only burden one despairing No!  
 Ocean's rough child, whom many a shore has known  
 Ere homeward breezes swept him to his own,  
 Starts at the echo as it circles round,  
 A thousand memories kindling with the sound;  
 The early favorite's unforgotten charms,  
 Whose blue initials stain his tawny arms;  
 His first farewell, the flapping canvas spread,  
 The seaward streamers crackling overhead,  
 His kind, pale mother, not ashamed to weep  
 Her first-born's bridal with the haggard deep,  
 While the brave father stood with tearless eye,  
 Smiling and choking with his last good-by.

'T is but a wave, whose spreading circle beats,  
 With the same impulse, every nerve it meets,  
 Yet who shall count the varied shapes that ride  
 On the round surge of that aerial tide!

O child of earth! If floating sounds like these  
 Steal from thyself their power to wound or please,  
 If here or there thy changing will inclines,  
 As the bright zodiac shifts its rolling signs,  
 Look at thy heart, and when its depths are known,  
 Then try thy brother's, judging by thine own,  
 But keep thy wisdom to the narrower range,  
 While its own standards are the sport of change,  
 Nor count us rebels when we disobey  
 The passing breath that holds thy passion's sway.

## NON-RESISTANCE

PERHAPS too far in these considerate days  
 Has patience carried her submissive ways;

Wisdom has taught us to be calm and meek,  
 To take one blow, and turn the other cheek;  
 It is not written what a man shall do  
 If the rude caitiff smite the other too !

Land of our fathers, in thine hour of need  
 God help thee, guarded by the passive creed !  
 As the lone pilgrim trusts to beads and cow,  
 When through the forest rings the gray wolf's howl;  
 As the deep galleon trusts her gilded prow  
 When the black corsair slants athwart her bow;  
 As the poor pheasant, with his peaceful mien,  
 Trusts to his feathers, shining golden-green,  
 When the dark plumage with the crimson beak  
 Has rustled shadowy from its splintered peak, —  
 So trust thy friends, whose babbling tongues would charm  
 The lifted sabre from thy foeman's arm,  
 Thy torches ready for the answering peal  
 From bellowing fort and thunder-freighted keel !

#### THE MORAL BULLY

Yox whey-faced brother, who delights to wear  
 A weedy flux of ill-conditioned hair,  
 Seems of the sort that in a crowded place  
 One elbows freely into smallest space;  
 A timid creature, lax of knee and hip,  
 Whom small disturbance whitens round the lip;  
 One of those harmless spectacled machines,  
 The Holy-Week of Protestants convenes;  
 Whom school-boys question if their walk transcends  
 The last advices of maternal friends;  
 Whom John, obedient to his master's sign,  
 Conducts, laborious, up to *ninety-nine*,  
 While Peter, glistening with luxurious scorn,  
 Husks his white ivories like an ear of corn;

Dark in the brow and bilious in the cheek,  
 Whose yellowish linen flowers but once a week,  
 Conspicuous, annual, in their threadbare suits,  
 And the laced high-lows which they call their boots,  
 Well mayst thou *shun* that dingy front severe,  
 But him, O stranger, him thou canst not *fear* !  
 Be slow to judge, and slower to despise,  
 Man of broad shoulders and heroic size !  
 The tiger, writhing from the boa's rings,  
 Drops at the fountain where the cobra stings.  
 In that lean phantom, whose extended glove  
 Points to the text of universal love,  
 Behold the master that can tame thee down  
 To crouch, the vassal of his Sunday frown;  
 His velvet throat against thy corded wrist,  
 His loosened tongue against thy doubled fist !

The MORAL BULLY, though he never swears,  
 Nor kicks intruders down his entry stairs,  
 Though meekness plants his backward-sloping hat,  
 And non-resistance ties his white cravat,  
 Though his black broadcloth glories to be seen  
 In the same plight with Shylock's gaberdine,  
 Hugs the same passion to his narrow breast  
 That heaves the cuirass on the trooper's chest,  
 Hears the same hell-hounds yelling in his rear  
 That chase from port the maddened buccaneer,  
 Feels the same comfort while his acrid words  
 Turn the sweet milk of kindness into curds,  
 Or with grim logic prove, beyond debate,  
 That all we love is worthiest of our hate,  
 As the scarred ruffian of the pirate's deck,  
 When his long swivel rakes the staggering wreck !

Heaven keep us all! Is every rascal  
 clown  
 Whose arm is stronger free to knock us  
 down?  
 Has every scarecrow, whose eacheetic soul  
 Seems fresh from Bedlam, airing on pa-  
 role,  
 Who, though he carries but a doubtful  
 trace  
 Of angel visits on his hungry face,  
 From lack of marrow or the coins to pay,  
 Has dogged some vices in a shabby way,  
 The right to stick us with his entthroat  
 terms,  
 And bait his homilies with his brother  
 worms?

## THE MIND'S DIET

No life worth naming ever comes to  
 good  
 If always nourished on the selfsame food;  
 The creeping mite may live so if he please,  
 And feed on Stilton till he turns to cheese,  
 But cool Magendie proves beyond a doubt,  
 If mammals try it, that their eyes drop  
 out.

No reasoning natures find it safe to feed,  
 For their sole diet, on a single creed;  
 It spoils their eyeballs while it spares their  
 tongues,  
 And starves the heart to feed the noisy  
 lungs.

When the first larvæ on the elm are  
 seen,  
 The crawling wretches, like its leaves, are  
 green;  
 Ere chill October shakes the latest down,  
 They, like the foliage, change their tint to  
 brown;  
 On the blue flower a bluer flower you  
 spy,  
 You stretch to pluck it — 't is a butterfly;  
 The flattened tree-toads so resemble bark,  
 They're hard to find as Ethiops in the  
 dark;  
 The woodcock, stiffening to fictitious mud,  
 Cheats the young sportsman thirsting for  
 his blood;  
 So by long living on a single lie,  
 Nay, on one truth, will creatures get its  
 dye;

Red, yellow, green, they take their sub-  
 ject's hue,—  
 Except when squabbling turns them black  
 and blue!

## OUR LIMITATIONS

WE trust and fear, we question and  
 believe,  
 From life's dark threads a trembling faith  
 to weave,  
 Frail as the web that misty night has spun,  
 Whose dew-gemmed awnings glitter in the  
 sun.  
 While the calm centuries spell their lessons  
 out,  
 Each truth we conquer spreads the realm  
 of doubt;  
 When Sinai's summit was Jehovah's  
 throne,  
 The chosen Prophet knew his voice alone;  
 When Pilate's hall that awful question  
 heard,  
 The Heavenly Captive answered not a  
 word.

Eternal Truth! beyond our hopes and  
 fears  
 Sweep the vast orbits of thy myriad  
 spheres!  
 From age to age, while History carves  
 sublime  
 On her waste rock the flaming curves of  
 time,  
 How the wild swayings of our planet show  
 That worlds unseen surround the world we  
 know.

## THE OLD PLAYER

THE curtain rose; in thunders long and  
 loud  
 The galleries rung; the veteran actor  
 bowed.  
 In flaming line the telldales of the stage  
 Showed on his brow the autograph of age;  
 Pale, hueless waves amid his clustered hair,  
 And unnumbered shadows, prints of toil and  
 care;  
 Round the wide circle glanced his vacant  
 eye,—  
 He strove to speak,—his voice was but a  
 sigh.

Year after year had seen its short-lived  
 race  
 Flit past the scenes and others take their  
 place;  
 Yet the old prompter watched his accents  
 still,  
 His name still flaunted on the evening's  
 bill.  
 Heroes, the monarchs of the scenic floor,  
 Had died in earnest and were heard no  
 more;  
 Beauties, whose cheeks such roseate bloom  
 o'erspread  
 They faced the footlights in unborrowed  
 red,  
 Had faded slowly through successive  
 shades  
 To gray duennas, foils of younger maids;  
 Sweet voices lost the melting tones that  
 start  
 With Southern throbs the sturdy Saxon  
 heart,  
 While fresh sopranos shook the painted sky  
 With their long, breathless, quivering  
 locust-cry.  
 Yet there he stood, — the man of other  
 days,  
 In the clear present's full, unsparing blaze,  
 As on the oak a faded leaf that clings  
 While a new April spreads its burnished  
 wings.

How bright yon rows that soared in  
 triple tier,  
 Their central sun the flashing chandelier !  
 How dim the eye that sought with doubtful  
 aim  
 Some friendly smile it still might dare to  
 claim !  
 How fresh these hearts ! his own how worn  
 and cold !  
 Such the sad thoughts that long-drawn  
 sigh had told.  
 No word yet faltered on his trembling  
 tongue;  
 Again, again, the crashing galleries rung.  
 As the old guardsman at the bugle's blast  
 Hears in its strain the echoes of the past,  
 So, as the plaudits rolled and thundered  
 round,  
 A life of memories startled at the sound.  
 He lived again, — the page of earliest  
 days, —  
 Days of small fee and parsimonious  
 praise;

Then lithe young Romeo — hark that sil-  
 vered tone,  
 From those smooth lips — alas ! they were  
 his own.  
 Then the bronzed Moor, with all his love  
 and woe,  
 Told his strange tale of midnight melting  
 snow ;  
 And dark-plumed Hamlet, with his cloak  
 and blade,  
 Looked on the royal ghost, himself a  
 shade.  
 All in one flash, his youthful memories  
 came,  
 Traced in bright hues of evanescent flame,  
 As the spent swimmer's in the lifelong  
 dream,  
 While the last bubble rises through the  
 stream.

Call him not old, whose visionary brain  
 Holds o'er the past its undivided reign.  
 For him in vain the envious seasons roll  
 Who bears eternal summer in his soul.  
 If yet the minstrel's song, the poet's lay,  
 Spring with her birds, or children at their  
 play,  
 Or maiden's smile, or heavenly dream of  
 art,  
 Stir the few life-drops creeping round his  
 heart,  
 Turn to the record where his years are  
 told, —  
 Count his gray hairs, — they cannot make  
 him old !  
 What magic power has changed the  
 faded mime ?  
 One breath of memory on the dust of time.  
 As the last window in the buttressed wall  
 Of some gray minster tottering to its fall,  
 Though to the passing crowd its hues are  
 spread,  
 A dull mosaic, yellow, green, and red,  
 Viewed from within, a radiant glory shows  
 When through its pictured screen the sun-  
 light flows,  
 And kneeling pilgrims on its storied pane  
 See angels glow in every shapeless stain;  
 So streamed the vision through his sunken  
 eye,  
 Clad in the splendors of his morning sky.  
 All the wild hopes his eager boyhood  
 knew,  
 All the young fancies riper years proved  
 true,



The sweet, low-whispered words, the winning glance  
 From queens of song, from Houris of the dance,  
 Wealth's lavish gift, and Flattery's soothing phrase,  
 And Beauty's silence when her blush was praise,  
 And melting Pride, her lashes wet with tears,  
 Triumphs and banquets, wreaths and crowns and cheers,  
 Pangs of wild joy that perish on the tongue,  
 And all that poets dream, but leave unsung!

In every heart some viewless founts are fed  
 From far-off hillsides where the dews were shed:

On the worn features of the weariest face  
 Some youthful memory leaves its hidden trace,

As in old gardens left by exiled kings  
 The marble basins tell of hidden springs,  
 But, gray with dust, and overgrown with weeds,

Their choking jets the passer little heed,  
 Till time's revenges break their seals away,  
 And, clad in rainbow light, the waters play.

Good night, fond dreamer! let the curtain fall:

The world's a stage, and we are players all.  
 A strange rehearsal! Kings without their crowns,  
 And threadbare lords, and jewel-wearing clowns,

Speak the vain words that mock their throbbing hearts,  
 As Want, stern prompter! spells them out their parts.

The tinselled hero whom we praise and pay  
 Is twice an actor in a twofold play.

We smile at children when a painted screen  
 Seems to their simple eyes a real scene;  
 Ask the poor hireling, who has left his throne

To seek the cheerless home he calls his own,  
 Which of his double lives most real seems,  
 The world of solid fact or scenic dreams?  
 Canvas, or clouds, — the footlights, or the spheres, —

The play of two short hours, or seventy years?

Dream on! Though Heaven may woo our open eyes,  
 Through their closed lids we look on fairer skies;

Truth is for other worlds, and hope for this;  
 The cheating future lends the present's bliss;

Life is a running shade, with fettered hands,

That chases phantoms over shifting sands,  
 Death a still spectre on a marble seat,  
 With ever clutching palms and shackled feet;

The airy shapes that mock life's slender chain,

The flying joys he strives to clasp in vain,  
 Death only grasps; to live is to pursue, —  
 Dream on! there's nothing but illusion true!

## A POEM

DEDICATION OF THE PITTSFIELD CEMETERY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1850

ANGEL of Death! extend thy silent reign!

Stretch thy dark sceptre o'er this new domain!

No sable car along the winding road  
 Has borne to earth its unresisting load;  
 No sudden mound has risen yet to show  
 Where the pale slumberer folds his arms below;

No marble gleams to bid his memory live  
 In the brief lines that hurrying Time can give;

Yet, O Destroyer! from thy shrouded throne

Look on our gift; this realm is all thine own!

Fair is the scene; its sweetness oft beguiled

From their dim paths the children of the wild;

The dark-haired maiden loved its grassy dells,

The feathered warrior claimed its wooded swells,

Still on its slopes the ploughman's ridges show

The pointed flints that left his fatal bow,  
Chipped with rough art and slow barbarian  
toil, —

Last of his wrecks that strews the alien  
soil !

Here spread the fields that heaped their  
ripened store

Till the brown arms of Labor held no more;  
The scythe's broad meadow with its dusky  
blush;

The sickle's harvest with its velvet flush;  
The green-haired maize, her silken tresses  
laid,

In soft luxuriance, on her harsh brocade;  
The gourd that swells beneath her tossing  
plume;

The coarser wheat that rolls in lakes of  
bloom, —

Its coral stems and milk-white flowers alive  
With the wide murmurs of the scattered  
hive;

Here glowed the apple with the pencilled  
streak

Of morning painted on its southern cheek;  
The pear's long necklace strung with golden  
drops,

Arched, like the banian, o'er its pillared  
props;

Here crept the growths that paid the la-  
borer's care

With the cheap luxuries wealth consents to  
spare;

Here sprang the healing herbs which could  
not save

The hand that reared them from the neigh-  
boring grave.

Yet all its varied charms, forever free  
From task and tribute, Labor yields to thee:  
No more, when April sheds her fitful rain,  
The sower's hand shall cast its flying grain;  
No more, when Autumn strews the flaming  
leaves,

The reaper's band shall gird its yellow  
sheaves ;

For thee alike the circling seasons flow  
Till the first blossoms heave the latest  
snow.

In the stiff clod below the whirling drifts,  
In the loose soil the springing herbage lifts,  
In the hot dust beneath the parching weeds,  
Life's withering flower shall drop its  
shrivelled seeds;

Its germ entranced in thy unbreathing sleep  
Till what thou sowest mightier angels reap !

Spirit of Beauty ! let thy graces blend  
With loveliest Nature all that Art can lend.  
Come from the bowers where Summer's  
life-blood flows

Through the red lips of June's half-open  
rose,

Dressed in bright hues, the loving sun-  
shine's dower;

For tranquil Nature owns no mourning  
flower.

Come from the forest where the beech's  
screen

Bars the fierce noonbeam with its flakes of  
green;

Stay the rude axe that bares the shadowy  
plains,

Stanch the deep wound that dries the  
maple's veins.

Come with the stream whose silver-  
braided rills

Fling their unclasping bracelets from the  
hills,

Till in one gleam, beneath the forest's  
wings,

Melts the white glitter of a hundred  
springs.

Come from the steeps where look majes-  
tic forth

From their twin thrones the Giants of the  
North

On the huge shapes, that, crouching at their  
knees,

Stretch their broad shoulders, rough with  
shaggy trees.

Through the wide waste of ether, not in  
vain,

Their softened gaze shall reach our distant  
plain;

There, while the mourner turns his aching  
eyes

On the blue mounds that print the bluer  
skies,

Nature shall whisper that the fading view  
Of mightiest grief may wear a heavenly  
hue.

Cherub of Wisdom ! let thy marble page  
Leave its sad lesson, new to every age;

Teach us to live, not grudging every breath  
To the chill winds that waft us on to death,

But ruling calmly every pulse it warms,  
And tempering gently every word it forms.

Seraph of Love ! in heaven's adoring zone,  
Nearest of all around the central throne,

While with soft hands the pillowed turf we  
spread

That soon shall hold us in its dreamless bed,  
 With the low whisper, — Who shall first be  
     laid  
 In the dark chamber's yet unbroken  
     shade? —  
 Let thy sweet radiance shine rekindled  
     here,  
 And all we cherish grow more truly dear.  
 Here in the gates of Death's o'erhanging  
     vault,  
 Oh, teach us kindness for our brother's  
     fault:  
 Lay all our wrongs beneath this peaceful  
     sod,  
 And lead our hearts to Mercy and its God.

FATHER of all! in Death's relentless  
     claim  
 We read thy mercy by its sterner name;  
 In the bright flower that decks the solemn  
     bier,  
 We see thy glory in its narrowed sphere;  
 In the deep lessons that affliction draws,  
 We trace the curves of thy encircling laws;  
 In the long sigh that sets our spirits free,  
 We own the love that calls us back to  
     Thee!

Through the hushed street, along the  
     silent plain,  
 The spectral future leads its mourning train,  
 Dark with the shadows of uncounted bands,  
 Where man's white lips and woman's wring-  
     ing hands  
 Track the still burden, rolling slow before,  
 That love and kindness can protect no  
     more;  
 The smiling babe that, called to mortal  
     strife,  
 Shuts its meek eyes and drops its little  
     life;  
 The drooping child who prays in vain to  
     live,  
 And pleads for help its parent cannot give;  
 The pride of beauty stricken in its flower;  
 The strength of manhood broken in an  
     hour;  
 Age in its weakness, bowed by toil and  
     care,  
 Traced in sad lines beneath its silvered hair.

The sun shall set, and heaven's resplen-  
     dent spheres  
 Gild the smooth turf unhallowed yet by  
     tears,

But ah! how soon the evening stars will  
     shed  
 Their sleepless light around the slumbering  
     dead!

Take them, O Father, in immortal trust!  
 Ashes to ashes, dust to kindred dust,  
 Till the last angel rolls the stone away,  
 And a new morning brings eternal day!

## TO GOVERNOR SWAIN

[Mr. Robert Swain was a New Bedford merchant, who became the owner of the island of Naushon, where he exercised a generous hospitality, and was given the title of Governor in playful affection. He had a passionate love for every tree and stone on the island, and was buried in a beautiful open glade in the woods there. The island passed into the possession of Mr. John M. Forbes, who married Governor Swain's niece. Dr. Holmes speaks of his own entertainment at Naushon in the *Autocrat*, pp. 39-41. This poem was written at Pittsfield in 1851.]

DEAR GOVERNOR, if my skill might brave  
 The winds that lift the ocean wave,  
 The mountain stream that loops and  
     swerves  
 Through my broad meadow's channelled  
     curves  
 Should waft me on from bound to bound  
 To where the River weds the Sound,  
 The Sound should give me to the Sea,  
 That to the Bay, the Bay to thee.

It may not be; too long the track  
 To follow down or struggle back.  
 The sun has set on fair Naushon  
 Long ere my western blaze is gone;  
 The ocean disk is rolling dark  
 In shadows round your swinging bark,  
 While yet the yellow sunset fills  
 The stream that scarfs my spruce-clad  
     hills;  
 The day-star wakes your island deer  
 Long ere my barnyard chanticleer;  
 Your mists are soaring in the blue  
 While mine are sparks of glittering dew.

It may not be; oh, would it might,  
 Could I live o'er that glowing night!  
 What golden hours would come to life,  
 What goodly feats of peaceful strife. —  
 Such jests, that, drained of every joke,

The very bank of language broke, —  
 Such deeds, that Laughter nearly died  
 With stitches in his belted side;  
 While Time, caught fast in pleasure's  
 chain,  
 His double goblet snapped in twain,  
 And stood with half in either hand, —  
 Both brimming full, — but not of sand !

It may not be; I strive in vain  
 To break my slender household chain, —  
 Three pairs of little clasping hands,  
 One voice, that whispers, not commands.  
 Even while my spirit flies away,  
 My gentle jailers murmur nay;  
 All shapes of elemental wrath  
 They raise along my threatened path;  
 The storm grows black, the waters rise,  
 The mountains mingle with the skies,  
 The mad tornado scoops the ground,  
 The midnight robber prowls around, —  
 Thus, kissing every limb they tie,  
 They draw a knot and heave a sigh,  
 Till, fairly netted in the toil,  
 My feet are rooted to the soil.  
 Only the soaring wish is free ! —  
 And that, dear Governor, flies to thee !

#### TO AN ENGLISH FRIEND

THE seed that wasteful autumn cast  
 To waver on its stormy blast,  
 Long o'er the wintry desert tost,  
 Its living germ has never lost.  
 Dropped by the weary tempest's wing,  
 It feels the kindling ray of spring,  
 And, starting from its dream of death,  
 Pours on the air its perfumed breath.

So, parted by the rolling flood,  
 The love that springs from common blood  
 Needs but a single sunlit hour  
 Of mingling smiles to bud and flower;  
 Unharm'd its slumbering life has flown,  
 From shore to shore, from zone to zone,  
 Where summer's falling roses stain  
 The tepid waves of Pontchartrain,  
 Or where the lichen creeps below  
 Katahdin's wreaths of whirling snow.

Though fiery sun and stiffening cold  
 May change the fair ancestral mould,  
 No winter chills, no summer drains  
 The life-blood drawn from English veins,

Still bearing whereso'er it flows  
 The love that with its fountain rose,  
 Unchanged by space, unwronged by time,  
 From age to age, from clime to clime !

#### AFTER A LECTURE ON WORDS- WORTH

[In 1853 Dr. Holmes gave a course of lectures before the Lowell Institute in Boston on English Poetry of the Nineteenth Century, and this and the following five poems were post-ludes to the lectures.]

COME, spread your wings, as I spread mine,  
 And leave the crowded hall  
 For where the eyes of twilight shine  
 O'er evening's western wall.

These are the pleasant Berkshire hills,  
 Each with its leafy crown;  
 Hark ! from their sides a thousand rills  
 Come singing sweetly down.

A thousand rills; they leap and shine,  
 Strained through the shadowy nooks,  
 Till, clasped in many a gathering twine,  
 They swell a hundred brooks.

A hundred brooks, and still they run  
 With ripple, shade, and gleam,  
 Till, clustering all their braids in one,  
 They flow a single stream.

A bracelet spun from mountain mist,  
 A silvery sash unwound,  
 With ox-bow curve and sinuous twist  
 It writhes to reach the Sound.

This is my bark, — a pygmy's ship;  
 Beneath a child it rolls;  
 Fear not, — one body makes it dip,  
 But not a thousand souls.

Float we the grassy banks between;  
 Without an oar we glide;  
 The meadows, drest in living green,  
 Unroll on either side.

Come, take the book we love so well,  
 And let us read and dream  
 We see whate'er its pages tell,  
 And sail an English stream.

Up to the clouds the lark has sprung,  
 Still trilling as he flies;

The linnet sings as there he sung;  
The unseen cuckoo cries,

And daisies strew the banks along,  
And yellow kingcups shine,  
With cowslips, and a primrose throng,  
And humble celandine.

Ah foolish dream ! when Nature nursed  
Her daughter in the West,  
The fount was drained that opened first ;  
She bared her other breast.

On the young planet's orient shore  
Her morning hand she tried ;  
Then turned the broad medallion o'er  
And stamped the sunset side.

Take what she gives, her pine's tall stem,  
Her elm with hanging spray ;  
She wears her mountain diadem  
Still in her own proud way.

Look on the forests' ancient kings,  
The hemlock's towering pride :  
You trunk had thrice a hundred rings,  
And fell before it died.

Nor think that Nature saves her bloom  
And slights our grassy plain ;  
For us she wears her court costume, —  
Look on its brodered train ;

The lily with the sprinkled dots,  
Brands of the noontide beam ;  
The cardinal, and the blood-red spots,  
Its double in the stream,

As if some wounded eagle's breast,  
Slow throbbing o'er the plain,  
Had left its airy path impressed  
In drops of scarlet rain.

And hark ! and hark ! the woodland rings ;  
There thrilled the thrush's soul ;  
And look ! that flash of flamy wings, —  
The fire-plumed oriole !

Above, the hen-hawk swims and swoops,  
Flung from the bright, blue sky ;  
Below, the robin hops, and whoops  
His piercing Indian cry.

Beauty runs virgin in the woods  
Robed in her rustie green,

And oft a longing thought intrudes,  
As if we might have seen

Her every finger's every joint  
Ringed with some golden line,  
Poet whom Nature did anoint !  
Had our wild home been thine.

Yet think not so ; Old England's blood  
Runs warm in English veins ;  
But wafted o'er the icy flood  
Its better life remains :

Our children know each wildwood smell,  
The bayberry and the fern,  
The man who does not know them well  
Is all too old to learn.

Be patient ! On the breathing page  
Still pants our hurried past ;  
Pilgrim and soldier, saint and sage, —  
The poet comes the last !

Though still the lark-voiced matins ring  
The world has known so long ;  
The wood-thrush of the West shall sing  
Earth's last sweet even-song !

## AFTER A LECTURE ON MOORE

SHINE soft, ye trembling tears of light  
That strew the mourning skies ;  
Hushed in the silent dews of night  
The harp of Erin lies.

What though her thousand years have past  
Of poets, saints, and kings, —  
Her echoes only hear the last  
That swept those golden strings.

Fling o'er his mound, ye star-lit bowers,  
The balmiest wreaths ye wear,  
Whose breath has lent your earth-born  
flowers  
Heaven's own ambrosial air.

Breathe, bird of night, thy softest tone,  
By shadowy grove and rill ;  
Thy song will soothe us while we own  
That his was sweeter still.

Stay, pitying Time, thy foot for him  
Who gave thee swifter wings.  
Nor let thine envious shadow dim  
The light his glory flings.

If in his cheek unholy blood  
 Burned for one youthful hour,  
 'Twas but the flushing of the bud  
 That blooms a milk-white flower.

Take him, kind mother, to thy breast,  
 Who loved thy smiles so well,  
 And spread thy mantle o'er his rest  
 Of rose and asphodel.

The bark has sailed the midnight sea,  
 The sea without a shore,  
 That waved its parting sign to thee, —  
 "A health to thee, Tom Moore!"

And thine long lingering on the strand,  
 Its bright-hued streamers furled,  
 Was loosed by age, with trembling hand,  
 To seek the silent world.

Not silent! no, the radiant stars  
 Still singing as they shine,  
 Unheard through earth's imprisoning bars,  
 Have voices sweet as thine.

Wake, then, in happier realms above,  
 The songs of bygone years,  
 Till angels learn those airs of love  
 That ravished mortal ears!

#### AFTER A LECTURE ON KEATS

"Purpureos spargam flores."

THE wreath that star-crowned Shelley gave  
 Is lying on thy Roman grave,  
 Yet on its turf young April sets  
 Her store of slender violets;  
 Though all the Gods their garlands shower,  
 I too may bring one purple flower.  
 Alas! what blossom shall I bring,  
 That opens in my Northern spring?  
 The garden beds have all run wild,  
 So trim when I was yet a child;  
 Flat plantains and unseemly stalks  
 Have crept across the gravel walks;  
 The vines are dead, long, long ago,  
 The almond buds no longer blow.  
 No more upon its mound I see  
 The azure, plume-bound fleur-de-lis;  
 Where once the tulips used to show,  
 In straggling tufts the pansies grow;  
 The grass has quenched my white-rayed  
 gem,

The flowering "Star of Bethlehem,"  
 Though its long blade of glossy green  
 And pallid stripe may still be seen.  
 Nature, who treads her nobles down,  
 And gives their birthright to the clown,  
 Has sown her base-born weedy things  
 Above the garden's queens and kings.  
 Yet one sweet flower of ancient race  
 Springs in the old familiar place.  
 When snows were melting down the vale,  
 And Earth unlaced her icy mail,  
 And March his stormy trumpet blew,  
 And tender green came peeping through,  
 I loved the earliest one to seek  
 That broke the soil with emerald beak,  
 And watch the trembling bells so blue  
 Spread on the column as it grew.  
 Meek child of earth! thou wilt not shame  
 The sweet, dead poet's holy name;  
 The God of music gave thee birth,  
 Called from the crimson-spotted earth,  
 Where, sobbing his young life away,  
 His own fair Hyacinthus lay.  
 The hyacinth my garden gave  
 Shall lie upon that Roman grave!

#### AFTER A LECTURE ON SHELLEY

ONE broad, white sail in Spezzia's treacherous bay;  
 On comes the blast; too daring bark, beware!  
 The cloud has clasped her; lo! it melts away;  
 The wide, waste waters, but no sail is there.

Morning: a woman looking on the sea;  
 Midnight: with lamps the long veranda burns;  
 Come, wandering sail, they watch, they burn for thee!  
 Suns come and go, alas! no bark returns.

And feet are thronging on the pebbly sands,  
 And torches flaring in the weedy caves,  
 Where'er the waters lay with icy hands  
 The shapes uplifted from their coral graves.

Vainly they seek; the idle quest is o'er;  
 The coarse, dark women, with their hanging locks,

And lean, wild children gather from the shore  
To the black hovels bedded in the rocks.

But Love still prayed, with agonizing wail,  
"One, one last look, ye heaving waters,  
yield!"

Till Ocean, clashing in his jointed mail,  
Raised the pale burden on his level shield.

Slow from the shore the sullen waves retire;  
His form a nobler element shall claim;  
Nature baptized him in ethereal fire,  
And Death shall crown him with a wreath  
of flame.

Fade, mortal semblance, never to return;  
Swift is the change within thy crimson shroud;  
Seal the white ashes in the peaceful urn;  
All else has risen in yon silvery cloud.

Sleep where thy gentle Adonis lies,  
Whose open page lay on thy dying heart.  
Both in the smile of those blue-vaulted skies,  
Earth's fairest dome of all divinest art.

Breathe for his wandering soul one passing sigh,  
O happier Christian, while thine eye grows dim,—  
In all the mansions of the house on high,  
Say not that Mersey has not one for him!

#### AT THE CLOSE OF A COURSE OF LECTURES

As the voice of the watch to the mariner's dream,  
As the footstep of Spring on the ice-girdled stream.

There comes a soft footstep, a whisper, to me,—  
The vision is over, — the rivulet free!

We have trod from the threshold of turbulent March,  
Till the green scarf of April is hung on the larch,  
And down the bright hillside that welcomes the day,  
We hear the warm panting of beautiful May.

We will part before Summer has opened her wing,  
And the bosom of June swells the bodice of Spring,

While the hope of the season lies fresh in the bud,  
And the young life of Nature runs warm in our blood.

It is but a word, and the chain is unbound,  
The bracelet of steel drops unclasped to the ground;  
No hand shall replace it, — it rests where it fell, —  
It is but one word that we all know too well.

Yet the hawk with the wildness untamed in his eye,  
If you free him, stares round ere he springs to the sky;  
The slave whom no longer his fetters restrain  
Will turn for a moment and look at his chain.

Our parting is not as the friendship of years,  
That chokes with the blessing it speaks through its tears;  
We have walked in a garden, and, looking around,  
Have plucked a few leaves from the myrtles we found.

But now at the gate of the garden we stand,  
And the moment has come for unclasping the hand;  
Will you drop it like lead, and in silence retreat  
Like the twenty crushed forms from an omnibus seat?

Nay! hold it one moment, — the last we may share, —  
I stretch it in kindness, and not for my fare;  
You may pass through the doorway in rank or in file,  
If your ticket from Nature is stamped with a smile.

For the sweetest of smiles is the smile as we part.  
When the light round the lips is a ray from the heart;

And lest a stray tear from its fountain  
might swell,  
We will seal the bright spring with a quiet  
farewell.

### THE HUDSON

AFTER A LECTURE AT ALBANY

[Given in December, 1854.]

'T WAS a vision of childhood that came  
with its dawn,  
Ere the curtain that covered life's day-star  
was drawn;  
The nurse told the tale when the shadows  
grew long,  
And the mother's soft lullaby breathed it  
in song.

"There flows a fair stream by the hills of  
the West," —  
She sang to her boy as he lay on her  
breast;  
"Along its smooth margin thy fathers  
have played;  
Beside its deep waters their ashes are  
laid."

I wandered afar from the land of my  
birth,  
I saw the old rivers, renowned upon earth,  
But fancy still painted that wide-flowing  
stream  
With the many-hued pencil of infancy's  
dream.

I saw the green banks of the castle-  
crowned Rhine,  
Where the grapes drink the moonlight and  
change it to wine;  
I stood by the Avon, whose waves as they  
glide  
Still whisper his glory who sleeps at their  
side.

But my heart would still yearn for the  
sound of the waves  
That sing as they flow by my forefathers'  
graves;  
If manhood yet honors my cheek with a  
tear,  
I care not who sees it, — nor blush for it  
here !

Farewell to the deep-bosomed stream of  
the West !  
I fling this loose blossom to float on its  
breast;  
Nor let the dear love of its children grow  
cold,  
Till the channel is dry where its waters  
have rolled !

### THE NEW EDEN

MEETING OF THE BERKSHIRE HORTICUL-  
TURAL SOCIETY, AT STOCKBRIDGE,  
SEPTEMBER 16, 1854

[Mr. J. E. A. Smith, in his *The Poet among the Hills*, says that the theme of this poem was suggested by the severe drought in Berkshire County in the summer of 1854, and that after delivering the poem Dr. Holmes acceded to the request of a local editor who wished to print it, on condition that he should have as many proofs and make as many alterations as he chose, and in the end a hundred copies of the poem printed by itself. He had sixteen proofs and doubled the length of the poem; besides giving it a more serious tone.]

SCARCE could the parting ocean close,  
Seamed by the Mayflower's cleaving  
bow,  
When o'er the rugged desert rose  
The waves that tracked the Pilgrim's  
plough.

Then sprang from many a rock-strewn  
field  
The rippling grass, the nodding grain,  
Such growths as English meadows yield  
To scanty sun and frequent rain.

But when the fiery days were done,  
And Autumn brought his purple haze,  
Then, kindling in the slanted sun,  
The hillsides gleamed with golden  
maize.

The food was scant, the fruits were few:  
A red-streak glistening here and there;  
Perchance in statelier precincts grew  
Some stern old Puritanic pear.

Austere in taste, and tough at core,  
Its unrelenting bulk was shed,  
To ripen in the Pilgrim's store  
When all the summer sweets were fled.



Such was his lot, to front the storm  
 With iron heart and marble brow,  
 Nor ripen till his earthly form  
 Was cast from life's autumnal bough.

But ever on the bleakest rock  
 We bid the brightest beacon glow,  
 And still upon the thorniest stock  
 The sweetest roses love to blow.

So on our rude and wintry soil  
 We feed the kindling flame of art,  
 And steal the tropic's blushing spoil  
 To bloom on Nature's ice-clad heart.

See how the softening Mother's breast  
 Warms to her children's patient wiles, —  
 Her lips by loving Labor pressed  
 Break in a thousand dimpling smiles,

From when the flushing bud of June  
 Dawns with its first auroral hue,  
 Till shines the rounded harvest-moon,  
 And velvet dahlias drink the dew.

Nor these the only gifts she brings;  
 Look where the laboring orchard groans,  
 And yields its beryl-threaded strings  
 For chestnut burs and hemlock cones.

Dear though the shadowy maple be,  
 And dearer still the whispering pine,  
 Dearest yon russet-laden tree  
 Brownd by the heavy rubbing kine !

There childhood flung its rustling stone,  
 There venturous boyhood learned to  
 climb, —

How well the early graft was known  
 Whose fruit was ripe ere harvest-time !

Nor be the Fleming's pride forgot,  
 With swinging drops and drooping bells,  
 Freckled and splashed with streak and  
 spot,  
 On the warm-breasted, sloping swells;

Nor Persia's painted garden-queen, —  
 Frail Houri of the trellised wall. —  
 Her deep-cleft bosom scarfed with  
 green, —  
 Fairest to see, and first to fall.

When man provoked his mortal doom,  
 And Eden trembled as he fell,  
 When blossoms sighed their last perfume,  
 And branches waved their long farewell,

One sucker crept beneath the gate,  
 One seed was wafted o'er the wall,  
 One bough sustained his trembling weight;  
 These left the garden, — these were all.

And far o'er many a distant zone  
 These wrecks of Eden still are flung:  
 The fruits that Paradise hath known  
 Are still in earthly gardens hung.

Yes, by our own unstoried stream  
 The pink-white apple-blossoms burst  
 That saw the young Euphrates gleam, —  
 That Gilon's circling waters nursed.

For us the ambrosial pear displays  
 The wealth its arching branches hold,  
 Bathed by a hundred summery days  
 In floods of mingling fire and gold.

And here, where beauty's cheek of flame  
 With morning's earliest beam is fed,  
 The sunset-painted peach may claim  
 To rival its celestial red.

What though in some unmoistened vale  
 The summer leaf grow brown and sere,  
 Say, shall our star of promise fail  
 That circles half the rolling sphere,

From beaches salt with bitter spray,  
 O'er prairies green with softest rain,  
 And ridges bright with evening's ray,  
 To rocks that shade the stormless main ?

If by our slender-threaded streams  
 The blade and leaf and blossom die,  
 If, drained by noontide's parching beams,  
 The milky veins of Nature dry,

See, with her swelling bosom bare,  
 You wild-eyed Sister in the West, —  
 The ring of Empire round her hair,  
 The Indian's wampum on her breast !

We saw the August sun descend,  
 Day after day, with blood-red stain,  
 And the blue mountains dimly blend  
 With smoke-wreaths from the burning  
 plain;

Beneath the hot Sirocco's wings  
 We sat and told the withering hours,  
 Till Heaven unsealed its hoarded springs,  
 And bade them leap in flashing showers.

Yet in our Ishmael's thirst we knew  
 The mercy of the Sovereign hand  
 Would pour the fountain's quickening dew  
 To feed some harvest of the land.

No flaming swords of wrath surround  
 Our second Garden of the Blest;  
 It spreads beyond its rocky bound,  
 It climbs Nevada's glittering crest.

God keep the tempter from its gate !  
 God shield the children, lest they fall  
 From their stern fathers' free estate, —  
 Till Ocean is its only wall !

SEMI - CENTENNIAL CELEBRA-  
 TION OF THE NEW ENGLAND  
 SOCIETY

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 22, 1855

NEW ENGLAND, we love thee; no time can  
 erase  
 From the hearts of thy children the smile  
 on thy face.  
 'T is the mother's fond look of affection and  
 pride,  
 As she gives her fair son to the arms of his  
 bride.

His bride may be fresher in beauty's young  
 flower;  
 She may blaze in the jewels she brings with  
 her dower.  
 But passion must chill in Time's pitiless  
 blast;  
 The one that first loved us will love to the  
 last.

You have left the dear land of the lake and  
 the hill,  
 But its winds and its waters will talk with  
 you still.  
 "Forget not," they whisper, "your love is  
 our debt,"  
 And echo breathes softly, "We never for-  
 get."

The banquet's gay splendors are gleaming  
 around,  
 But your hearts have flown back o'er the  
 waves of the Sound;  
 They have found the brown home where  
 their pulses were born;  
 They are throbbing their way through the  
 trees and the corn.

There are roofs you remember, — their  
 glory is fled;  
 There are mounds in the churchyard, — one  
 sigh for the dead.  
 There are wrecks, there are ruins, all scat-  
 tered around;  
 But Earth has no spot like that corner of  
 ground.

Come, let us be cheerful, — remember last  
 night,  
 How they cheered us, and — never mind —  
 meant it all right;  
 To-night, we harm nothing, — we love in the  
 lump;  
 Here's a bumper to Maine, in the juice of  
 the pump !

Here's to all the good people, wherever  
 they be,  
 Who have grown in the shade of the liberty-  
 tree;  
 We all love its leaves, and its blossoms and  
 fruit,  
 But pray have a care of the fence round its  
 root.

We should like to talk big; it's a kind of a  
 right,  
 When the tongue has got loose and the  
 waistband grown tight;  
 But, as pretty Miss Prudence remarked to  
 her beau,  
 On its own heap of compost no biddy should  
 crow.

Enough ! There are gentlemen waiting to  
 talk,  
 Whose words are to mine as the flower to  
 the stalk.  
 Stand by your old mother whatever be-  
 fall;  
 God bless all her children ! Good night to  
 you all !

## FAREWELL

TO J. R. LOWELL

[On the occasion of Lowell's going abroad  
in the spring of 1855.]

FAREWELL, for the bark has her breast to  
the tide,  
And the rough arms of Ocean are stretched  
for his bride;  
The winds from the mountain stream over  
the bay;  
One clasp of the hand, then away and  
away!

I see the tall mast as it rocks by the  
shore;  
The sun is declining, I see it once more;  
To-day like the blade in a thick-waving  
field.  
To-morrow the spike on a Highlander's  
shield.

Alone, while the cloud pours its treacherous  
breath,  
With the blue lips all round her whose  
kisses are death;  
Ah, think not the breeze that is urging her  
sail  
Has left her unaided to strive with the  
gale.

There are hopes that play round her, like  
fires on the mast.  
That will light the dark hour till its dan-  
ger has past;  
There are prayers that will plead with the  
storm when it raves,  
And whisper "Be still!" to the turbulent  
waves.

Nay, think not that Friendship has called  
us in vain  
To join the fair ring ere we break it again;  
There is strength in its circle, — you lose  
the bright star,  
But its sisters still chain it, though shining  
afar.

I give you one health in the juice of the  
vine,  
The blood of the vineyard shall mingle  
with mine:

Thus, thus let us drain the last dew-drops  
of gold,  
As we empty our hearts of the blessings  
they hold.

FOR THE MEETING OF THE  
BURNS CLUB

1856

THE mountains glitter in the snow  
A thousand leagues asunder;  
Yet here, amid the banquet's glow,  
I hear their voice of thunder;  
Each giant's ice-bound goblet clinks;  
A flowing stream is summoned;  
Wachusett to Ben Nevis drinks;  
Monadnock to Ben Lomond!

Though years have clipped the eagle's  
plume  
That crowned the chieftain's bonnet,  
The sun still sees the heather bloom,  
The silver mists lie on it;  
With tartan kilt and philibeg,  
What stride was ever bolder  
Than his who showed the naked leg  
Beneath the plaided shoulder?

The echoes sleep on Cheviot's hills,  
That heard the bugles blowing  
When down their sides the crimson rills  
With mingled blood were flowing;  
The hunts where gallant hearts were game,  
The slashing on the border,  
The raid that swooped with sword and  
flame,  
Give place to "law and order."

Not while the rocking steeples reel  
With midnight toesins ringing,  
Not while the crashing war-notes peal,  
God sets his poets singing;  
The bird is silent in the night,  
Or shrieks a cry of warning  
While fluttering round the beacon-light, —  
But hear him greet the morning!

The lark of Scotia's morning sky!  
Whose voice may sing his praises?  
With Heaven's own sunlight in his eye,  
He walked among the daisies,  
Till through the cloud of fortune's wrong  
He soared to fields of glory;

But left his land her sweetest song  
And earth her saddest story.

'T is not the forts the builder piles  
That chain the earth together;  
The wedded crowns, the sister isles,  
Would laugh at such a tether;  
The kindling thought, the throbbing words,  
That set the pulses beating,  
Are stronger than the myriad swords  
Of mighty armies meeting.

Thus while within the banquet glows,  
Without, the wild winds whistle,  
We drink a triple health, — the Rose,  
The Shamrock, and the Thistle !  
Their blended hues shall never fade  
Till War has hushed his cannon, —  
Close-twined as ocean-currents braid  
The Thames, the Clyde, the Shannon !

#### ODE FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY

CELEBRATION OF THE MERCANTILE  
LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, FEBRUARY 24,  
1856

WELCOME to the day returning,  
Dearer still as ages flow,  
While the torch of Faith is burning,  
Long as Freedom's altars glow !  
See the hero whom it gave us  
Slumbering on a mother's breast;  
For the arm he stretched to save us,  
Be its morn forever blest !

Hear the tale of youthful glory,  
While of Britain's rescued band  
Friend and foe repeat the story,  
Spread his fame o'er sea and land,  
Where the red cross, proudly streaming,  
Flaps above the frigate's deck,  
Where the golden lilies, gleaming,  
Star the watch-towers of Quebec.

Look ! The shadow on the dial  
Marks the hour of deadlier strife;  
Days of terror, years of trial,  
Scourge a nation into life.  
Lo, the youth, become her leader !  
All her baffled tyrants yield;  
Through his arm the Lord hath freed her;  
Crown him on the tented field !

Vain is Empire's mad temptation !  
Not for him an earthly crown !  
He whose sword hath freed a nation  
Strikes the offered sceptre down.  
See the throneless Conqueror seated,  
Ruler by a people's choice;  
See the Patriot's task completed;  
Hear the Father's dying voice !

“By the name that you inherit,  
By the sufferings you recall,  
Cherish the fraternal spirit;  
Love your country first of all !  
Listen not to idle questions  
If its bands may be untied;  
Doubt the patriot whose suggestions  
Strive a nation to divide !”

Father ! We, whose ears have tingled  
With the discord-notes of shame, —  
We, whose sires their blood have mingled  
In the battle's thunder-flame, —  
Gathering, while this holy morning  
Lights the land from sea to sea,  
Hear thy counsel, heed thy warning;  
Trust us, while we honor thee !

#### BIRTHDAY OF DANIEL WEB- STER

JANUARY 18, 1856

WHEN life hath run its largest round  
Of toil and triumph, joy and woe,  
How brief a storied page is found  
To compass all its outward show !

The world-tried sailor tires and droops;  
His flag is rent, his keel forgot;  
His farthest voyages seem but loops  
That float from life's entangled knot.

But when within the narrow space  
Some larger soul hath lived and wrought,  
Whose sight was open to embrace  
The boundless realms of deed and  
thought, —

When, stricken by the freezing blast,  
A nation's living pillars fall,  
How rich the storied page, how vast,  
A word, a whisper, can recall !

No medal lifts its fretted face,  
Nor speaking marble cheats your eye,

Yet, while these pictured lines I trace,  
A living image passes by:

A roof beneath the mountain pines;  
The cloisters of a hill-girt plain;  
The front of life's embattled lines;  
A mound beside the heaving main.

These are the scenes: a boy appears;  
Set life's round dial in the sun.  
Count the swift are of seventy years,  
His frame is dust; his task is done.

Yet pause upon the noontide hour,  
Ere the declining sun has laid  
His bleaching rays on manhood's power,  
And look upon the mighty shade.

No gloom that stately shape can hide,  
No change o'errown its brow; behold!  
Dark, calm, large-fronted, lightning-eyed,  
Earth has no double from its mould!

Ere from the fields by valor won  
The battle-smoke had rolled away,  
And bared the blood-red setting sun,  
His eyes were opened on the day.

His land was but a shelving strip  
Black with the strife that made it free;  
He lived to see its banners dip  
Their fringes in the Western sea.

The boundless prairies learned his name,  
His words the mountain echoes knew,  
The Northern breezes swept his fame  
From icy lake to warm bayou.

In toil he lived; in peace he died;  
When life's full cycle was complete,  
Put off his robes of power and pride,  
And laid them at his Master's feet.

His rest is by the storm-swept waves  
Whom life's wild tempests roughly tried,  
Whose heart was like the streaming caves  
Of ocean, throbbing at his side.

Death's cold white hand is like the snow  
Laid softly on the furrowed hill,  
It hides the broken seams below,  
And leaves the summit brighter still.

In vain the envious tongue upbraids;  
His name a nation's heart shall keep

Till morning's latest sunlight fades  
On the blue tablet of the deep!

## THE VOICELESS

[“Read what the singing-women — one to ten thousand of the suffering women — tell us, and think of the griefs that die unspoken! Nature is in earnest when she makes a woman; and there are women enough lying in the next churchyard with very commonplace blue slate stones at their head and feet, for whom it was just as true that ‘all sounds of life assumed one tone of love,’ as for Letitia Landon, of whom Elizabeth Browning said it; but she could give words to her grief, and they could not. — Will you hear a few stanzas of mine?” *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, p. 306.]

We count the broken lyres that rest  
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,  
But o'er their silent sister's breast  
The wild-flowers who will stoop to number?  
A few can touch the magic string,  
And noisy Fame is proud to win them: —  
Alas for those that never sing,  
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone  
Whose song has told their hearts' sad story, —  
Weep for the voiceless, who have known  
The cross without the crown of glory!  
Not where Leucadian breezes sweep  
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,  
But where the glistening night-dews weep  
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign  
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,  
Till Death pours out his longed-for wine  
Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses. —  
If singing breath or echoing chord  
To every hidden pang were given,  
What endless melodies were poured,  
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

## THE TWO STREAMS

[In his paper, *My Hunt after the Captain*, Dr. Holmes has a paragraph upon an alleged pla-

gicism in this poem. It will be found in the Notes at the end of this volume.]

BEHOLD the rocky wall  
That down its sloping sides  
Pours the swift rain-drops, blending, as  
they fall,  
In rushing river-tides !

Yon stream, whose sources run  
Turned by a pebble's edge,  
Is Athabasca, rolling toward the sun  
Through the cleft mountain-ledge.

The slender rill had strayed,  
But for the slanting stone,  
To evening's ocean, with the tangled braid  
Of foam-flecked Oregon.

So from the heights of Will  
Life's parting stream descends,  
And, as a moment turns its slender rill,  
Each widening torrent bends, —

From the same cradle's side,  
From the same mother's knee, —  
One to long darkness and the frozen tide,  
One to the Peaceful Sea !

#### THE PROMISE

NOR charity we ask,  
Nor yet thy gift refuse;  
Please thy light fancy with the easy task  
Only to look and choose.

The little-headed toy  
That wins thy treasured gold  
May be the dearest memory, holiest joy,  
Of coming years untold.

Heaven rains on every heart,  
But there its showers divide,  
The drops of mercy choosing, as they part,  
The dark or glowing side.

One kindly deed may turn  
The fountain of thy soul  
To love's sweet day-star, that shall o'er thee  
burn  
Long as its currents roll !

The pleasures thou hast planned, —  
Where shall their memory be

When the white angel with the freezing  
hand  
Shall sit and watch by thee ?

Living, thou dost not live,  
If mercy's spring run dry ;  
What Heaven has lent thee wilt thou freely  
give,  
Dying, thou shalt not die !

HE promised even so !  
To thee his lips repeat, —  
Behold, the tears that soothed thy sister's  
woe  
Have washed thy Master's feet.

#### AVIS

This is a true story. *Avis*, *Avise*, or *Aviee* (they pronounce it *Avvis*) is a real breathing person. Her home is not more than an hour and a half's space from the palaces of the great ladies who might like to look at her. They may see her and the little black girl she gave herself to, body and soul, when nobody else could bear the sight of her infirmity, — leaving home at noon, or even after breakfast, and coming back in season to undress for the evening's party.

I MAY not rightly call thy name, —  
Alas ! thy forehead never knew  
The kiss that happier children claim,  
Nor glistened with baptismal dew.

Daughter of want and wrong and woe,  
I saw thee with thy sister-band,  
Snatched from the whirlpool's narrowing  
flow  
By Mercy's strong yet trembling hand.

"Avis !" — With Saxon eye and cheek,  
At once a woman and a child,  
The saint uncrowned I came to seek  
Drew near to greet us, — spoke, and  
smiled.

God gave that sweet sad smile she wore  
All wrong to shame, all souls to win, —  
A heavenly sunbeam sent before  
Her footsteps through a world of sin.

"And who is Avis ?" — Hear the tale  
The calm-voiced matrons gravely tell, —  
The story known through all the vale  
Where Avis and her sisters dwell.

With the lost children running wild,  
Strayed from the hand of human care,  
They find one little refuse child  
Left helpless in its poisoned lair.

The primal mark is on her face, —  
The chattel-stamp, — the pariah-stain  
That follows still her hunted race, —  
The curse without the crime of Cain.

How shall our smooth-turned phrase relate  
The little suffering outcast's ail ?  
Not Lazarus at the rich man's gate  
So turned the rose-wreathed revellers  
pale.

Ah, veil the living death from sight  
That wounds our beauty-loving eye !  
The children turn in selfish fright,  
The white-lipped nurses hurry by.

Take her, dread Angel ! Break in love  
This bruised reed and make it thine ! —  
No voice descended from above,  
But Avis answered, "She is mine."

The task that dainty menials spurn  
The fair young girl has made her own;  
Her heart shall teach, her hand shall learn  
The toils, the duties yet unknown.

So Love and Death in lingering strife  
Stand face to face from day to day,  
Still battling for the spoil of Life  
While the slow seasons creep away.

Love conquers Death; the prize is won;  
See to her joyous bosom pressed  
The dusky daughter of the sun. —  
The bronze against the marble breast !

Her task is done ; no voice divine  
Has crowned her deeds with saintly fame.  
No eye can see the aureole shine  
That rings her brow with heavenly flame.

Yet what has holy page more sweet,  
Or what had woman's love more fair,  
When Mary clasped her Saviour's feet  
With flowing eyes and streaming hair ?

Meek child of sorrow, walk unknown,  
The Angel of that earthly throng,  
And let thine image live alone  
To hallow this unstudied song !

## THE LIVING TEMPLE

[The Professor, who is credited with this verse, was supposed to call it *The Anatomist's Hymn*.]

Nor in the world of light alone,  
Where God has built his blazing throne,  
Nor yet alone in earth below,  
With belted seas that come and go,  
And endless isles of sunlit green,  
Is all thy Maker's glory seen:  
Look in upon thy wondrous frame, —  
Eternal wisdom still the same !

The smooth, soft air with pulse-like waves  
Flows murmuring through its hidden caves,  
Whose streams of brightening purple rush,  
Fired with a new and livelier blush,  
While all their burden of decay  
The ebbing current steals away,  
And red with Nature's flame they start  
From the warm fountains of the heart.

No rest that throbbing slave may ask,  
Forever quivering o'er his task,  
While far and wide a crimson jet  
Leaps forth to fill the woven net  
Which in unnumbered crossing tides  
The flood of burning life divides,  
Then, kindling each decaying part,  
Creeps back to find the throbbing heart.

But warmed with that unchanging flame  
Behold the outward moving frame,  
Its living marbles jointed strong  
With glistening band and silvery thong,  
And linked to reason's guiding reins  
By myriad rings in trembling chains,  
Each graven with the threaded zone  
Which claims it as the master's own.

See how yon beam of seeming white  
Is braided out of seven-hued light,  
Yet in those lucid globes no ray  
By any chance shall break astray.  
Hark how the rolling surge of sound,  
Arches and spirals circling round,  
Wakes the hushed spirit through thine ear  
With music it is heaven to hear.

Then mark the cloven sphere that holds  
All thought in its mysterious folds;  
That feels sensation's faintest thrill,  
And flashes forth the sovereign will;  
Think on the stormy world that dwells

Locked in its dim and clustering cells !  
The lightning gleams of power it sheds  
Along its hollow glassy threads !

O Father ! grant thy love divine  
To make these mystic temples thine !  
When wasting age and wearying strife  
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,  
When darkness gathers over all,  
And the last tottering pillars fall,  
Take the poor dust thy mercy warms,  
And mould it into heavenly forms !

#### AT A BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL

TO J. R. LOWELL

FEBRUARY 22, 1859

WE will not speak of years to-night, —  
For what have years to bring  
But larger floods of love and light,  
And sweeter songs to sing ?

WE will not drown in wordy praise  
The kindly thoughts that rise;  
If Friendship own one tender phrase,  
He reads it in our eyes.

WE need not waste our school-boy art  
To gild this notch of Time; —  
Forgive me if my wayward heart  
Has throbbled in artless rhyme.

Enough for him the silent grasp  
That knits us hand in hand,  
And he the bracelet's radiant clasp  
That locks our circling band.

Strength to his hours of manly toil !  
Peace to his starlit dreams !  
Who loves alike the furrowed soil,  
The music-haunted streams !

Sweet smiles to keep forever bright  
The sunshine on his lips,  
And faith that sees the ring of light  
Round nature's last eclipse !

#### A BIRTHDAY TRIBUTE

TO J. F. CLARKE. APRIL 4, 1860

WHO is the shepherd sent to lead,  
Through pastures green, the Master's  
sheep ?

What guileless "Israelite indeed"  
The folded flock may watch and keep ?

He who with manliest spirit joins  
The heart of gentlest human mould,  
With burning light and girded loins,  
To guide the flock, or watch the fold;

True to all Truth the world denies,  
Not tongue-tied for its gilded sin;  
Not always right in all men's eyes,  
But faithful to the light within;

Who asks no need of earthly fame,  
Who knows no earthly master's call,  
Who hopes for man, through guilt and  
shame,  
Still answering, "God is over all;"

Who makes another's grief his own,  
Whose smile lends joy a double cheer;  
Where lives the saint, if such be known? —  
Speak softly, — such an one is here !

O faithful shepherd ! thou hast borne  
The heat and burden of the day;  
Yet, o'er thee, bright with beams un-  
shorn,  
The sun still shows thine onward way.

To thee our fragrant love we bring,  
In buds that April half displays,  
Sweet first-born angels of the spring,  
Caught in their opening hymn of praise.

What though our faltering accents fail,  
Our captives know their message well,  
Our words unbreathed their lips exhale,  
And sigh more love than ours can tell.

#### THE GRAY CHIEF

FOR THE MEETING OF THE MASSACHU-  
SETTS MEDICAL SOCIETY, 1859

[In honor of Dr. Jacob Bigelow.]

'T IS sweet to fight our battles o'er,  
And crown with honest praise  
The gray old chief, who strikes no more  
The blow of better days.

Before the true and trusted sage  
With willing hearts we bend,



When years have touched with hallowing age  
Our Master, Guide, and Friend.

For all his manhood's labor past,  
For love and faith long tried,  
His age is honored to the last,  
Though strength and will have died.

But when, untamed by toil and strife,  
Full in our front he stands,  
The torch of light, the shield of life,  
Still lifted in his hands,

No temple, though its walls resound  
With bursts of ringing cheers,  
Can hold the honors that surround  
His manhood's twice-told years!

### THE LAST LOOK

W. W. SWAIN

[Written at Naushton, September 22, 1858.  
W. W. Swain was an only son of Governor  
Swain, mentioned before, p. 89, and lies by the  
side of his father and mother in the island  
grave.]

BEHOLD — not him we knew!  
This was the prison which his soul looked  
through,  
Tender, and brave, and true.

His voice no more is heard;  
And his dead name — that dear familiar  
word —  
Lies on our lips unstirred.

He spake with poet's tongue;  
Living, for him the minstrel's lyre was  
strung:  
He shall not die unsung!

Grief tried his love, and pain;  
And the long bondage of his martyr-chain  
Vexed his sweet soul, — in vain!

It felt life's surges break,  
As, girt with stormy seas, his island lake,  
Smiling while tempests wake.

How can we sorrow more?  
Grieve not for him whose heart had gone  
before  
To that untrodden shore!

Lo, through its leafy screen,  
A gleam of sunlight on a ring of green,  
Untrodden, half unseen!

Here let his body rest,  
Where the calm shadows that his soul  
loved best  
May slide above his breast.

Smooth his uncurtained bed;  
And if some natural tears are softly shed,  
It is not for the dead.

Fold the green turf aright  
For the long hours before the morning's  
light,  
And say the last Good Night!

And plant a clear white stone  
Close by those mounds which hold his  
loved, his own, —  
Lonely, but not alone.

Here let him sleeping lie,  
Till Heaven's bright watchers slumber in  
the sky  
And Death himself shall die!

### IN MEMORY OF CHARLES WENTWORTH UPHAM, JR.

APRIL 15, 1860

HE was all sunshine; in his face  
The very soul of sweetness shone;  
Fairest and gentlest of his race;  
None like him we can call our own.

Something there was of one that died  
In her fresh spring-time long ago,  
Our first dear Mary, angel-eyed,  
Whose smile it was a bliss to know.

Something of her whose love imparts  
Such radiance to her day's decline,  
We feel its twilight in our hearts  
Bright as the earliest morning-shine.

Yet richer strains our eye could trace  
That made our plainer mould more  
fair,  
That curved the lip with happier grace,  
That waved the soft and silken hair.

Dust unto dust ! the lips are still  
That only spoke to cheer and bless ;  
The folded hands lie white and chill  
Unclasped from sorrow's last caress.

Leave him in peace ; he will not heed  
These idle tears we vainly pour,  
Give back to earth the fading weed  
Of mortal shape his spirit wore.

"Shall I not weep my heartstrings torn,  
My flower of love that falls half blown,  
My youth uncrowned, my life forlorn,  
A thorny path to walk alone ?"

O Mary ! one who bore thy name,  
Whose Friend and Master was divine,  
Sat waiting silent till He came,  
Bowed down in speechless grief like  
thine.

"Where have ye laid him ?" "Come,"  
they say,  
Pointing to where the loved one slept ;  
Weeping, the sister led the way, —  
And, seeing Mary, "Jesus wept."

He weeps with thee, with all that mourn,  
And He shall wipe thy streaming eyes  
Who knew all sorrows, woman-born, —  
Trust in his word ; thy dead shall rise !

### MARTHA

DIED JANUARY 7, 1861

[Written on the death of an old family servant.]

SEXTON ! Martha's dead and gone ;  
Toll the bell ! toll the bell !  
Her weary hands their labor cease ;  
Good night, poor Martha, — sleep in  
peace !  
Toll the bell !

Sexton ! Martha's dead and gone ;  
Toll the bell ! toll the bell !  
For many a year has Martha said,  
"I'm old and poor, — would I were  
dead !"  
Toll the bell !

Sexton ! Martha's dead and gone ;  
Toll the bell ! toll the bell !

She'll bring no more, by day or night,  
Her basket full of linen white.  
Toll the bell !

Sexton ! Martha's dead and gone ;  
Toll the bell ! toll the bell !  
'T is fitting she should lie below  
A pure white sheet of drifted snow.  
Toll the bell !

Sexton ! Martha's dead and gone ;  
Toll the bell ! toll the bell !  
Sleep, Martha, sleep, to wake in light,  
Where all the robes are stainless white.  
Toll the bell !

### MEETING OF THE ALUMNI OF HARVARD COLLEGE

1857

I THANK you, MR. PRESIDENT, you've  
kindly broke the ice ;  
Virtue should always be the first, — I'm  
only SECOND VICE —  
(A vice is something with a screw that's  
made to hold its jaw  
Till some old file has played away upon an  
ancient saw).

Sweet brothers by the Mother's side, the  
babes of days gone by,  
All nurslings of her Juno breasts whose  
milk is never dry,  
We come again, like half-grown boys, and  
gather at her beck  
About her knees, and on her lap, and cling-  
ing round her neck.

We find her at her stately door, and in her  
ancient chair,  
Dressed in the robes of red and green she  
always loved to wear.  
Her eye has all its radiant youth, her cheek  
its morning flame ;  
We drop our roses as we go, hers flourish  
still the same.

We have been playing many an hour, and  
far away we've strayed,  
Some laughing in the cheerful sun, some  
lingering in the shade ;

And some have tired, and laid them down  
where darker shadows fall,—  
Dear as her loving voice may be, they can-  
not hear its call.

What miles we've travelled since we shook  
the dew-drops from our shoes  
We gathered on this classic green, so famed  
for heavy dues!  
How many boys have joined the game, how  
many slipped away,  
Since we've been running up and down,  
and having out our play!

One boy at work with book and brief, and  
one with gown and band,  
One sailing vessels on the pool, one digging  
in the sand,  
One flying paper kites on change, one plant-  
ing little pills,—  
The seeds of certain annual flowers well  
known as little bills.

What maidens met us on our way, and  
clasped us hand in hand!  
What cherubs,—not the legless kind, that  
fly, but never stand!  
How many a youthful head we've seen put  
on its silver crown!  
What sudden changes back again to youth's  
empurpled brown!

But fairer sights have met our eyes, and  
broader lights have shone,  
Since others lit their midnight lamps where  
once we trimmed our own  
A thousand trains that flap the sky with  
flags of rushing fire,  
And, throbbing in the Thunderer's hand,  
Thought's million-chorded lyre.

We've seen the sparks of Empire fly be-  
yond the mountain bars,  
Till, glittering o'er the Western wave, they  
joined the setting stars;  
And ocean trodden into paths that tramp-  
pling giants ford,  
To find the planet's vertebrae and sink its  
spinal cord.

We've tried reform,—and chloroform,—  
and both have turned our brain;  
When France called up the photograph, we  
roused the foe to pain;

Just so those earlier sages shared the chap-  
let of renown,—  
Hers sent a bladder to the clouds, ours  
brought their lightning down.

We've seen the little tricks of life, its var-  
nish and veneer,  
Its stucco-fronts of character flake off and  
disappear,  
We've learned that oft the brownest hands  
will heap the biggest pile,  
And met with many a "perfect brick" be-  
neath a rimless "tile."

What dreams we've had of deathless name,  
as scholars, statesmen, bards,  
While Fame, the lady with the trump, held  
up her picture cards!  
Till, having nearly played our game, she  
gayly whispered, "Ah!  
I said you should be something grand,—  
you'll soon be grandpapa."

Well, well, the old have had their day, the  
young must take their turn;  
There's something always to forget, and  
something still to learn;  
But how to tell what's old or young, the  
tap-root from the sprigs,  
Since Florida revealed her fount to Ponce  
de Leon Twigg's?

The wisest was a Freshman once, just  
freed from bar and bolt,  
As noisy as a kettle-drum, as leggy as a  
colt;  
Don't be too savage with the boys,—the  
Primer does not say  
The kitten ought to go to church because  
the cat doth prey.

The law of merit and of age is not the rule  
of three;  
*Non constat* that A. M. must prove as busy  
as A. B.  
When Wise the father tracked the son,  
ballooning through the skies,  
He taught a lesson to the old,—go thou  
and do like Wise!

Now then, old boys, and reverend youth, of  
high or low degree,  
Remember how we only get one annual out  
of three,

And such as dare to simmer down three  
diners into one  
Must cut their salads mighty short, and  
pepper well with fun.

I've passed my zenith long ago, it's time  
for me to set;  
A dozen planets wait to shine, and I am  
lingering yet,  
As sometimes in the blaze of day a milk-  
and-watery moon  
Stains with its dim and fading ray the lus-  
trous blue of noon.

Farewell! yet let one echo rise to shake our  
ancient hall;  
God save the Queen,—whose throne is  
here,—the Mother of us all!  
Till dawns the great commencement-day on  
every shore and sea,  
And "Expectantur" all mankind, to take  
their last Degree!

### THE PARTING SONG

FESTIVAL OF THE ALUMNI, 1857

The noon of summer sheds its ray  
On Harvard's holy ground;  
The Matron calls, the sons obey,  
And gather smiling round.

#### CHORUS

Then old and young together stand,  
The sunshine and the snow,  
As heart to heart, and hand in hand,  
We sing before we go!

Her hundred opening doors have swung;  
Through every storied hall  
The pealing echoes loud have rung,  
"Thrice welcome one and all!"  
Then old and young, etc.

We floated through her peaceful bay,  
To sail life's stormy seas;  
But left our anchor where it lay  
Beneath her green old trees.  
Then old and young, etc.

As now we lift its lengthening chain,  
That held us fast of old,  
The rusted rings grow bright again,—  
Their iron turns to gold.  
Then old and young, etc.

Though scattered ere the setting sun,  
As leaves when wild winds blow,  
Our home is here, our hearts are one,  
Till Charles forgets to flow.  
Then old and young, etc.

### FOR THE MEETING OF THE NA- TIONAL SANITARY ASSOCIA- TION

1860

WHAT makes the Healing Art divine?  
The bitter drug we buy and sell,  
The brands that scorch, the blades that  
shine,  
The scars we leave, the "cures" we  
tell?

Are these thy glories, holiest Art,—  
The trophies that adorn thee best,—  
Or but thy triumph's meanest part,—  
Where mortal weakness stands con-  
fessed?

We take the arms that Heaven supplies  
For Life's long battle with Disease,  
Taught by our various need to prize  
Our frailest weapons, even these.

But ah! when Science drops her shield—  
Its peaceful shelter proved in vain—  
And bares her snow-white arm to wield  
The sad, stern ministry of pain;

When shuddering o'er the fount of life,  
She folds her heaven-anointed wings,  
To lift unmoved the glittering knife  
That searches all its crimson springs;

When, faithful to her ancient lore,  
She thrusts aside her fragrant balm  
For blistering juice, or cankering ore,  
And tames them till they cure or calm;

When in her gracious hand are seen  
The dregs and scum of earth and seas,  
Her kindness counting all things clean  
That lend the sighing sufferer ease;

Though on the field that Death has won,  
She save some stragglers in retreat;—  
These single acts of mercy done  
Are but confessions of defeat.

What though our tempered poisons save  
Some wrecks of life from aches and ails;  
Those grand specifics Nature gave  
Were never poised by weights or scales !

God lent his creatures light and air,  
And waters open to the skies;  
Man locks him in a stifling lair,  
And wonders why his brother dies !

In vain our pitying tears are shed,  
In vain we rear the sheltering pile  
Where Art weeds out from bed to bed  
The plagues we planted by the mile !

Be that the glory of the past;  
With these our sacred toils begin:  
So flies in tatters from its mast  
The yellow flag of sloth and sin,

And lo ! the starry folds reveal  
The blazoned truth we hold so dear:  
To guard is better than to heal, —  
The shield is nobler than the spear !

FOR THE BURNS CENTENNIAL  
CELEBRATION

JANUARY 25, 1859

[In a passage at the close of *Mechanism in Thought and Morals*. Dr. Holmes applies the ninth, tenth and twelfth stanzas of this poem to Dickens.]

His birthday. — Nay, we need not speak  
The name each heart is beating, —  
Each glistening eye and flushing cheek  
In light and flame repeating !

We come in one tumultuous tide, —  
One surge of wild emotion, —  
As eroding through the Frith of Clyde  
Rolls in the Western Ocean ;

As when yon cloudless, quartered moon  
Hangs o'er each storied river,  
The swelling breasts of Ayr and Doon  
With sea-green wavelets quiver.

The century shrivels like a scroll, —  
The past becomes the present, —

And face to face, and soul to soul,  
We greet the monarch-peasant.

While Shenstone strained in feeble flights  
With Corydon and Phillis, —  
While Wolfe was climbing Abraham's  
heights  
To snatch the Bourbon lilies, —

Who heard the wailing infant's cry,  
The babe beneath the sheeling,  
Whose song to-night in every sky  
Will shake earth's starry ceiling, —

Whose passion-breathing voice ascends  
And floats like incense o'er us,  
Whose ringing lay of friendship blends  
With labor's anvil chorus ?

We love him, not for sweetest song,  
Though never tone so tender;  
We love him, even in his wrong, —  
His wasteful self-surrender.

We praise him, not for gifts divine, —  
His Muse was born of woman, —  
His manhood breathes in every line, —  
Was ever heart more human ?

We love him, praise him, just for this :  
In every form and feature,  
Through wealth and want, through woe  
and bliss,  
He saw his fellow-creature !

No soul could sink beneath his love, —  
Not even angel blasted;  
No mortal power could soar above  
The pride that all outlasted !

Ay ! Heaven had set one living man  
Beyond the pedant's tether, —  
His virtues, frailties, HE may scan,  
Who weighs them all together !

I fling my pebble on the cairn  
Of him, though dead, nudying;  
Sweet Nature's nursling, bonniest bairn  
Beneath her daisies lying.

The waning suns, the wasting globe,  
Shall spare the minstrel's story, —  
The centuries weave his purple robe,  
The mountain-mist of glory !

## AT A MEETING OF FRIENDS

AUGUST 29, 1859

[The occasion was the fiftieth birthday of Dr. Holmes.]

I REMEMBER — why, yes ! God bless me !  
and was it so long ago ?  
I fear I'm growing forgetful, as old folks  
do, you know ;  
It must have been in 'forty — I would say  
'thirty-nine —  
We talked this matter over, I and a friend  
of mine.

He said, "Well now, old fellow, I'm  
thinking that you and I,  
If we act like other people, shall be older  
by and by ;  
What though the bright blue ocean is  
smooth as a pond can be,  
There is always a line of breakers to fringe  
the broadest sea.

"We're taking it mighty easy, but that is  
nothing strange,  
For up to the age of thirty we spend our  
years like change ;  
But creeping up towards the forties, as  
fast as the old years fill,  
And Time steps in for payment, we seem  
to change a bill."

"I know it," I said, "old fellow ; you  
speak the solemn truth ;  
A man can't live to a hundred and likewise  
keep his youth ;  
But what if the ten years coming shall  
silver-streak my hair,  
You know I shall then be forty ; of course  
I shall not care.

"At forty a man grows heavy and tired of  
fun and noise ;  
Leaves dress to the five-and-twenties and  
love to the silly boys ;  
No foppish tricks at forty, no pinching of  
waists and toes,  
But high-low shoes and flannels and good  
thick worsted hose."

But one fine August morning I found my-  
self awake :  
My birthday : — By Jove, I'm forty ! Yes,  
forty and no mistake !  
Why, this is the very milestone, I think I  
used to hold,  
That when a fellow had come to, a fellow  
would then be old !

But that is the young folks' nonsense ;  
they're full of their foolish stuff ;  
A man's in his prime at forty, — I see *that*  
plain enough ;  
At *fifty* a man is wrinkled, and *may* be bald  
or gray ;  
I call men old at fifty, in spite of all they  
say.

At last comes another August with mist  
and rain and shine ;  
Its mornings are slowly counted and creep  
to twenty-nine,  
And when on the western summits the fad-  
ing light appears,  
It touches with rosy fingers the last of my  
fifty years.

There have been both men and women  
whose hearts were firm and bold,  
But there never was one of fifty that loved  
to say "I'm old ;"  
So any elderly person that strives to shirk  
his years,  
Make him stand up at a table and try him  
by his peers.

Now here I stand at fifty, my jury gathered  
round ;  
Sprinkled with dust of silver, but not yet  
silver-crowned,  
Ready to meet your verdict, waiting to  
hear it told ;  
Guilty of fifty summers ; speak ! Is the  
verdict *old* ?

No ! say that his hearing fails him ; say  
that his sight grows dim ;  
Say that he's getting wrinkled and weak in  
back and limb,  
Losing his wits and temper, but pleading,  
to make amends,  
The youth of his fifty summers he finds in  
his twenty friends.

BOSTON COMMON: THREE PIC-  
TURESFOR THE FAIR IN AID OF THE FUND TO  
PROCURE BALL'S STATUE OF WASH-  
INGTON

NOVEMBER 14, 1859

1630

ALL overgrown with bush and fern,  
And straggling clumps of tangled trees,  
With trunks that lean and boughs that turn,  
Bent eastward by the mastering  
breeze, —

With spongy bogs that drip and fill  
A yellow pond with muddy rain,  
Beneath the shaggy southern hill  
Lies wet and low the Shawmut plain.  
And hark! the trodden branches crack;  
A crow flaps off with startled scream;  
A straying woodchuck canters back;  
A bittern rises from the stream;  
Leaps from his lair a frightened deer;  
An otter plunges in the pool; —  
Here comes old Shawmut's pioneer,  
The parson on his brindled bull!

1774

The streets are thronged with trampling  
feet,  
The northern hill is ridged with graves,  
But night and morn the drum is beat  
To frighten down the "rebel knives."  
The stones of King Street still are red,  
And yet the bloody red-coats come:  
I hear their pacing sentry's tread,  
The click of steel, the tap of drum  
And over all the open green,  
Where grazed of late the harmless kine,  
The cannon's deepening ruts are seen,  
The war-horse stamps, the bayonets  
shine.  
The clouds are dark with crimson rain  
Above the murderous hirelings' den,  
And soon their whistling showers shall  
stain  
The pipe-clayed belts of Gage's men.

186—

Around the green, in morning light,  
The spired and palaced summits blaze,  
And, sunlike, from her Beacon-height  
The dome-crowned city spreads her rays;

They span the waves, they belt the plains,  
They skirt the roads with bands of white,  
Till with a flash of gilded panes  
You farthest hillside bounds the sight,  
Peace, Freedom, Wealth! no fairer view,  
Though with the wild-bird's restless  
wings  
We sailed beneath the noontide's blue  
Or chased the moonlight's endless rings!  
Here, fitly raised by grateful hands  
His holiest memory to recall,  
The Hero's, Patriot's image stands;  
He led our sires who won them all!

## THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA

A NIGHTMARE DREAM BY DAYLIGHT

Do you know the Old Man of the Sea, of  
the Sea?  
Have you met with that dreadful old  
man?  
If you have n't been caught, you will be,  
you will be;  
For catch you he must and he can.

He does n't hold on by your throat, by your  
throat,  
As of old in the terrible tale;  
But he grapples you tight by the coat, by  
the coat,  
Till its buttons and button-holes fail.

There's the charm of a snake in his eye, in  
his eye,  
And a polypus-grip in his hands;  
You cannot go back, nor get by, nor get  
by,  
If you look at the spot where he stands.

Oh, you're grabbed! See his claw on your  
sleeve, on your sleeve!  
It is Sindbad's Old Man of the Sea!  
You're a Christian, no doubt you believe,  
you believe:  
You're a martyr, whatever you be!

Is the breakfast-hour past? They must  
wait, they must wait,  
While the coffee boils sullenly down,  
While the Johnny-cake burns on the grate,  
on the grate,  
And the toast is done frightfully brown.

Yes, your dinner will keep; let it cool, let  
it cool,

And Madam may worry and fret,  
And children half-starved go to school, go  
to school;

He can't think of sparing you yet.

Hark! the bell for the train! "Come  
along! Come along!

For there is n't a second to lose."

"ALL ABOARD!" (He holds on.) "Fsh! t!  
ding-dong! Fsh! t! ding-dong!" —

You can follow on foot, if you choose.

There's a maid with a cheek like a peach,  
like a peach,

That is waiting for you in the church; —  
But he clings to your side like a leech, like  
a leech,

And you leave your lost bride in the  
lurch.

There's a babe in a fit, — hurry quick!  
hurry quick!

To the doctor's as fast as you can!

The baby is off, while you stick, while you  
stick,

In the grip of the dreadful Old Man!

I have looked on the face of the Bore, of  
the Bore;

The voice of the Simple I know;

I have welcomed the Flat at my door, at  
my door;

I have sat by the side of the Slow;

I have walked like a lamb by the friend, by  
the friend,

That stuck to my skirts like a bur;

I have borne the stale talk without end,  
without end,

Of the sitter whom nothing could stir:

But my hamstrings grow loose, and I shake,  
and I shake,

At the sight of the dreadful Old Man;

Yea, I quiver and quake, and I take, and I  
take,

To my legs with what vigor I can!

Oh the dreadful Old Man of the Sea, of the  
Sea!

He's come back like the Wandering  
Jew!

He has had his cold claw upon me, upon  
me, —

And be sure that he 'll have it on you!

## INTERNATIONAL ODE

### OUR FATHERS' LAND

This ode was sung in unison by twelve hun-  
dred children of the public schools to the air  
of "God save the Queen" at the visit of the  
Prince of Wales to Boston, October 18, 1860.

God bless our Fathers' Land!

Keep her in heart and hand

One with our own!

From all her foes defend,

Be her brave People's Friend,

On all her realms descend,

Protect her Throne!

Father, with loving care

Guard Thou her kingdom's Heir,

Guide all his ways:

Thine arm his shelter be,

From him by land and sea

Bid storm and danger flee,

Prolong his days!

Lord, let War's tempest cease,

Fold the whole Earth in peace

Under thy wings!

Make all thy nations one,

All hearts beneath the sun,

Till Thou shalt reign alone,

Great King of kings!

## VIVE LA FRANCE

A SENTIMENT OFFERED AT THE DINNER  
TO H. I. H. THE PRINCE NAPOLEON,  
AT THE REVERE HOUSE, SEPTEMBER  
25, 1861

THE land of sunshine and of song!

Her name your hearts divine;

To her the banquet's vows belong

Whose breasts have poured its wine;

Our trusty friend, our true ally

Through varied change and chance:

So, fill your flashing goblets high, —

I give you, VIVE LA FRANCE!



Above our hosts in triple folds  
 The selfsame colors spread,  
 Where Valor's faithful arm upholds  
 The blue, the white, the red;  
 Alike each nation's glittering crest  
 Reflects the morning's glance, —  
 Twin eagles, soaring east and west:  
 Once more, then, VIVE LA FRANCE !

Sister in trial ! who shall count  
 Thy generous friendship's claim,  
 Whose blood ran mingling in the fount  
 That gave our land its name,  
 Till Yorktown saw in blended line  
 Our conquering arms advance,  
 And victory's double garlands twine  
 Our banners ? VIVE LA FRANCE !

O land of heroes ! in our need  
 One gift from Heaven we crave  
 To stanch these wounds that vainly bleed, —  
 The wise to lead the brave !  
 Call back one Captain of thy past  
 From glory's marble trance,  
 Whose name shall be a bugle-blast  
 To rouse us ! VIVE LA FRANCE !

Pluck Condé's baton from the trench,  
 Wake up stout Charles Martel,  
 Or find some woman's hand to clench  
 The sword of La Pucelle !  
 Give us one hour of old Turenne, —  
 One lift of Bayard's lance, —  
 Nay, call Marengo's Chief again  
 To lead us ! VIVE LA FRANCE !

Ah, hush ! our welcome Guest shall hear  
 But sounds of peace and joy ;  
 No angry echo vex thine ear,  
 Fair Daughter of Savoy !  
 Once more ! the land of arms and arts,  
 Of glory, grace, romance ;  
 Her love lies warm in all our hearts :  
 God bless her ! VIVE LA FRANCE !

BROTHER JONATHAN'S LAMENT  
 FOR SISTER CAROLINE

MARCH 25, 1861

SHE has gone, — she has left us in passion  
 and pride, —  
 Our stormy-browed sister, so long at our  
 side !

She has torn her own star from our firma-  
 ment's glow,  
 And turned on her brother the face of a  
 foe !

Oh, Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,  
 We can never forget that our hearts have  
 been one, —  
 Our foreheads both sprinkled in Liberty's  
 name,  
 From the fountain of blood with the finger  
 of flame !

You were always too ready to fire at a  
 touch ;  
 But we said, " She is hasty, — she does not  
 mean much." —  
 We have scowled, when you uttered some  
 turbulent threat ;  
 But Friendship still whispered, " Forgive  
 and forget !"

Has our love all died out ? Have its altars  
 grown cold ?  
 Has the curse come at last which the fathers  
 foretold ?  
 Then Nature must teach us the strength of  
 the chain  
 That her petulant children would sever in  
 vain.

They may fight till the buzzards are gorged  
 with their spoil,  
 Till the harvest grows black as it rots in  
 the soil,  
 Till the wolves and the catamounts troop  
 from their caves,  
 And the shark tracks the pirate, the lord of  
 the waves :

In vain is the strife ! When its fury is past,  
 Their fortunes must flow in one channel at  
 last,  
 As the torrents that rush from the moun-  
 tains of snow  
 Roll mingled in peace through the valleys  
 below.

Our Union is river, lake, ocean, and sky :  
 Man breaks not the medal, when God cuts  
 the die !  
 Though darkened with sulphur, though  
 cloven with steel,  
 The blue arch will brighten, the waters will  
 heal !

Oh, Caroline, Caroline, child of the sun,  
There are battles with Fate that can never  
    be won !  
The star-flowering banner must never be  
    furled,  
For its blossoms of light are the hope of  
the world !

Go, then, our rash sister ! afar and aloof,  
Run wild in the sunshine away from our  
    roof ;  
But when your heart aches and your feet  
    have grown sore,  
Remember the pathway that leads to our  
door !

## POEMS OF THE CLASS OF '29

1851-1889

[THE class of 1829 at Harvard College, of which I am a member, graduated, according to the triennial, fifty-nine in number. It is sixty years, then, since that time; and as they were, on an average, about twenty years old, those who survive must have reached fourscore years. Of the fifty-nine graduates ten only are living, or were at the last accounts; one in six, very nearly. In the first ten years after graduation, our third decade, when we were between twenty and thirty years old, we lost three members,—about one in twenty; between the ages of thirty and forty, eight died,—one in seven of those the decade began with; from

forty to fifty, only two,—or one in twenty-four; from fifty to sixty, eight,—or one in six; from sixty to seventy, fifteen,—or two out of every five; from seventy to eighty, twelve,—or one in two. The greatly increased mortality which began with our seventh decade went on steadily increasing. At sixty we come 'within range of the rifle-pits,' to borrow an expression from my friend Weir Mitchell." *Over The Teacups*, p. 28. A list of the members of the class is given in the Notes at the end of this volume, and will serve to identify the initials which stand at the head of one and another poem.]

### BILL AND JOE

COME, dear old comrade, you and I  
Will steal an hour from days gone by,  
The shining days when life was new,  
And all was bright with morning dew,  
The lusty days of long ago,  
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

Your name may flaunt a titled trail  
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail,  
And mine as brief appendix wear  
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;  
To-day, old friend, remember still  
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

You 've won the great world's envied prize,  
And grand you look in people's eyes,  
With H O N. and L L. D.  
In big brave letters, fair to see, —  
Your fist, old fellow! off they go! —  
How are you, Bill? How are you, Joe?

You 've worn the judge's ermined robe;  
You 've taught your name to half the globe;  
You 've sung mankind a deathless strain;  
You 've made the dead past live again:  
The world may call you what it will,  
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

The chaffing young folks stare and say  
"See those old buffers, bent and gray, —  
They talk like fellows in their teens!  
Mad, poor old boys! That's what it  
means," —

And shake their heads; they little know  
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe! —

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,  
While Joe sits smiling at his side;  
How Joe, in spite of time's disguise,  
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes, —  
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill  
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?  
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;  
A giddy whirlwind's fickle gust,  
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust;  
A few swift years, and who can show  
Which dust was Bill and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,  
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,  
While gaping thousands come and go, —  
How vain it seems, this empty show!  
Till all at once his pulses thrill; —  
'T is poor old Joe's "God bless you,  
Bill!"

And shall we breathe in happier spheres  
 The names that pleased our mortal ears;  
 In some sweet lull of harp and song  
 For earth-born spirits none too long,  
 Just whispering of the world below  
 Where this was Bill and that was Joe ?

No matter; while our home is here  
 No sounding name is half so dear;  
 When fades at length our lingering day,  
 Who cares what pompous tombstones  
 say ?

Read on the hearts that love us still,  
*Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.*

### A SONG OF "TWENTY-NINE"

1851

THE summer dawn is breaking  
 On Auburn's tangled bowers,  
 The golden light is waking  
 On Harvard's ancient towers;  
 The sun is in the sky  
 That must see us do or die,  
 Ere it shine on the line  
 Of the CLASS OF '29.

At last the day is ended,  
 The tutor screws no more,  
 By doubt and fear attended  
 Each hovers round the door,  
 Till the good old Præses cries,  
 While the tears stand in his eyes,  
 "You have passed, and are classed  
 With the BOYS OF '29."

Not long are they in making  
 The college halls their own,  
 Instead of standing shaking,  
 Too bashful to be known;  
 But they kick the Seniors' shins  
 Ere the second week begins,  
 When they stray in the way  
 Of the BOYS OF '29.

If a jolly set is trolling  
 The last *Der Freischutz* airs,  
 Or a "cannon bullet" rolling  
 Comes bouncing down the stairs,  
 The tutors, looking out,  
 Sigh, "Alas! there is no doubt,

'T is the noise of the Boys  
 Of the CLASS OF '29."

Four happy years together,  
 By storm and sunshine tried,  
 In changing wind and weather,  
 They rough it side by side,  
 Till they hear their Mother cry,  
 "You are fledged, and you must fly,"  
 And the bell tolls the knell  
 Of the days of '29.

Since then, in peace or trouble,  
 Full many a year has rolled,  
 And life has counted double  
 The days that then we told;  
 Yet we'll end as we've begun,  
 For though scattered, we are one,  
 While each year sees us here,  
 Round the board of '29.

Though fate may throw between us  
 The mountains or the sea,  
 No time shall ever wean us,  
 No distance set us free;  
 But around the yearly board,  
 When the flaming pledge is poured,  
 It shall claim every name  
 On the roll of '29.

To yonder peaceful ocean  
 That glows with sunset fires,  
 Shall reach the warm emotion  
 This welcome day inspires,  
 Beyond the ridges cold  
 Where a brother toils for gold,  
 Till it shine through the mine  
 Round the BOY OF '29.

If one whom fate has broken  
 Shall lift a moistened eye,  
 We'll say, before he's spoken —  
 "Old Classmate, don't you cry!  
 Here, take the purse I hold,  
 There's a tear upon the gold —  
 It was mine — it is thine —  
 A'n't we BOYS OF '29?"

As nearer still and nearer  
 The fatal stars appear,  
 The living shall be dearer  
 With each encircling year,  
 Till a few old men shall say,  
 "We remember 't is the day —

Let it pass with a glass  
For the CLASS of '29."

As one by one is falling  
Beneath the leaves or snows,  
Each memory still recalling,  
The broken ring shall close,  
Till the nightwinds softly pass  
O'er the green and growing grass,  
Where it waves on the graves  
Of the Boys of '29!

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

1852

WHERE, oh where are the visions of morn-  
ing,  
Fresh as the dews of our prime?  
Gone, like tenants that quit without warn-  
ing,  
Down the back entry of time.

Where, oh where are life's lilies and roses,  
Nursed in the golden dawn's smile?  
Dead as the bulrushes round little Moses.  
On the old banks of the Nile.

Where are the Marys, and Anns, and  
Elizas,  
Loving and lovely of yore?  
Look in the columns of old Advertisers, —  
Married and dead by the score.

Where the gray colts and the ten-year-old  
fillies,  
Saturday's triumph and joy?  
Gone, like our friend *πῶδ' αὐτῶν* Achilles,  
Homer's ferocious old boy.

Die-away dreams of eestatic emotion,  
Hopes like young eagles at play,  
Vows of unheard-of and endless devotion,  
How ye have faded away!

Yet, though the ebbing of Time's mighty  
river  
Leave our young blossoms to die,  
Let him roll smooth in his current for-  
ever,  
Till the last pebble is dry.

## AN IMPROMPTU

NOT PREMEDITATED

1853

THE clock has struck noon; ere it thrice  
tell the hours  
We shall meet round the table that blushes  
with flowers,  
And I shall blush deeper with shame-  
driven blood  
That I came to the banquet and brought  
not a bud.

Who cares that his verse is a beggar in art  
If you see through its rags the full throb  
of his heart?

Who asks if his comrade is battered and  
tanned  
When he feels his warm soul in the clasp  
of his hand?

No! be it an epic, or be it a line,  
The Boys will all love it because it is mine;  
I sung their last song on the morn of the  
day  
That tore from their lives the last blossom  
of May.

It is not the sunset that glows in the wine,  
But the smile that beams over it, makes it  
divine;  
I scatter these drops, and behold, as they  
fall,  
The day-star of memory shines through  
them all!

And these are the last; they are drops that  
I stole  
From a wine-press that crushes the life  
from the soul,  
But they ran through my heart and they  
sprang to my brain  
Till our twentieth sweet summer was smil-  
ing again!

## THE OLD MAN DREAMS

1854

OH for one hour of youthful joy!  
Give back my twentieth spring!

I'd rather laugh, a bright-haired boy,  
Than reign, a gray-beard king.

Off with the spoils of wrinkled age !  
Away with Learning's crown !  
Tear out life's Wisdom-written page,  
And dash its trophies down !

One moment let my life-blood stream  
From boyhood's fount of flame !  
Give me one giddy, reeling dream  
Of life all love and fame !

My listening angel heard the prayer,  
And, calmly smiling, said,  
"If I but touch thy silvered hair  
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

"But is there nothing in thy track,  
To bid thee fondly stay,  
While the swift seasons hurry back  
To find the wished-for day ?"

"Ah, truest soul of womankind !  
Without thee what were life ?  
One bliss I cannot leave behind:  
I'll take — my — precious — wife !"

The angel took a sapphire pen  
And wrote in rainbow dew,  
*The man would be a boy again,  
And be a husband too !*

"And is there nothing yet unsaid,  
Before the change appears ?  
Remember, all their gifts have fled  
With those dissolving years."

"Why, yes;" for memory would recall  
My fond paternal joys;  
"I could not bear to leave them all —  
I'll take — my — girl — and — boys."

The smiling angel dropped his pen, —  
"Why, this will never do;  
The man would be a boy again,  
And be a father too !"

And so I laughed, — my laughter woke  
The household with its noise, —  
And wrote my dream, when morning  
broke,  
To please the gray-haired boys.

## REMEMBER — FORGET

1855

AND what shall be the song to-night,  
If song there needs must be ?  
If every year that brings us here  
Must steal an hour from me ?  
Say, shall it ring a merry peal,  
Or heave a mourning sigh  
O'er shadows cast, by years long past,  
On moments flitting by ?

Nay, take the first unbidden line  
The idle hour may send,  
No studied grace can mend the face  
That smiles as friend on friend;  
The balsam oozes from the pine,  
The sweetness from the rose,  
And so, unsought, a kindly thought  
Finds language as it flows.

The years rush by in sounding flight,  
I hear their ceaseless wings;  
Their songs I hear, some far, some near,  
And thus the burden rings:  
"The morn has fled, the noon has past,  
The sun will soon be set,  
The twilight fade to midnight shade;  
Remember — and Forget !"

Remember all that time has brought —  
The starry hope on high,  
The strength attained, the courage gained,  
The love that cannot die.  
Forget the bitter, brooding thought, —  
The word too harshly said,  
The living blame love hates to name,  
The frailties of the dead !

We have been younger, so they say,  
But let the seasons roll,  
He doth not lack an almanac  
Whose youth is in his soul.  
The snows may clog life's iron track,  
But does the axle tire,  
While bearing swift through bank and  
drift  
The engine's heart of fire ?

I lift a goblet in my hand;  
If good old wine it hold,  
An ancient skin to keep it in  
Is just the thing, we're told.

We're grayer than the dusty flask, —  
 We're older than our wine;  
 Our corks reveal the "white top" seal,  
 The stamp of '29.

Ah, Boys! we clustered in the dawn,  
 To sever in the dark;  
 A merry crew, with loud halloo,  
 We climbed our painted bark;  
 We sailed her through the four years'  
 cruise,  
 We'll sail her to the last,  
 Our dear old flag, though but a rag,  
 Still flying on her mast.

So gliding on, each winter's gale  
 Shall pipe us all on deck,  
 Till, faint and few, the gathering crew  
 Creep o'er the parting wreck,  
 Her sails and streamers spread aloft  
 To fortune's rain or shine.  
 Till storm or sun shall all be one,  
 And down goes TWENTY-NINE!

## OUR INDIAN SUMMER

1856

You'll believe me, dear boys, 't is a pleasure  
 to rise,  
 With a welcome like this in your darling  
 old eyes;  
 To meet the same smiles and to hear the  
 same tone  
 Which have greeted me oft in the years  
 that have flown.

Were I gray as the grayest old rat in the  
 wall,  
 My locks would turn brown at the sight of  
 you all;  
 If my heart were as dry as the shell on the  
 sand,  
 It would fill like the goblet I hold in my  
 hand.

There are noontides of autumn when summer  
 returns,  
 Though the leaves are all garnered and  
 sealed in their urns,  
 And the bird on his perch, that was silent  
 so long,  
 Believes the sweet sunshine and breaks into  
 song.

We have eaged the young birds of our  
 beautiful June;  
 Their plumes are still bright and their  
 voices in tune;  
 One moment of sunshine from faces like  
 these  
 And they sing as they sung in the green-  
 growing trees.

The voices of morning! how sweet is their  
 thrill  
 When the shadows have turned, and the  
 evening grows still!  
 The text of our lives may get wiser with  
 age,  
 But the print was so fair on its twentieth  
 page!

Look off from your goblet and up from  
 your plate,  
 Come, take the last journal, and glance at  
 its date:  
 Then think what we fellows should say and  
 should do,  
 If the 6 were a 9 and the 5 were a 2.

Ah, no! for the shapes that would meet  
 with us here,  
 From the far land of shadows, are ever too  
 dear!  
 Though youth flung around us its pride and  
 its charms,  
 We should see but the comrades we clasped  
 in our arms.

A health to our future — a sigh for our  
 past,  
 We love, we remember, we hope to the  
 last;  
 And for all the base lies that the almanacs  
 hold,  
 While we've youth in our hearts we can  
 never grow old!

## MARE RUBRUM

1858

FLASH out a stream of blood-red wine,  
 For I would drink to other days,  
 And brighter shall their memory shine,  
 Seen flaming through its crimson blaze!  
 The roses die, the summers fade,  
 But every ghost of boyhood's dream

By nature's magic power is laid  
To sleep beneath this blood-red stream !

It filled the purple grapes that lay,  
And drank the splendors of the sun,  
Where the long summer's cloudless day  
Is mirrored in the broad Garonne;  
It pictures still the bacchant shapes  
That saw their hoarded sunlight shed, —  
The maidens dancing on the grapes, —  
Their milk-white ankles splashed with  
red.

Beneath these waves of crimson lie,  
In rosy fetters prisoned fast,  
Those fitting shapes that never die, —  
The swift-winged visions of the past.  
Kiss but the crystal's mystic rim,  
Each shadow rends its flowery chain,  
Springs in a bubble from its brim,  
And walks the chambers of the brain.

Poor beauty ! Time and fortune's wrong  
No shape nor feature may withstand;  
Thy wrecks are scattered all along,  
Like emptied sea-shells on the sand;  
Yet, sprinkled with this blushing rain,  
The dust restores each blooming girl,  
As if the sea-shells moved again  
Their glistening lips of pink and pearl.

Here lies the home of school-boy life,  
With creaking stair and wind-swept hall,  
And, scarred by many a truant knife,  
Our old initials on the wall;  
Here rest, their keen vibrations mute,  
The shout of voices known so well,  
The ringing laugh, the wailing flute,  
The chiding of the sharp-tongued bell.

Here, clad in burning robes, are laid  
Life's blossomed joys, untimely shed,  
And here those cherished forms have  
strayed  
We miss awhile, and call them dead.  
What wizard fills the wondrous glass ?  
What soil the enchanted clusters grew ?  
That buried passions wake and pass  
In beaded drops of fiery dew ?

Nay, take the cup of blood-red wine, —  
Our hearts can boast a warmer glow,  
Filled from a vintage more divine,

Calmed, but not chilled, by winter's  
snow !

To-night the palest wave we sip  
Rich as the priceless draught shall be  
That wet the bride of Cana's lip, —  
The wedding wine of Galilee !

## THE BOYS

1859

HAS there any old fellow got mixed with  
the boys ?  
If there has, take him out, without making  
a noise.  
Hang the Almanac's cheat and the Cata-  
logue's spite !  
Old Time is a liar ! We're twenty to-  
night !

We're twenty ! We're twenty ! Who  
says we are more ?  
He's tipsy, — young jackanapes ! — show  
him the door !  
"Gray temples at twenty ?" — Yes ! *white*  
if we please;  
Where the snow-flakes fall thickest there's  
nothing can freeze !

Was it snowing I spoke of ? Excuse the  
mistake !  
Look close, — you will see not a sign of a  
flake !  
We want some new garlands for those we  
have shed, —  
And these are white roses in place of the red.

We've a trick, we young fellows, you may  
have been told,  
Of talking (in public) as if we were old: —  
That boy we call "Doctor," and this we  
call "Judge;"  
It's a neat little fiction, — of course it's all  
fudge.

That fellow's the "Speaker," — the one on  
the right;  
"Mr. Mayor," my young one, how are you  
to-night ?  
That's our "Member of Congress," we say  
when we chaff;  
There's the "Reverend" What's his  
name ? — don't make me laugh.



That boy with the grave mathematical  
look  
Made believe he had written a wonderful  
book,  
And the ROYAL SOCIETY thought it was  
*true!*  
So they chose him right in; a good joke it  
was, too!

There's a boy, we pretend, with a three-  
decker brain,  
That could harness a team with a logical  
chain;  
When he spoke for our manhood in syl-  
labled fire,  
We called him "The Justice," but now  
he's "The Squire."

And there's a nice youngster of excellent  
pith,—  
Fate tried to conceal him by naming him  
Smith;  
But he shouted a song for the brave and  
the free,—  
Just read on his medal, "My country,"  
"of thee!"

You hear that boy laughing? — You think  
he's all fun;  
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he  
has done;  
The children laugh loud as they troop to  
his call,  
And the poor man that knows him laughs  
loudest of all!

Yes, we're boys,—always playing with  
tongue or with pen,—  
And I sometimes have asked,— Shall we  
ever be men?  
Shall we always be youthful, and laughing,  
and gay,  
Till the last dear companion drops smiling  
away?

Then here's to our boyhood, its gold and  
its gray!  
The stars of its winter, the dews of its  
May!  
And when we have done with our life-last-  
ing toys,  
Dear Father, take care of thy children,  
THE BOYS!

## LINES

1860

I'm ashamed,—that's the fact,—it's a  
pitiful case,—  
Won't any kind classmate get up in my  
place?  
Just remember how often I've risen be-  
fore,—  
I blush as I straighten my legs on the floor!  
There are stories, once pleasing, too many  
times told,—  
There are beauties once charming, too  
fearfully old,—  
There are voices we've heard till we know  
them so well,  
Though they talked for an hour they'd  
have nothing to tell.

Yet, Classmates! Friends! Brothers! Dear  
blessed old boys!  
Made one by a lifetime of sorrows and joys,  
What lips have such sounds as the poorest  
of these,  
Though honeyed, like Plato's, by musical  
bees?

What voice is so sweet and what greeting  
so dear  
As the simple, warm welcome that waits  
for us here?  
The love of our boyhood still breathes in  
its tone,  
And our hearts throb the answer, "He's  
one of our own!"

Nay! count not our numbers: some sixty  
we know,  
But these are above, and those under the  
snow;  
And thoughts are still mingled wherever  
we meet  
For those we remember with those that we  
greet.

We have rolled on life's journey,—how  
fast and how far!  
One round of humanity's many-wheeled car,  
But up-hill and down-hill, through rattle  
and rub,  
Old, true Twenty-niners! we've stuck to  
our hub!

While a brain lives to think, or a bosom to  
 feel,  
 We will cling to it still like the spokes of  
 a wheel !  
 And age, as it chills us, shall fasten the  
 tire  
 That youth fitted round in his circle of  
 fire !

### A VOICE OF THE LOYAL NORTH

1861

(JANUARY THIRD)

We sing "Our Country's" song to-night  
 With saddened voice and eye;  
 Her banner droops in clouded light  
 Beneath the wintry sky.  
 We'll pledge her once in golden wine  
 Before her stars have set:  
 Though dim one reddening orb may shine,  
 We have a Country yet.

'T were vain to sigh o'er errors past,  
 The fault of sires or sons;  
 Our soldier heard the threatening blast,  
 And spiked his useless guns;  
 He saw the star-wreathed ensign fall,  
 By mad invaders torn;  
 But saw it from the bastioned wall  
 That laughed their rage to scorn !

What though their angry cry is flung  
 Across the howling wave, —  
 They smite the air with idle tongue  
 The gathering storm who brave;  
 Enough of speech ! the trumpet rings;  
 Be silent, patient, calm, —  
 God help them if the tempest swings  
 The pine against the palm !

Our toilsome years have made us tame;  
 Our strength has slept unfelt;  
 The furnace-fire is slow to flame  
 That bids our ploughshares melt;  
 'T is hard to lose the bread they win  
 In spite of Nature's frowns, —  
 To drop the iron threads we spin  
 That weave our web of towns,

To see the rusting turbines stand  
 Before the emptied flumes,  
 To fold the arms that flood the land  
 With rivers from their looms, —

But harder still for those who learn  
 The truth forgot so long;  
 When once their slumbering passions burn,  
 The peaceful are the strong !

The Lord have mercy on the weak,  
 And calm their frenzied ire,  
 And save our brothers ere they shriek,  
 "We played with Northern fire !"  
 The eagle hold his mountain height, —  
 The tiger pace his den !  
 Give all their country, each his right !  
 God keep us all ! Amen !

J. D. R.

1862

THE friends that are, and friends that  
 were,  
 What shallow waves divide !  
 I miss the form for many a year  
 Still seated at my side.

I miss him, yet I feel him still  
 Amidst our faithful band,  
 As if not death itself could chill  
 The warmth of friendship's hand.

His story other lips may tell, —  
 For me the veil is drawn;  
 I only knew he loved me well,  
 He loved me — and is gone !

### VOYAGE OF THE GOOD SHIP UNION

1862

'T is midnight: through my troubled  
 dream  
 Loud wails the tempest's cry;  
 Before the gale, with tattered sail,  
 A ship goes plunging by.  
 What name ? Where bound ? — The  
 rocks around  
 Repeat the loud halloo.  
 — The good ship Union, Southward bound:  
 God help her and her crew !

And is the old flag flying still  
 That o'er your fathers flew,  
 With bands of white and rosy light,  
 And field of starry blue ?

— Ay ! look aloft ! its folds full oft  
Have braved the roaring blast,  
And still shall fly when from the sky  
This black typhoon has past !

Speak, pilot of the storm-tost bark !  
May I thy peril share ?  
— O landsman, there are fearful seas  
The brave alone may dare !  
— Nay, ruler of the rebel deep,  
What matters wind or wave ?  
The rocks that wreck your reeling deck  
Will leave me naught to save !

O landsman, art thou false or true ?  
What sign hast thou to show ?  
— The crimson stains from loyal veins  
That hold my heart-blood's flow !  
— Enough ! what more shall honor claim ?  
I know the sacred sign ;  
Above thy head our flag shall spread,  
Our ocean path be thine !

The bark sails on; the Pilgrim's Cape  
Lies low along her lee,  
Whose headland crooks its anchor-flukes  
To look the shore and sea.  
No treason here ! it cost too dear  
To win this barren realm !  
And true and free the hands must be  
That hold the whaler's helm !

Still on ! Manhattan's narrowing bay  
No rebel cruiser sears ;  
Her waters feel no pirate's keel  
That flaunts the fallen stars !  
— But watch the light on yonder height, —  
Ay, pilot, have a care !  
Some lingering cloud in mist may shroud  
The capes of Delaware !

Say, pilot, what this fort may be,  
Whose sentinels look down  
From moated walls that show the sea  
Their deep embrasures' frown ?  
The Rebel host claims all the coast,  
But these are friends, we know,  
Whose footprints spoil the “sacred soil,”  
And this is ? — Fort Monroe !

The breakers roar, — how bears the  
shore ?  
— The traitorous wreckers' hands  
Have quenched the blaze that poured its rays  
Along the Hatteras sands.

— Ha ! say not so ! I see its glow !  
Again the shoals display  
The beacon light that shines by night,  
The Union Stars by day !

The good ship flies to milder skies,  
The wave more gently flows,  
The softening breeze wafts o'er the seas  
The breath of Beaufort's rose.  
What fold is this the sweet winds kiss,  
Fair-striped and many-starred,  
Whose shadow palls these orphaned walls,  
The twins of Beauregard ?

What ! heard you not Port Royal's doom ?  
How the black war-ships came  
And turned the Beaufort roses' bloom  
To redder wreaths of flame ?  
How from Rebellion's broken reed  
We saw his emblem fall,  
As soon his cursed poison-weed  
Shall drop from Sumter's wall ?

On ! on ! Pulaski's iron hail  
Falls harmless on Tybee !  
The good ship feels the freshening gales,  
She strikes the open sea ;  
She rounds the point, she threads the keys  
That guard the Land of Flowers,  
And rides at last where firm and fast  
Her own Gibraltar towers !

The good ship Union's voyage is o'er,  
At anchor safe she swings,  
And loud and clear with cheer on cheer  
Her joyous welcome rings :  
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! it shakes the wave,  
It thunders on the shore, —  
One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,  
One Nation, evermore !

“CHOOSE YOU THIS DAY WHOM  
YE WILL SERVE”

1863

YES, tyrants, you hate us, and fear while  
you hate  
The self-ruling, chain-breaking, throne-  
shaking State !  
The night-birds dread morning, — your  
instinct is true, —  
The day-star of Freedom brings midnight  
for you !

Why plead with the deaf for the cause of  
mankind ?

The owl hoots at noon that the eagle is  
blind !

We ask not your reasons, — 't were wast-  
ing our time, —

Our life is a menace, our welfare a crime !

We have battles to fight, we have foes to  
subdue, —

Time waits not for us, and we wait not for  
you !

The mower mows on, though the adder  
may writhe

And the copper-head coil round the blade  
of his scythe !

“ No sides in this quarrel,” your statesmen  
may urge,

Of school-house and wages with slave-pen  
and scourge ! —

No sides in the quarrel ! proclaim it as  
well

To the angels that fight with the legions of  
hell !

They kneel in God's temple, the North and  
the South,

With blood on each weapon and prayers in  
each mouth.

Whose cry shall be answered ? Ye Heav-  
ens, attend

The lords of the lash as their voices  
ascend !

“ O Lord, we are shaped in the image of  
Thee, —

Smite down the base millions that claim to  
be free,

And lend thy strong arm to the soft-handed  
race

Who eat *not* their bread in the sweat of  
their face ! ”

So pleads the proud planter. What echoes  
are these ?

The bay of his bloodhound is borne on the  
breeze,

And, lost in the shriek of his victim's  
despair,

His voice dies unheard. — Hear the Puri-  
tan's prayer !

“ O Lord, that didst smother mankind in  
thy flood,

The sun is as sackcloth, the moon is as  
blood,

The stars fall to earth as untimely are  
cast

The figs from the fig-tree that shakes in  
the blast !

“ All nations, all tribes in whose nostrils is  
breath

Stand gazing at Sin as she travails with  
Death !

Lord, strangle the monster that struggles  
to birth,

Or mock us no more with thy ‘ Kingdom  
on Earth ’ !

“ If Ammon and Moab must reign in the  
land

Thou gavest thine Israel, fresh from thy  
hand,

Call Baäl and Ashtaroth out of their graves  
To be the new gods for the empire of  
slaves ! ”

Whose God will ye serve, O ye rulers of  
men ?

Will ye build you new shrines in the slave-  
breeder's den ?

Or bow with the children of light, as they  
call

On the Judge of the Earth and the Father  
of All ?

Choose wisely, choose quickly, for time  
moves apace, —

Each day is an age in the life of our  
race !

Lord, lead them in love, ere they hasten in  
fear

From the fast-rising flood that shall girdle  
the sphere !

F. W. C.

1864

FAST as the rolling seasons bring

The hour of fate to those we love,  
Each pearl that leaves the broken string

Is set in Friendship's crown above.

As narrower grows the earthly chain,

The circle widens in the sky ;

These are our treasures that remain,

But those are stars that beam on high.

We miss — oh, how we miss ! — *his* face, —  
 With trembling accents speak his name.  
 Earth cannot fill his shadowed place  
 From all her rolls of pride and fame.  
 Our song has lost the silvery thread  
 That carolled through his jocund lips;  
 Our laugh is mute, our smile is fled,  
 And all our sunshine in eclipse.

And what and whence the wondrous charm  
 That kept his manhood boylike still, —  
 That life's hard censors could disarm  
 And lead them captive at his will ?  
 His heart was shaped of rosier clay, —  
 His veins were filled with ruddier fire, —  
 Time could not chill him, fortune sway,  
 Nor toil with all its burdens tire.

His speech burst throbbing from its fount  
 And set our colder thoughts aglow,  
 As the hot leaping geysers mount  
 And falling melt the Iceland snow.  
 Some word, perchance, we counted rash, —  
 Some phrase our calmness might disclaim,  
 Yet 't was the sunset's lightning's flash,  
 No angry bolt, but harmless flame.

Man judges all, God knoweth each;  
 We read the rule, He sees the law;  
 How oft his laughing children teach  
 The truths his prophets never saw !  
 O friend, whose wisdom flowered in mirth,  
 Our hearts are sad, our eyes are dim;  
 He gave thy smiles to brighten earth, —  
 We trust thy joyous soul to Him !

Alas ! — our weakness Heaven forgive !  
 We murmur, even while we trust,  
 " How long earth's breathing burdens live,  
 Whose hearts, before they die, are dust !"  
 But thou ! — through grief's untimely tears  
 We ask with half-reproachful sigh —  
 " Couldst thou not watch a few brief years  
 Till Friendship faltered, 'Thou mayst  
 die ' ?"

Who loved our boyish years so well ?  
 Who knew so well their pleasant tales,  
 And all those livelier freaks could tell  
 Whose oft-told story never fails ?  
 In vain we turn our aching eyes, —  
 In vain we stretch our eager hands, —  
 Cold in his wintry shroud he lies  
 Beneath the dreary drifting sands !

Ah, speak not thus ! *He* lies not there !  
 We see him, hear him as of old !  
 He comes ! He claims his wonted chair ;  
 His beaming face we still behold !  
 His voice rings clear in all our songs,  
 And loud his mirthful accents rise ;  
 To us our brother's life belongs, —  
 Dear friends, a classmate never dies !

## THE LAST CHARGE

1864

Now, men of the North ! will you join in  
 the strife  
 For country, for freedom, for honor, for  
 life ?  
 The giant grows blind in his fury and  
 spite, —  
 One blow on his forehead will settle the  
 fight !

Flash full in his eyes the blue lightning of  
 steel,  
 And stun him with cannon-bolts, peal upon  
 peal !  
 Mount, troopers, and follow your game to  
 its lair,  
 As the hound tracks the wolf and the  
 beagle the hare !

Blow, trumpets, your summons, till slug-  
 gards awake !  
 Beat, drums, till the roofs of the faint-  
 hearted shake !  
 Yet, yet, ere the signet is stamped on the  
 scroll,  
 Their names may be traced on the blood-  
 sprinkled roll !

Trust not the false herald that painted your  
 shield:  
 True honor *to-day* must be sought on the  
 field !  
 Her sentcheon shows white with a blazon of  
 red, —  
 The life-drops of crimson for liberty shed !  
 The hour is at hand, and the moment draws  
 nigh ;  
 The dog-star of treason grows dim in the  
 sky ;

Shine forth from the battle-cloud, light of  
the morn,  
Call back the bright hour when the Nation  
was born!

The rivers of peace through our valleys  
shall run,  
As the glaciers of tyranny melt in the sun;  
Smite, smite the proud parricide down  
from his throne, —  
His sceptre once broken, the world is our  
own!

### OUR OLDEST FRIEND

1865

I GIVE you the health of the oldest friend  
That, short of eternity, earth can lend, —  
A friend so faithful and tried and true  
That nothing can wean him from me and  
you.

When first we screeched in the sudden  
blaze  
Of the daylight's blinding and blasting rays,  
And gulped at the gaseous, groggy air,  
This old, old friend stood waiting there.

And when, with a kind of mortal strife,  
We had gasped and choked into breathing  
life,  
He watched by the cradle, day and night,  
And held our hands till we stood upright.

From gristle and pulp our frames have  
grown  
To stringy muscle and solid bone;  
While we were changing, he altered not;  
We might forget, but he never forgot.

He came with us to the college class, —  
Little cared he for the steward's pass!  
All the rest must pay their fee,  
But the grim old dead-head entered free.

He stayed with us while we counted o'er  
Four times each of the seasons four;  
And with every season, from year to year,  
The dear name Classmate he made more  
dear.

He never leaves us, — he never will,  
Till our hands are cold and our hearts are  
still;

On birthdays, and Christmas, and New-  
Year's too,  
He always remembers both me and you.

Every year this faithful friend  
His little present is sure to send;  
Every year, wheresoe'er we be,  
He wants a keepsake from you and me.

How he loves us! he pats our heads,  
And, lo! they are gleaming with silver  
threads;  
And he's always begging one lock of hair,  
Till our shining crowns have nothing to  
wear.

At length he will tell us, one by one,  
"My child, your labor on earth is done;  
And now you must journey afar to see  
My elder brother, — Eternity!"

And so, when long, long years have passed,  
Some dear old fellow will be the last, —  
Never a boy alive but he  
Of all our goodly company!

When he lies down, but not till then,  
Our kind Class-Angel will drop the pen  
That writes in the day-book kept above  
Our lifelong record of faith and love.

So here's a health in homely rhyme  
To our oldest classmate, Father Time!  
May our last survivor live to be  
As bald and as wise and as tough as he!

### SHERMAN'S IN SAVANNAH

A HALF-RHYMED IMPROMPTU

1865

LIKE the tribes of Israel,  
Fed on quails and manna,  
Sherman and his glorious band  
Journeyed through the rebel land,  
Fed from Heaven's all-bounteous hand,  
Marching on Savannah!

As the moving pillar shone,  
Streamed the starry banner  
All day long in rosy light,  
Flaming splendor all the night,  
Till it swooped in eagle flight  
Down on doomed Savannah!

Glory be to God on high !  
 Shout the loud Hosanna !  
 Treason's wilderness is past,  
 Canaan's shore is won at last,  
 Peal a nation's trumpet-blast, —  
 Sherman's in Savannah !

Soon shall Richmond's tough old hide  
 Find a tough old tanner !  
 Soon from every rebel wall  
 Shall the rag of treason fall,  
 Till our banner flaps o'er all  
 As it crowns Savannah !

## MY ANNUAL

1866

How long will this harp which you once  
 loved to hear  
 Cheat your lips of a smile or your eyes of  
 a tear ?

How long stir the echoes it wakened of old,  
 While its strings were unbroken, untar-  
 nished its gold ?

Dear friends of my boyhood, my words do  
 you wrong;  
 The heart, the heart only, shall throb in  
 my song;  
 It reads the kind answer that looks from  
 your eyes, —  
 " We will bid our old harper play on till  
 he dies."

Though Youth, the fair angel that looked  
 o'er the strings,  
 Has lost the bright glory that gleamed on  
 his wings,  
 Though the freshness of morning has  
 passed from its tone,  
 It is still the old harp that was always  
 your own.

I claim not its music, — each note it affords  
 I strike from your heart-strings, that lend  
 me its chords;  
 I know you will listen and love to the last,  
 For it trembles and thrills with the voice  
 of your past.

Ah, brothers ! dear brothers ! the harp  
 that I hold  
 No craftsman could string and no artisan  
 mould ;

He shaped it, He strung it, who fashioned  
 the lyres  
 That ring with the hymns of the seraphim  
 choirs.

Not mine are the visions of beauty it brings,  
 Not mine the faint fragrance around it that  
 clings ;  
 Those shapes are the phantoms of years  
 that are fled,  
 Those sweets breathe from roses your sum-  
 mers have shed.

Each hour of the past lends its tribute to  
 this,  
 Till it blooms like a bower in the Garden  
 of Bliss ;  
 The thorn and the thistle may grow as  
 they will,  
 Where Friendship unfolds there is Paradise  
 still.

The bird wanders careless while summer  
 is green,  
 The leaf-hidden cradle that rocked him  
 unseen ;  
 When Autumn's rude fingers the woods  
 have undressed,  
 The boughs may look bare, but they show  
 him his nest.

Too precious these moments ! the lustre  
 they fling  
 Is the light of our year, is the gem of its  
 ring,  
 So brimming with sunshine, we almost for-  
 get  
 The rays it has lost, and its border of jet.

While round us the many-hued halo is shed,  
 How dear are the living, how near are the  
 dead !  
 One circle, scarce broken, these waiting be-  
 low,  
 Those walking the shores where the aspho-  
 dels blow !

Not life shall enlarge it nor death shall  
 divide, —  
 No brother new-born finds his place at my  
 side ;  
 No titles shall freeze us, no grandeurs in-  
 fest,  
 His Honor, His Worship, are boys like the  
 rest.

Some won the world's homage, their names  
we hold dear, —  
But Friendship, not Fame, is the counter-  
sign here;  
Make room by the conqueror crowned in  
the strife  
For the comrade that limps from the battle  
of life !

What tongue talks of battle? Too long  
we have heard  
In sorrow, in anguish, that terrible word;  
It reddened the sunshine, it crimsoned the  
wave,  
It sprinkled our doors with the blood of our  
brave.

Peace, Peace come at last, with her garland  
of white;  
Peace broods in all hearts as we gather to-  
night;  
The blazon of Union spreads full in the  
sun;  
We echo its words, — We are one! We  
are one!

## ALL HERE

1867

It is not what we say or sing,  
That keeps our charm so long unbroken,  
Though every lightest leaf we bring  
May touch the heart as friendship's  
token;  
Not what we sing or what we say  
Can make us dearer to each other;  
We love the singer and his lay,  
But love as well the silent brother.

Yet bring whate'er your garden grows,  
Thrice welcome to our smiles and  
praises;  
Thanks for the myrtle and the rose,  
Thanks for the marigolds and daisies;  
One flower ere long we all shall claim,  
Alas! unloved of *Amaryllis* —  
Nature's last blossom — need I name  
The wreath of threescore's silver lilies?

How many, brothers, meet to-night  
Around our boyhood's covered embers?  
Go read the treasured names aright  
The old triennial list remembers;

Though twenty wear the starry sign  
That tells a life has broke its tether,  
The fifty-eight of 'twenty-nine —  
God bless THE BOYS! — are all together!

These come with joyous look and word,  
With friendly grasp and cheerful greet-  
ing, —  
Those smile unseen, and move unheard,  
The angel guests of every meeting;  
They cast no shadow in the flame  
That flushes from the gilded lustre,  
But count us — we are still the same;  
One earthly band, one heavenly cluster!

Love dies not when he bows his head  
To pass beyond the narrow portals, —  
The light these glowing moments shed  
Wakes from their sleep our lost immor-  
tals;  
They come as in their joyous prime,  
Before their morning days were num-  
bered, —  
Death stays the envious hand of Time, —  
The eyes have not grown dim that slumber!

The paths that loving souls have trod  
Arch o'er the dust where worldlings  
grovel  
High as the zenith o'er the sod, —  
The cross above the sexton's shovel!  
We rise beyond the realms of day;  
They seem to stoop from spheres of glory  
With us one happy hour to stray,  
While youth comes back in song and  
story.

Ah! ours is friendship true as steel  
That war has tried in edge and temper;  
It writes upon its sacred seal  
The priest's *ubique* — *omnes* — *semper*!  
It lends the sky a fairer sun  
That cheers our lives with rays as steady  
As if our footsteps had begun  
To print the golden streets already!

The tangling years have clinched its knot  
Too fast for mortal strength to sunder;  
The lightning bolts of noon are shot;  
No fear of evening's idle thunder!  
Too late! too late! — no graceless hand  
Shall stretch its cords in vain endeavor  
To rive the close encircling band  
That made and keeps us one forever!



So when upon the fated scroll  
 The falling stars have all descended,  
 And, blotted from the breathing roll,  
 Our little page of life is ended,  
 We ask but one memorial line  
 Traced on thy tablet, Gracious Mother:  
 "My children. Boys of '29.  
*In pace.* How they loved each other!"

## ONCE MORE

1868

*Will I come?* That is pleasant! I beg to  
 inquire  
 If the gun that I carry has ever missed  
 fire?  
 And which was the muster-roll — mention  
 but one —  
 That missed your old comrade who carries  
 the gun?

You see me as always, my hand on the  
 lock,  
 The cap on the nipple, the hammer full  
 cock;  
 It is rusty, some tell me; I heed not the  
 scuff;  
 It is battered and bruised, but it always  
 goes off!

"Is it loaded?" I'll bet you! What  
 does n't it hold?  
 Rammed full to the muzzle with memories  
 untold;  
 Why, it scares me to fire, lest the pieces  
 should fly  
 Like the cannons that burst on the Fourth  
 of July!

One charge is a remnant of College-day  
 dreams  
 (Its wadding is made of forensics and  
 themes);  
 Ah, visions of fame! what a flash in the  
 pan  
 As the trigger was pulled by each clever  
 young man!

And love! Bless my stars, what a cart-  
 ridge is there!  
 With a wadding of rose-leaves and ribbons  
 and hair, —

All crammed in one verse to go off at a  
 shot!  
 "Were there ever such sweethearts?" Of  
 course there were not!

And next, — what a load! it will split the  
 old gun, —  
 Three fingers, — four fingers, — five fingers  
 of fun!  
 Come tell me, gray sages, for mischief and  
 noise  
 Was there ever a lot like us fellows, "The  
 Boys"?

Bump! bump! down the staircase the can-  
 non-ball goes, —  
 Aha, old Professor! Look out for your  
 toes!  
 Don't think, my poor Tutor, to *sleep* in your  
 bed, —  
 Two "Boys" — 'twenty-niners — room over  
 your head!

Remember the nights when the tar-barrel  
 blazed!  
 From red "Massachusetts" the war-cry  
 was raised;  
 And "Hollis" and "Stoughton" reëchoed  
 the call;  
 Till P—— poked his head out of Holworthy  
 Hall!

Old P——, as we called him, — at fifty or  
 so, —  
 Not exactly a bud, but not quite in full  
 blow;  
 In ripening manhood, suppose we should  
 say,  
 Just nearing his prime, as we boys are to-  
 day!

Oh say, can you look through the vista of  
 age  
 To the time when old Morse drove the regu-  
 lar stage?  
 When Lyon told tales of the long-vanished  
 years,  
 And Lenox crept round with the rings in  
 his ears?

And dost thou, my brother, remember in-  
 deed  
 The days of our dealings with Willard and  
 Read?

When "Dolly" was kicking and running  
away,  
And punch came up smoking on Fille-  
brown's tray?

But where are the Tutors, my brother, oh  
tell! —  
And where the Professors, remembered so  
well?  
The sturdy old Grecians of Holworthy  
Hall,  
And Latin, and Logic, and Hebrew, and  
all?

"They are dead, the old fellows" (we  
called them so then,  
Though we since have found out they were  
lusty young men).  
They are *dead*, do you tell me? — but how  
do you know?  
You've filled once too often. I doubt if  
it's so.

I'm thinking. I'm thinking. Is this  
'sixty-eight?  
It's not quite so clear. It admits of de-  
bate.  
I *may* have been dreaming. I rather in-  
cline  
To think — yes, I'm certain — it is 'twenty-  
nine!

"By Zhorzhe!" — as friend Sales is accus-  
tomed to cry, —  
You tell me they're dead, but I know it's  
a lie!  
Is Jackson not President? — What was 't  
you said?  
It can't be; you're joking; what, — all of  
'em dead?

Jim, — Harry, — Fred, — Isaac, — all gone  
from our side?  
They could n't have left us, — no, not if  
they tried.  
Look, — there's our old Præses, — he  
can't find his text;  
See, — P — rubs his leg, as he growls out  
"The next!"

I told you 't was nonsense. Joe, give us a  
song!  
Go harness up "Dolly," and fetch her  
along! —

Dead! Dead! You false graybeard, I  
swear they are not!  
Hurrah for Old Hickory! — Oh, I forgot!

Well, *one* we have with us (how could he  
contrive  
To deal with us youngsters and still to  
survive?)  
Who wore for our guidance authority's  
robe, —  
No wonder he took to the study of Job!

And now, as my load was uncommonly  
large,  
Let me taper it off with a classical charge;  
When that has gone off, I shall drop my  
old gun —  
And then stand at ease, for my service is  
done.

*Bibamus ad Classem vocatam "The Boys"  
Et eorum Tutorem cui nomen est "Noyes,"  
Et floreat, valeant, vigeant tam,  
Non Peircius ipse enumeret quam!*

## THE OLD CRUISER

1869

HERE's the old cruiser, 'Twenty-nine,  
Forty times she's crossed the line;  
Same old masts and sails and crew,  
Tight and tough and as good as new.

Into the harbor she bravely steers  
Just as she's done for these forty years, —  
Over her anchor goes, splash and clang!  
Down her sails drop, rattle and bang!

Comes a vessel out of the dock  
Fresh and spry as a fighting-cock,  
Feathered with sails and spurred with  
steam,  
Heading out of the classic stream.

Crew of a hundred all aboard,  
Every man as fine as a lord.  
Gay they look and proud they feel,  
Bowling along on even keel.

On they float with wind and tide, —  
Gain at last the old ship's side;  
Every man looks down in turn, —  
Reads the name that's on her stern.

"Twenty-nine! — *Diable* you say!  
That was in Skipper Kirkland's day!  
What was the Flying Dutchman's name?  
This old rover must be the same.

"Ho! you Boatswain that walks the deck,  
How does it happen you're not a wreck?  
One and another have come to grief,  
How have you dodged by rock and reef?"

Boatswain, lifting one knowing lid,  
Hitches his breeches and shifts his quid:  
"Hey? What is it? Who's come to  
grief?  
Louder, young swab, I'm a little deaf."

"I say, old fellow, what keeps your boat  
With all you jolly old boys afloat,  
When scores of vessels as good as she  
Have swallowed the salt of the bitter sea?"

"Many a crew from many a craft  
Goes drifting by on a broken raft  
Pieced from a vessel that clove the brine  
Taller and prouder than 'Twenty-nine.

"Some capsized in an angry breeze,  
Some were lost in the narrow seas,  
Some on snags and some on sands  
Struck and perished and lost their hands.

"Tell us young ones, you gray old man,  
What is your secret, if you can.  
We have a ship as good as you,  
Show us how to keep our crew."

So in his ear the youngster cries;  
Then the gray Boatswain straight re-  
plies:—

"All your crew be sure you know, —  
Never let one of your shipmates go.

"If he leaves you, change your tack,  
Follow him close and fetch him back;  
When you've hauled him in at last,  
Grapple his flipper and hold him fast.

"If you've wronged him, speak him fair,  
Say you're sorry and make it square;  
If he's wronged you, wink so tight  
None of you see what's plain in sight.

"When the world goes hard and wrong,  
Lend a hand to help him along;

When his stockings have holes to darn,  
Don't you grudge him your ball of yarn.

"Once in a twelvemonth, come what may,  
Anchor your ship in a quiet bay,  
Call all hands and read the log,  
And give 'em a taste of grub and grog.

"Stiek to each other through thick and  
thin;  
All the closer as age leaks in;  
Squalls will blow and clouds will frown,  
But stay by your ship till you all go  
down!"

ADDED FOR THE ALUMNI MEETING,  
JUNE 29, 1869.

So the gray Boatswain of 'Twenty-nine  
Piped to "The Boys" as they crossed the  
line;  
Round the cabin sat thirty guests,  
Babes of the nurse with a thousand breasts.

There were the judges, grave and grand,  
Flanked by the priests on either hand;  
There was the lord of wealth untold,  
And the dear good fellow in broadcloth old.

Thirty men, from twenty towns,  
Sires and grandsires with silvered  
crowns, —  
Thirty school-boys all in a row, —  
Bens and Georges and Bill and Joe.

In thirty goblets the wine was poured,  
But threescore gathered around the  
board, —  
For lo! at the side of every chair  
A shadow hovered — we all were there!

HYMN FOR THE CLASS-MEET-  
ING

1869

THOU Gracious Power, whose merey lends  
The light of home, the smile of friends,  
Our gathered flock thine arms infold  
As in the peaceful days of old.

Wilt thou not hear us while we raise,  
In sweet accord of solemn praise,

The voices that have mingled long  
In joyous flow of mirth and song ?

For all the blessings life has brought,  
For all its sorrowing hours have taught,  
For all we mourn, for all we keep,  
The hands we clasp, the loved that sleep;

The noontide sunshine of the past,  
These brief, bright moments fading fast,  
The stars that gild our darkening years,  
The twilight ray from holier spheres;

We thank thee, Father ! let thy grace  
Our narrowing circle still embrace,  
Thy mercy shed its heavenly store,  
Thy peace be with us evermore !

### EVEN-SONG

1870

It may be, yes, it must be, Time that  
brings

An end to mortal things,  
That sends the beggar Winter in the train  
Of Autumn's burdened wain, —  
Time, that is heir of all our earthly state,  
And knoweth well to wait  
Till sea hath turned to shore and shore to  
sea,

If so it need must be,  
Ere he make good his claim and call his  
own

Old empires overthrown, —  
Time, who can find no heavenly orb too  
large

To hold its fee in charge,  
Nor any notes that fill its beam so small,  
But he shall care for all, —  
It may be, must be, — yes, he soon shall  
tire

This hand that holds the lyre.

Then ye who listened in that earlier day  
When to my careless lay  
I matched its chords and stole their first-  
born thrill,

With untaught rudest skill  
Vexing a treble from the slender strings  
Thin as the locust sings  
When the shrill-crying child of summer's  
heat

Pipes from its leafy seat,

The dim pavilion of embowering green  
Beneath whose shadowy screen  
The small sopranist tries his single note  
Against the song-bird's throat,  
And all the echoes listen, but in vain ;  
They hear no answering strain, —  
Then ye who listened in that earlier day  
Shall sadly turn away,

Saying, "The fire burns low, the hearth is  
cold

That warmed our blood of old ;  
Cover its embers and its half-burnt brands,  
And let us stretch our hands  
Over a brighter and fresh-kindled flame ;  
Lo, this is not the same,

The joyous singer of our morning time,  
Flushed high with lusty rhyme !  
Speak kindly, for he bears a human heart,  
But whisper him apart, —  
Tell him the woods their autumn robes  
have shed

And all their birds have fled,  
And shouting winds unbuild the naked  
nests

They warmed with patient breasts ;  
Tell him the sky is dark, the summer  
o'er,  
And bid him sing no more !"

Ah, welladay ! if words so cruel-kind  
A listening ear might find !  
But who that hears the music in his soul  
Of rhythmic waves that roll  
Crested with gleams of fire, and as they  
flow

Stir all the deeps below  
Till the great pearls no calm might ever  
reach

Leap glistening on the beach, —  
Who that has known the passion and the  
pain,

The rush through heart and brain,  
The joy so like a pang his hand is pressed  
Hard on his throbbing breast,  
When thou, whose smile is life and bliss  
and fame

Hast set his pulse aflame,  
Muse of the lyre ! can say farewell to thee?  
Alas ! and must it be ?

In many a clime, in many a stately tongue,  
The mighty bards have sung ;  
To these the immemorial thrones belong  
And purple robes of song ;

Yet the slight minstrel loves the slender  
tone

His lips may call his own,  
And finds the measure of the verse more  
sweet,

Timed by his pulse's beat,  
Than all the hymnings of the laurelled  
through.

Say not I do him wrong,  
For Nature spoils her warblers, — them she  
feeds

In lotus-growing meads  
And pours them subtle draughts from  
haunted streams

That fill their souls with dreams.

Full well I know the gracious mother's  
wiles

And dear delusive smiles!

No calow fledgling of her singing brood

But tastes that witching food,

And hearing overhead the eagle's wing,

And how the thrushes sing,

Vents his exiguous chirp, and from his nest  
Flaps forth — we know the rest.

I own the weakness of the trueful kind, —  
Are not all harpers blind?

I sang too early, must I sing too late?

The lengthening shadows wait

The first pale stars of twilight, — yet how  
sweet

The flattering whisper's cheat. —

“Thou hast the fire no evening chill can  
tame,

Whose coals outlast its flame!”

Farewell, ye carols of the laughing morn,

Of earliest sunshine born!

The sower flings the seed and looks not back

Along his furrowed track;

The reaper leaves the stalks for other  
hands

To gird with circling bands;

The wind, earth's careless servant, truant-  
born,

Blows clean the beaten corn

And quits the thresher's floor, and goes his  
way

To sport with ocean's spray;

The headlong-stumbling rivulet scrambling  
down

To wash the sea-girt town,

Still babbling of the green and billowy  
waste

Whose salt he longs to taste,

Ere his warm wave its chilling clasp may  
feel

Has twirled the miller's wheel.

The song has done its task that makes us  
bold

With secrets else untold, —

And mine has run its errand; through the  
dews

I tracked the flying Muse;

The daughter of the morning touched my  
lips

With roseate finger-tips;

Whether I would or would not, I must  
sing

With the new choirs of spring;

Now, as I watch the fading autumn day

And trill my softened lay,

I think of all that listened, and of one

For whom a brighter sun

Dawned at high summer's noon. Ah, com-  
rades dear,

Are not all gathered here?

Our hearts have answered. — Yes! they  
hear our call:

All gathered here! all! all!

## THE SMILING LISTENER

1871

PRECISELY. I see it. You all want to say  
That a tear is too sad and a laugh is too gay;

You could stand a faint smile, you could  
manage a sigh,

But you value your ribs, and you don't  
want to cry.

And why at our feast of the clasping of  
hands

Need we turn on the stream of our lachry-  
mal glands?

Though we see the white breakers of age  
on our bow,

Let us take a good pull in the jolly-boat  
now!

It's hard if a fellow cannot feel content

When a banquet like this does n't cost him  
a cent,

When his goblet and plate he may empty  
at will,

And our kind Class Committee will settle  
the bill.

And here's your old friend, the identical  
bard  
Who has rhymed and recited you verse by  
the yard  
Since the days of the empire of Andrew  
the First  
Till you're full to the brim and feel ready  
to burst.

It's awful to think of,—how year after  
year  
With his piece in his pocket he waits for  
you here;  
No matter who's missing, there always is  
one  
To lug out his manuscript, sure as a gun.

"Why won't he stop writing?" Humanity  
cries:  
The answer is briefly, "He can't if he  
tries;  
He has played with his foolish old feather  
so long,  
That the goose-quill in spite of him cackles  
in song."

You have watched him with patience from  
morning to dusk  
Since the tassel was bright o'er the green  
of the husk,  
And now—it's too bad—it's a pitiful  
job—  
He has shelled the ripe ear till he's come  
to the cob.

I see one face beaming—it listens so well  
There must be some music yet left in my  
shell—  
The wine of my soul is not thick on the  
lees;  
One string is unbroken, one friend I can  
please!

Dear comrade, the sunshine of seasons gone  
by  
Looks out from your tender and tear-  
moistened eye,  
A pharos of love on an ice-girdled coast,—  
Kind soul!—Don't you hear me?—He's  
deaf as a post!

Can it be one of Nature's benevolent tricks  
That you grow hard of hearing as I grow  
prolix?

And that look of delight which would an-  
gels beguile  
Is the deaf man's prolonged unintelligent  
smile?

Ah! the ear may grow dull, and the eye  
may wax dim,  
But they still know a classmate—they  
can't mistake him;  
There is something to tell us, "That's one  
of our band,"  
Though we groped in the dark for a touch  
of his hand.

Well, Time with his snuffers is prowling  
about  
And his shaky old fingers will soon snuff  
us out;  
There's a hint for us all in each pendulum  
tick,  
For we're low in the tallow and long in the  
wick.

You remember Rossini—you've been at  
the play?  
How his overture-endings keep crashing  
away  
Till you think, "It's all over—it can't but  
stop now—  
That's the screech and the bang of the  
final bow-wow."

And you find you're mistaken; there's  
lots more to come,  
More banging, more screeching of fiddle  
and drum,  
Till when the last ending is finished and  
done,  
You feel like a horse when the winning-  
post's won.

So I, who have sung to you, merry, or sad,  
Since the days when they called me a  
promising lad,  
Though I've made you more rhymes than  
a tutor could scan,  
Have a few more still left, like the razor-  
strop man.

Now pray don't be frightened—I'm ready  
to stop  
My galloping anapests' clatter and pop—  
In fact, if you say so, retire from to-day  
To the garret I left, on a poet's half-pay.

And yet — I can't help it — perhaps — who  
can tell ?

You might miss the poor singer you treated  
so well,

And confess you could stand him five min-  
utes or so,

“ It was so like old times we remember, you  
know.”

'T is not that the music can signify much,  
But then there are chords that awake with  
a touch, —

And our hearts can find echoes of sorrow  
and joy

To the wench of the minstrel who hails  
from Savoy.

So this hand-organ tune that I cheerfully  
grind

May bring the old places and faces to  
mind,

And seen in the light of the past we recall  
The flowers that have faded bloom fairest  
of all !

## OUR SWEET SINGER

J. A.

1872

ONE memory trembles on our lips ;  
It throbs in every breast ;  
In tear-dimmed eyes, in mirth's eclipse,  
The shadow stands confessed.

O silent voice, that cheered so long  
Our manhood's marching day,  
Without thy breath of heavenly song,  
How weary seems the way !

Vain every pictured phrase to tell  
Our sorrowing heart's desire, —  
The shattered harp, the broken shell,  
The silent unstrung lyre ;

For youth was round us while he sang ;  
It glowed in every tone ;  
With bridal chimes the echoes rang,  
And made the past our own.

Oh blissful dream ! Our nursery joys  
We know must have an end,  
But love and friendship's broken toys  
May God's good angels mend !

The cheering smile, the voice of mirth  
And laughter's gay surprise  
That please the children born of earth,  
Why deem that Heaven denies ?

Metinks in that refulgent sphere  
That knows not sun or moon,  
An earth-born saint might long to hear  
One verse of “ Bonny Doon ;”

Or walking through the streets of gold  
In heaven's unclouded light,  
His lips recall the song of old  
And hum “ The sky is bright.”

And can we smile when thou art dead ?  
Ah, brothers, even so !  
The rose of summer will be red,  
In spite of winter's snow.

Thou wouldst not leave us all in gloom  
Because thy song is still,  
Nor blight the banquet-garland's bloom  
With grief's untimely chill.

The sighing wintry winds complain, —  
The singing bird has flown, —  
Hark ! heard I not that ringing strain,  
That clear celestial tone ?

How poor these pallid phrases seem,  
How weak this tinkling line,  
As warbles through my waking dream  
That angel voice of thine !

Thy requiem asks a sweeter lay ;  
It falters on my tongue ;  
For all we vainly strive to say,  
Thou shouldst thyself have sung !

H. C. M. H. S. J. K. W.

1873

THE dirge is played, the throbbing death-  
peal rung,  
The sad-voiced requiem sung ;  
On each white urn where memory dwells  
The wreath of rustling immortelles  
Our loving hands have hung,  
And balmy leaves have strown and ten-  
derest blossoms flung.

The birds that filled the air with songs  
 have flown,  
 The wintry blasts have blown,  
 And these for whom the voice of spring  
 Bade the sweet choirs their carols sing  
 Sleep in those chambers lone  
 Where snows untrodden lie, unheard the  
 nightwinds moan.

We clasp them all in memory, as the vine  
 Whose running stems untwine  
 The marble shaft, and steal around  
 The lowly stone, the nameless mound;  
 With sorrowing hearts resign  
 Our brothers true and tried, and close our  
 broken line.

How fast the lamps of life grow dim and die  
 Beneath our sunset sky!  
 Still fading, as along our track  
 We cast our saddened glances back,  
 And while we vainly sigh  
 The shadowy day recedes, the starry night  
 draws nigh.

As when from pier to pier across the tide  
 With even keel we glide,  
 The lights we left along the shore  
 Grow less and less, while more, yet more  
 New vistas open wide  
 Of fair illumined streets and casements  
 golden-eyed.

Each closing circle of our sunlit sphere  
 Seems to bring heaven more near:  
 Can we not dream that those we love  
 Are listening in the world above  
 And smiling as they hear  
 The voices known so well of friends that  
 still are dear?

Does all that made us human fade away  
 With this dissolving clay?  
 Nay, rather deem the blessed isles  
 Are bright and gay with joyous smiles,  
 That angels have their play,  
 And saints that tire of song may claim  
 their holiday.

All else of earth may perish; love alone  
 Not heaven shall find outgrown!  
 Are they not here, our spirit guests,  
 With love still throbbing in their breasts?  
 Once more let flowers be strown.  
 Welcome, ye shadowy forms, we count you  
 still our own!

## WHAT I HAVE COME FOR

1873

I HAVE come with my verses — I think I  
 may claim  
 It is not the first time I have tried on the  
 same.  
 They were puckered in rhyme, they were  
 wrinkled in wit;  
 But your hearts were so large that they  
 made them a fit.

I have come — not to tease you with more  
 of my rhyme,  
 But to feel as I did in the blessed old time;  
 I want to hear him with the Brobdingnag  
 laugh —  
 We count him at least as three men and a  
 half.

I have come to meet judges so wise and so  
 grand  
 That I shake in my shoes while they're  
 shaking my hand;  
 And the prince among merchants who put  
 back the crown  
 When they tried to enthrone him the King  
 of the Town.

I have come to see George — Yes, I think  
 there are four,  
 If they all were like these I could wish  
 there were more.  
 I have come to see one whom we used to  
 call "Jim,"  
 I want to see — oh, don't I want to see  
 him?

I have come to grow young — on my word  
 I declare  
 I have thought I detected a change in my  
 hair!  
 One hour with "The Boys" will restore it  
 to brown —  
 And a wrinkle or two I expect to rub down.

Yes, that's what I've come for, as all of  
 us come;  
 When I meet the dear Boys I could wish I  
 were dumb.  
 You asked me, you know, but it's spoiling  
 the fun;  
 I have told what I came for; my ditty is  
 done.



## OUR BANKER

1874

OLD TIME, in whose bank we deposit our notes,

Is a miser who always wants guineas for groats;

He keeps all his customers still in arrears  
By lending them minutes and charging them years.

The twelvemonth rolls round and we never forget

On the counter before us to pay him our debt.

We reckon the marks he has chalked on the door,

Pay up and shake hands and begin a new score.

How long he will lend us, how much we may owe,

No angel will tell us, no mortal may know.

At fivescore, at fourscore, at threescore and ten,

He may close the account with a stroke of his pen.

This only we know, — amid sorrows and joys

Old Time has been easy and kind with "The Boys."

Though he must have and will have and does have his pay,

We have found him good-natured enough in his way.

He never forgets us, as others will do. —

I am sure he knows me, and I think he knows you,

For I see on your foreheads a mark that he lends

As a sign he remembers to visit his friends.

In the shape of a classmate (a wig on his crown, —

His day-book and ledger laid carefully down)

He has welcomed us yearly, a glass in his hand,

And pledged the good health of our brotherly band.

He 's a thief, we must own, but how many there be

That rob us less gently and fairly than he:  
He has stripped the green leaves that were over us all,

But they let in the sunshine as fast as they fall.

Young beauties may ravish the world with a glance

As they languish in song, as they float in the dance, —

They are grandmothers now we remember as girls,

And the comely white cap takes the place of the curls.

But the sighing and moaning and groaning are o'er,

We are pining and moping and sleepless no more,

And the hearts that were thumping like ships on the rocks

Beat as quiet and steady as meeting-house clocks.

The trump of ambition, loud sounding and shrill,

May blow its long blast, but the echoes are still,

The spring-tides are past, but no billow may reach

The spoils they have landed far up on the beach.

We see that Time robs us, we know that he cheats,

But we still find a charm in his pleasant deceits,

While he leaves the remembrance of all that was best,

Love, friendship, and hope, and the promise of rest.

Sweet shadows of twilight ! how calm their repose,

While the dewdrops fall soft in the breast of the rose !

How blest to the toiler his hour of release

When the vesper is heard with its whisper of peace !

Then here 's to the wrinkled old miser, our friend;

May he send us his bills to the century's end,

And lend us the moments no sorrow alloys,  
Till he squares his account with the last of  
"The Boys."

### FOR CLASS MEETING

1875

It is a pity and a shame — alas ! alas ! I  
know it is,  
To tread the trodden grapes again, but so  
it has been, so it is;  
The purple vintage long is past, with  
ripened clusters bursting so  
They filled the wine-vats to the brim, —  
't is strange you will be thirsting so !

Too well our faithful memory tells what  
might be rhymed or sung about,  
For all have sighed and some have wept  
since last year's snows were flung  
about;  
The beacon flame that fired the sky, the  
modest ray that gladdened us,  
A little breath has quenched their light, and  
deepening shades have saddened us.

No more our brother's life is ours for cheer-  
ing or for grieving us,  
One only sadness they bequeathed, the sor-  
row of their leaving us;  
Farewell ! Farewell ! — I turn the leaf I  
read my chiming measure in;  
Who knows but something still is there a  
friend may find a pleasure in ?

For who can tell by what he likes what other  
people's fancies are ?  
How all men think the best of wives their  
own particular Nancies are ?  
If what I say you brings a smile, you will  
not stop to catechise,  
Nor read Bœotia's lumbering line with  
nicely scanning Attic eyes.

Perhaps the alabaster box that Mary broke  
so lovingly,  
While Judas looked so sternly on, the Mas-  
ter so approvingly,  
Was not so fairly wrought as those that  
Pilate's wife and daughters had,  
Or many a dame of Judah's line that drank  
of Jordan's waters had.

Perhaps the balm that cost so dear, as some  
remarked officiously,  
The precious nard that filled the room with  
fragrance so deliciously,  
So oft recalled in storied page and sung in  
verse melodious,  
The dancing girl had thought too cheap, —  
that daughter of Herodias.

Where now are all the mighty deeds that  
Herod boasted loudest of ?  
Where now the flashing jewelry the te-  
trarch's wife was proudest of ?  
Yet still to hear how Mary loved, all tribes  
of men are listening,  
And still the sinful woman's tears like stars  
in heaven are glistening.

'T is not the gift our hands have brought,  
the love it is we bring with it, —  
The minstrel's lips may shape the song, his  
heart in tune must sing with it;  
And so we love the simple lays, and wish  
we might have more of them,  
Our poet brothers sing for us, — there must  
be half a score of them.

It may be that of fame and name our voices  
once were emulous, —  
With deeper thoughts, with tenderer throbs  
their softening tones are tremu-  
lous;  
The dead seem listening as of old, ere  
friendship was bereft of them;  
The living wear a kinder smile, the remnant  
that is left of them.

Though on the once unfurrowed brows the  
harrow-teeth of Time may show,  
Though all the strain of crippling years the  
halting feet of rhyme may show,  
We look and hear with melting hearts, for  
what we all remember is  
The morn of Spring, nor heed how chill the  
sky of gray November is.

Thanks to the gracious powers above from  
all mankind that singled us,  
And dropped the pearl of friendship in the  
cup they kindly mingled us,  
And bound us in a wreath of flowers with  
hoops of steel knit under it; —  
Nor time, nor space, nor chance, nor change,  
nor death himself shall sunder it !

“AD AMICOS”

1876

“Dumque virent genua  
Et decet, obducta solvatur fonte senectus.”

The muse of boyhood's fervid hour  
Grows tame as skies get chill and hazy;  
Where once she sought a passion-flower,  
She only hopes to find a daisy.  
Well, who the changing world bewails?  
Who asks to have it stay unaltered?  
Shall grown-up kittens chase their tails?  
Shall colts be never shod or haltered?

Are we “The Boys” that used to make  
The tables ring with noisy follies?  
Whose deep-lunged laughter oft would  
shake  
The ceiling with its thunder-volleys?  
Are we the youths with lips unshorn,  
At beauty's feet unwrinkled suitors,  
Whose memories reach tradition's morn, —  
The days of prehistoric tutors?

“The Boys” we knew, — but who are  
these  
Whose heads might serve for Plutarch's  
sages,

Or Fox's martyrs, if you please,  
Or hermits of the dismal ages?

“The Boys” we knew — can these be  
those?  
Their cheeks with morning's blush were  
painted; —

Where are the Harrys, Jims, and Joes  
With whom we once were well ac-  
quainted?

If we are they, we're not the same;  
If they are we, why then they're mask-  
ing;

Do tell us, neighbor What's-your-name,  
Who are you? — What's the use of  
asking?

You once were George, or Bill, or Ben;  
There's you, yourself — there's you,  
that other —

I know you now — I knew you then —  
You used to be your younger brother!

You both are all our own to-day, —  
But ah! I hear a warning whisper;  
Yon roseate hour that flits away  
Repeats the Roman's sad *paulisper*.

Come back! come back! we've need of  
you

To pay you for your word of warning;  
We'll bathe your wings in brighter dew  
Than ever wet the lids of morning!

Behold this eup; its mystic wine  
No alien's lip has ever tasted;  
The blood of friendship's clinging vine,  
Still flowing, flowing, yet unwasted:  
Old Time forgot his running sand  
And laid his hour-glass down to fill it,  
And Death himself with gentle hand  
Has touched the chalice, not to spill it.

Each bubble rounding at the brim  
Is rainbowed with its magic story;  
The shining days with age grown dim  
Are dressed again in robes of glory;  
In all its freshness spring returns  
With song of birds and blossoms tender;  
Once more the torch of passion burns,  
And youth is here in all its splendor!

Hope swings her anchor like a toy,  
Love laughs and shows the silver arrow  
We knew so well as man and boy, —  
The shaft that stings through bone and  
marrow;

Again our kindling pulses beat,  
With tangled curls our fingers dally,  
And bygone beauties smile as sweet  
As fresh-blown lilies of the valley.

O blessed hour! we may forget  
Its wreaths, its rhymes, its songs, its  
laughter,

But not the loving eyes we met,  
Whose light shall gild the dim hereafter.  
How every heart to each grows warm!  
Is one in sunshine's ray? We share it.  
Is one in sorrow's blinding storm?  
A look, a word, shall help him bear it.

“The Boys” we were, “The Boys” we'll  
be

As long as three, as two, are creeping;  
Then here's to him — ah! which is he? —  
Who lives till all the rest are sleeping;  
A life with tranquil comfort blest,  
The young man's health, the rich man's  
plenty,  
All earth can give that earth has best,  
And heaven at fourseore years and  
twenty.

## HOW NOT TO SETTLE IT

1877

I LIKE, at times, to hear the steeples'  
chimes  
With sober thoughts impressively that  
mingle;  
But sometimes, too, I rather like — don't  
you? —  
To hear the music of the sleigh bells'  
jingle.

I like full well the deep resounding swell  
Of mighty symphonies with chords in-  
woven;  
But sometimes, too, a song of Burns —  
don't you?  
After a solemn storm-blast of Beetho-  
ven.

Good to the heels the well-worn slipper  
feels  
When the tired player shuffles off the  
buskin;  
A page of Hood may do a fellow good  
After a scolding from Carlyle or Ruskin.

Some works I find, — say Watts upon the  
Mind, —  
No matter though at first they seemed  
amusing,  
Not quite the same, but just a little tame  
After some five or six times' reperusing.

So, too, at times when melancholy rhymes  
Or solemn speeches sober down a dinner,  
I've seen it's true, quite often, — have n't  
you? —  
The best-fed guests perceptibly grow  
thinner.

Better some jest (in proper terms ex-  
pressed)  
Or story (strictly moral) even if musty,  
Or song we sung when these old throats  
were young, —  
Something to keep our souls from get-  
ting rusty.

The poorest scrap from memory's ragged  
lap  
Comes like an heirloom from a dear  
dead mother —

Hush! there's a tear that has no business  
here,  
A half-formed sigh that ere its birth we  
smother.

We cry, we laugh; ah, life is half and half,  
Now bright and joyous as a song of  
Herriek's,  
Then chill and bare as funeral-minded  
Blair;  
As fickle as a female in hysterics.

If I could make you cry I would n't try;  
If you have hidden smiles I'd like to  
find them,  
And that although, as well I ought to  
know,  
The lips of laughter have a skull behind  
them.

Yet when I think we may be on the brink  
Of having Freedom's banner to dispose  
of,  
All crimson-hued, because the Nation  
would  
Insist on cutting its own precious nose  
off,

I feel indeed as if we rather need  
A sermon such as preachers tie a text  
on.  
If Freedom dies because a ballot lies,  
She earns her grave; 't is time to call the  
sexton!

But if a fight can make the matter right,  
Here are we, classmates, thirty men of  
mettle;  
We're strong and tough, we've lived nigh  
long enough, —  
What if the Nation gave it us to settle?

The tale would read like that illustrious  
deed  
When Curtius took the leap the gap  
that filled in,  
Thus: "Fivescore years, good friends, as  
it appears,  
At last this people split on Hayes and  
Tilden.

"One half cried, 'See! the choice is S. J.  
T.!'  
And one half swore as stoutly it was 't  
other;

Both drew the knife to save the Nation's  
life

By wholesale vivisection of each other.

"Then rose in mass that monumental  
Class, —

'Hold! hold!' they cried, 'give us,  
give us the daggers!'

'Content! content!' exclaimed with one  
consent

The gaunt ex-rebels and the carpet-bag-  
gers.

"Fifteen each side, the combatants divide,  
So nicely balanced are their predilections;

And first of all a tear-drop each lets fall,  
A tribute to their obsolete affections.

"Man facing man, the sanguine strife be-  
gan,

Jack, Jim and Joe against Tom, Dick  
and Harry,

Each several pair its own account to  
square,

Till both were down or one stood soli-  
tary.

"And the great fight raged furious all the  
night

Till every integer was made a fraction;

Reader, wouldst know what history has to  
show

As net result of the above transaction?

"Whole coat-tails, four; stray fragments,  
several score;

A heap of spectacles; a deaf man's trump-  
pet;

Six lawyers' briefs; seven pocket-handker-  
chiefs;

Twelve canes wherewith the owners used  
to stump it;

"Odd rubber-shoes; old gloves of different  
hues;

Tax-bills, — unpaid, — and several empty  
purses;

And, saved from harm by some protecting  
charm,

A printed page with Smith's immortal  
verses;

"Trifles that claim no very special name, —  
Some useful, others chiefly ornamental;

Pins, buttons, rings, and other trivial things,  
With various wrecks, capillary and dental.

"Also, one flag, — 't was nothing but a rag,  
And what device it bore it little matters;

Red, white, and blue, but rent all through  
and through,

'Union forever' torn to shreds and tat-  
ters.

"They fought so well not one was left to  
tell

Which got the largest share of cuts and  
slashes;

When heroes meet, both sides are bound to  
beat;

They telescoped like cars in railroad  
smashes.

"So the great split that baffled human wit  
And might have cost the lives of twenty

millions,

As all may see that know the rule of three,  
Was settled just as well by these civilians.

"As well. Just so. Not worse, not better.  
No,

Next morning found the Nation still  
divided;

Since all were slain, the inference is plain

'They left the point they fought for un-  
decided.'

If not quite true, as I have told it you, —

This tale of mutual extermination,

To minds perplexed with threats of what  
comes next,

Perhaps may furnish food for contem-  
plation.

To cut men's throats to help them count  
their votes

Is asinine — nay, worse — ascidian folly;  
Blindness like that would sear the mole

and bat,

And make the liveliest monkey melan-  
choly.

I say once more, as I have said before,

If voting for our Tildens and our Hayeses

Means only fight, then, Liberty, good night!  
Pack up your ballot-box and go to blazes!

Unfurl your blood-red flags, you murderous  
hags,  
You *pétroleuses* of Paris, fierce and foamy;  
We'll sell our stock in Plymouth's blasted  
rock,  
Pull up our stakes and migrate to Daho-  
mey!

## THE LAST SURVIVOR

1878

YES! the vacant chairs tell sadly we are  
going, going fast,  
And the thought comes strangely o'er me,  
who will live to be the last?  
When the twentieth century's sunbeams  
climb the far-off eastern hill,  
With his ninety winters burdened, will he  
greet the morning still?

Will he stand with Harvard's nurslings  
when they hear their mother's call  
And the old and young are gathered in the  
many alcoved hall?  
Will he answer to the summons when they  
range themselves in line  
And the young mustachioed marshal calls  
out "Class of '29"?

Methinks I see the column as its lengthened  
ranks appear  
In the sunshine of the morrow of the nine-  
teen hundredth year;  
Through the yard 't is creeping, winding,  
by the walls of dusky red,—  
What shape is that which totters at the long  
procession's head?

Who knows this ancient graduate of four-  
score years and ten,—  
What place he held, what name he bore  
among the sons of men?  
So speeds the curious question; its answer  
travels slow;  
" 'T is the last of sixty classmates of  
seventy years ago."

His figure shows but dimly, his face I  
scarce can see,—  
There's something that reminds me,— it  
looks like — is it he?

He? Who? No voice may whisper what  
wrinkled brow shall claim  
The wreath of stars that circles our last  
survivor's name.

Will he be some veteran minstrel, left to  
pipe in feeble rhyme  
All the stories and the glories of our gay  
and golden time?  
Or some quiet, voiceless brother in whose  
lonely, loving breast  
Fond memory broods in silence, like a dove  
upon her nest?

Will it be some old *Emeritus*, who taught  
so long ago  
The boys that heard him lecture have  
heads as white as snow?  
Or a pious, painful preacher, holding forth  
from year to year  
Till his colleague got a colleague whom the  
young folks flocked to hear?

Will it be a rich old merchant in a square-  
tied white cravat,  
Or selectman of a village in a pre-historic  
hat?  
Will his dwelling be a mansion in a marble-  
fronted row,  
Or a homestead by a hillside where the  
huckleberries grow?

I can see our one survivor, sitting lonely by  
himself,—  
All his college text-books round him,  
ranged in order on their shelf;  
There are classic "interliners" filled with  
learning's choicest pith,  
Each *cum notis variorum, quas recensuit doctus*  
Smith;

Physics, metaphysics, logic, mathematics —  
all the lot  
Every wisdom-crammed octavo he has  
mastered and forgot,  
With the ghosts of dead professors stand-  
ing guard beside them all;  
And the room is full of shadows which  
their lettered backs recall.

How the past spreads out in vision with its  
far receding train,  
Like a long embroidered arras in the cham-  
bers of the brain,

From opening manhood's morning when  
first we learned to grieve  
To the fond regretful moments of our sor-  
row-saddened eve !

What early shadows darkened our idle  
summer's joy  
When death snatched roughly from us that  
lovely bright-eyed boy !  
The years move swiftly onwards ; the  
deadly shafts fall fast, —  
Till all have dropped around him — lo,  
there he stands, — the last !

Their faces flit before him, some rosy-hued  
and fair,  
Some strong in iron manhood, some worn  
with toil and care ;  
Their smiles no more shall greet him on  
cheeks with pleasure flushed !  
The friendly hands are folded, the pleasant  
voices hushed !

My picture sets me dreaming ; alas ! and  
can it be  
Those two familiar faces we never more  
may see ?  
In every entering footfall I think them  
drawing near,  
With every door that opens I say, " At  
last they 're here ! "

The willow bends unbroken when angry  
tempests blow,  
The stately oak is levelled and all its  
strength laid low ;  
So fell that tower of manhood, undaunted,  
patient, strong,  
White with the gathering snowflakes, who  
faced the storm so long.

And he, — what subtle phrases their vary-  
ing light must blend  
To paint as each remembers our many-  
featured friend !  
His wit a flash auroral that laughed in  
every look,  
His talk a sunbeam broken on the ripples  
of a brook,

Or, fed from thousand sources, a fountain's  
glittering jet,  
Or careless handfuls scattered of diamond  
sparks unset ;

Ah, sketch him, paint him, mould him in  
every shape you will,  
He was *himself* — the only — the one un-  
pictured still !

Farewell ! our skies are darkened and yet  
the stars will shine,  
We 'll close our ranks together and still  
fall into line  
Till one is left, one only, to mourn for all  
the rest ;  
And Heaven bequeath their memories to  
him who loves us best !

## THE ARCHBISHOP AND GIL BLAS

A MODERNIZED VERSION

1879

I DON'T think I feel much older ; I 'm  
aware I 'm rather gray,  
But so are many young folks ; I meet 'em  
every day.

I confess I 'm more particular in what I  
eat and drink,  
But one's taste improves with culture ;  
that is all it means, I think.

*Can you read as once you used to ?* Well,  
the printing is so bad,  
No young folks' eyes can read it like the  
books that once we had.

*Are you quite as quick of hearing ?* Please  
to say that once again.

*Don't I use plain words, your Reverence ?*  
Yes, I often use a cane,

But it 's not because I need it, — no. I al-  
ways liked a stick ;  
And as one might lean upon it, 't is as well  
it should be thick.

Oh, I 'm smart, I 'm spry, I 'm lively, —  
I can walk, yes, that I can,  
On the days I feel like walking, just as  
well as you, young man !

*Don't you get a little sleepy after dinner every  
day ?*

Well, I doze a little, sometimes, but that  
always was my way.

*Don't you cry a little easier than some twenty years ago?*

Well, my heart is very tender, but I think 't was always so.

*Don't you find it sometimes happens that you can't recall a name?*

Yes, I know such lots of people, — but my memory 's not to blame.

What! You think my memory 's failing! Why, it 's just as bright and clear, —

I remember my great-grandma! She 's been dead these sixty year!

*Is your voice a little trembly?* Well, it may be, now and then,

But I write as well as ever with a good old-fashioned pen;

It 's the Gillotts make the trouble, — not at all my finger-ends, —

That is why my hand looks shaky when I sign for dividends.

*Don't you stoop a little, walking?* It 's a way I 've always had,

I have always been round-shouldered, ever since I was a lad.

*Don't you hate to tie your shoe-strings?* Yes, I own it — that is true.

*Don't you tell old stories over?* I am not aware I do.

*Don't you stay at home of evenings?* Don't you love a cushioned seat

In a corner, by the fireside, with your slippers on your feet?

*Don't you wear warm fleecy flannels?* Don't you muffle up your throat?

*Don't you like to have one help you when you 're putting on your coat?*

*Don't you like old books you 've dogs-eared,* you can't remember when?

*Don't you call it late at nine o'clock and go to bed at ten?*

*How many cronies can you count of all you used to know*

*Who called you by your Christian name some fifty years ago?*

*How look the prizes to you that used to fire your brain?*

*You 've reared your mound — how high is it above the level plain?*

*You 've drained the brimming golden cup that made your fancy reel,*  
*You 've slept the giddy potion off, — now tell us how you feel!*

*You 've watched the harvest ripening till every stem was cropped,*

*You 've seen the rose of beauty fade till every petal dropped,*

*You 've told your thought, you 've done your task, you 've tracked your dial round,*

— I backing down! Thank Heaven, not yet! I 'm hale and brisk and sound,

And good for many a tussle, as you shall live to see;

My shoes are not quite ready yet, — don't think you 're rid of me!

Old Parr was in his lusty prime when he was older far,

And where will you be if I live to beat old Thomas Parr?

*Ah well, — I know, — at every age life has a certain charm, —*

*You 're going? Come, permit me, please, I beg you 'll take my arm.*

I take your arm! Why take your arm? I 'd thank you to be told

I 'm old enough to walk alone, but not so very old!

## THE SHADOWS

1880

“How many have gone?” was the question of old

Ere Time our bright ring of its jewels bereft;

Alas! for too often the death-bell has tolled,

And the question we ask is, “How many are left?”

Bright sparkled the wine; there were *fifty* that quaffed;

For a decade had slipped and had taken but three.

How they frolicked and sung, how they shouted and laughed,

Like a school full of boys from their benches set free!



There were speeches and toasts, there were  
stories and rhymes,

The hall shook its sides with their mer-  
riment's noise;

As they talked and lived over the college-  
day times, —

No wonder they kept their old name of  
"The Boys"!

The seasons moved on in their rhythmical  
flow

With mornings like maidens that pouted  
or smiled,

With the bud and the leaf and the fruit  
and the snow,

And the year-books of Time in his al-  
coves were piled.

There were *forty* that gathered where fifty  
had met;

Some locks had got silvered, some lives  
had grown serene,

But the laugh of the laughers was lusty as  
yet,

And the song of the singers rose ringing  
and clear.

Still flitted the years; there were *thirty*  
that came;

"The Boys" they were still, and they  
answered their call;

There were foreheads of care, but the  
smiles were the same,

And the chorus rang loud through the  
garlanded hall.

The hour-hand moved on, and they  
gathered again;

There were *twenty* that joined in the  
hymn that was sung;

But ah! for our song-bird we listened in  
vain, —

The crystalline tones like a seraph's that  
rang!

How narrow the circle that holds us to-  
night!

How many the loved ones that greet us  
no more,

As we meet like the stragglers that come  
from the fight,

Like the mariners flung from a wreck on  
the shore!

We look through the twilight for those we  
have lost;

The stream rolls between us, and yet  
they seem near;

Already outnumbered by those who have  
crossed,

Our band is transplanted, its home is not  
here!

They smile on us still — is it only a  
dream? —

While fondly or proudly their names we  
recall;

They beckon — they come — they are  
crossing the stream —

Lo! the Shadows! the Shadows! room  
— room for them all!

BENJAMIN PEIRCE

ASTRONOMER, MATHEMATICIAN

1809-1880

1881

For him the Architect of all  
Unroofed our planet's starlit hail;  
Through voids unknown to worlds unseen  
His clearer vision rose serene.

With us on earth he walked by day,  
His midnight path how far away!  
We knew him not so well who knew  
The patient eyes his soul looked through;

For who his untrod realm could share  
Of us that breathe this mortal air,  
Or camp in that celestial tent  
Whose fringes gild our firmament?

How vast the workroom where he brought  
The viewless implements of thought!  
The wit how subtle, how profound,  
That Nature's tangled webs unwound;

That through the clouded matrix saw  
The crystal planes of shaping law,  
Through these the sovereign skill that  
planned, —  
The Father's care, the Master's hand!

To him the wandering stars revealed  
The secrets in their cradle sealed:

The far-off, frozen sphere that swings  
Through ether, zoned with lucid rings;

The orb that rolls in dim eclipse  
Wide wheeling round its long ellipse, —  
His name Urania writes with these  
And stamps it on her Pleiades.

We knew him not? Ah, well we knew  
The manly soul, so brave, so true,  
The cheerful heart that conquered age,  
The childlike silver-bearded sage.

No more his tireless thought explores  
The azure sea with golden shores;  
Rest, wearied frame! the stars shall keep  
A loving watch where thou shalt sleep.

Farewell! the spirit needs must rise,  
So long a tenant of the skies, —  
Rise to that home all worlds above  
Whose sun is God, whose light is love.

#### IN THE TWILIGHT

1882

NOT bed-time yet! The night-winds blow,  
The stars are out, — full well we know

The nurse is on the stair,  
With hand of ice and cheek of snow,  
And frozen lips that whisper low,  
“Come, children, it is time to go  
My peaceful couch to share.”

No years a wakeful heart can tire;  
Not bed-time yet! Come, stir the fire  
And warm your dear old hands;  
Kind Mother Earth we love so well  
Has pleasant stories yet to tell  
Before we hear the curfew bell;  
Still glow the burning brands.

Not bed-time yet! We long to know  
What wonders time has yet to show,  
What unborn years shall bring;  
What ship the Arctic pole shall reach,  
What lessons Science waits to teach,  
What sermons there are left to preach,  
What poems yet to sing.

What next? we ask; and is it true  
The sunshine falls on nothing new,  
As Israel's king declared?

Was ocean ploughed with harnessed fire?  
Were nations coupled with a wire?  
Did Tarshish telegraph to Tyre?  
How Hiram would have stared!

And what if Sheba's curious queen,  
Who came to see, — and to be seen, —  
Or something new to seek,  
And swooned, as ladies sometimes do,  
At sights that thrilled her through and  
through,  
Had heard, as she was “coming to,”  
A locomotive's shriek,

And seen a rushing railway train  
As she looked out along the plain  
From David's lofty tower, —  
A mile of smoke that blots the sky  
And blinds the eagles as they fly  
Behind the cars that thunder by  
A score of leagues an hour!

See to my *fiat lux* respond  
This little slumbering fire-tipped wand, —  
One touch, — it bursts in flame!  
Steal me a portrait from the sun, —  
One look, — and lo! the picture done!  
Are these old tricks, King Solomon,  
We lying moderns claim?

Could you have spectroscoped a star?  
If both those mothers at your bar,  
The cruel and the mild,  
The young and tender, old and tough,  
Had said, “Divide, — you're right, though  
rough,” —  
Did old Judea know enough  
To etherize the child?

These births of time our eyes have seen,  
With but a few brief years between;  
What wonder if the text,  
For other ages doubtless true,  
For coming years will never do, —  
Whereof we all should like a few,  
If but to see what next.

If such things have been, such may be;  
Who would not like to live and see —  
If Heaven may so ordain —  
What waifs undreamed of, yet in store,  
The waves that roll forevermore  
On life's long beach may cast ashore  
From out the mist-clad main?

Will Earth to pagan dreams return  
 To find from misery's painted urn  
 That all save hope has flown, —  
 Of Book and Church and Priest bereft,  
 The Rock of Ages vainly cleft,  
 Life's compass gone, its anchor left,  
 Left, — lost, — in depths unknown ?

Shall Faith the trodden path pursue  
 The *crux ansata* wearers knew  
 Who sleep with folded hands,  
 Where, like a naked, lidless eye,  
 The staring Nile rolls wandering by  
 Those mountain slopes that climb the sky  
 Above the drifting sands ?

Or shall a nobler Faith return,  
 Its fanes a purer gospel learn,  
 With holier anthems ring,  
 And teach us that our transient creeds  
 Were but the perishable seeds  
 Of harvests sown for larger needs,  
 That ripening years shall bring ?

Well, let the present do its best,  
 We trust our Maker for the rest,  
 As on our way we plod;  
 Our souls, full dressed in fleshly suits,  
 Love air and sunshine, flowers and fruits,  
 The daisies better than their roots  
 Beneath the grassy sod.

Not bed-time yet ! The full-blown flower  
 Of all the year — this evening hour —  
 With friendship's flame is bright;  
 Life still is sweet, the heavens are fair,  
 Though fields are brown and woods are  
 bare,

And many a joy is left to share  
 Before we say Good-night !

And when, our cheerful evening past,  
 The nurse, long waiting, comes at last,  
 Ere on her lap we lie  
 In wearied nature's sweet repose,  
 At peace with all her waking foes,  
 Our lips shall murmur, ere they close,  
 Good-night ! and not Good-by !

## A LOVING-CUP SONG

1883

COME, heap the fagots ! Ere we go  
 Again the cheerful hearth shall glow ;

We'll have another blaze, my boys !  
 When clouds are black and snows are  
 white,  
 Then Christmas logs lend ruddy light  
 They stole from summer days, my boys,  
 They stole from summer days.

And let the Loving-Cup go round,  
 The Cup with blessed memories crowned,  
 That flows whene'er we meet, my boys ;  
 No draught will hold a drop of sin  
 If love is only well stirred in  
 To keep it sound and sweet, my boys,  
 To keep it sound and sweet.

Give me, to pin upon my breast,  
 The blossoms twain I love the best,  
 A rosebud and a pink, my boys ;  
 Their leaves shall nestle next my heart,  
 Their perfumed breath shall own its part  
 In every health we drink, my boys,  
 In every health we drink.

The breathing blossoms stir my blood,  
 Methinks I see the lilacs bud  
 And hear the bluebirds sing, my boys ;  
 Why not ? Yon lusty oak has seen  
 Fall teencore years, yet leaflets green  
 Peep out with every spring, my boys,  
 Peep out with every spring.

Old Time his rusty scythe may whet,  
 The unmowed grass is glowing yet  
 Beneath the sheltering snow, my boys ;  
 And if the crazy dotard ask,  
 Is love worn out ? Is life a task ?  
 We'll bravely answer No ! my boys,  
 We'll bravely answer No !

For life's bright taper is the same  
 Love tipped of old with rosy flame  
 That heaven's own altar lent, my boys,  
 To glow in every cup we fill  
 Till lips are mute and hearts are still,  
 Till life and love are spent, my boys,  
 Till life and love are spent.

## THE GIRDLE OF FRIENDSHIP

1884

SHE gathered at her slender waist  
 The beauteous robe she wore ;  
 It folds a golden belt embraced,  
 One rose-hued gem it bore.

The girdle shrank; its lessening round  
Still kept the shining gem,  
But now her flowing locks it bound,  
A lustrous diadem.

And narrower still the circlet grew;  
Behold! a glittering band,  
Its roseate diamond set anew,  
Her neck's white column spanned.

Suns rise and set; the straining clasp  
The shortened links resist,  
Yet flashes in a bracelet's grasp  
The diamond, on her wrist.

At length, the round of changes past  
The thieving years could bring,  
The jewel, glittering to the last,  
Still sparkles in a ring.

So, link by link, our friendships part,  
So loosen, break, and fall,  
A narrowing zone; the loving heart  
Lives changeless through them all.

### THE LYRE OF ANACREON

1885

THE minstrel of the classic lay  
Of love and wine who sings  
Still found the fingers run astray  
That touched the rebel strings.

Of Cadmus he would fain have sung,  
Of Atreus and his line;  
But all the jocund echoes rung  
With songs of love and wine.

Ah, brothers! I would fain have caught  
Some fresher fancy's gleam;  
My truant accents find, unsought,  
The old familiar theme.

Love, Love! but not the sportive child  
With shaft and twanging bow,  
Whose random arrows drove us wild  
Some threescore years ago;

Not Eros, with his joyous laugh,  
The urchin blind and bare,  
But Love, with spectacles and staff,  
And scanty, silvered hair.

Our heads with frosted locks are white,  
Our roofs are thatched with snow,  
But red, in chilling winter's spite,  
Our hearts and hearthstones glow.

Our old acquaintance, Time, drops in,  
And while the running sands  
Their golden thread unheeded spin,  
He warms his frozen hands.

Stay, wingèd hours, too swift, too sweet,  
And waft this message o'er  
To all we miss, from all we meet  
On life's fast-crumbling shore:

Say that, to old affection true,  
We hug the narrowing chain  
That binds our hearts, — alas, how few  
The links that yet remain!

The fatal touch awaits them all  
That turns the rocks to dust;  
From year to year they break and fall, —  
They break, but never rust.

Say if one note of happier strain  
This worn-out harp afford, —  
One throb that trembles, not in vain, —  
Their memory lent its chord.

Say that when Fancy closed her wings  
And Passion quenched his fire,  
Love, Love, still echoed from the strings  
As from Anacreon's lyre!

### THE OLD TUNE

#### THIRTY-SIXTH VARIATION

1886

THIS shred of song you bid me bring  
Is snatched from fancy's embers;  
Ah, when the lips forget to sing,  
The faithful heart remembers!

Too swift the wings of envious Time  
To wait for dallying phrases,  
Or woven strands of labored rhyme  
To thread their cunning mazes.

A word, a sigh, and lo, how plain  
Its magic breath discloses  
Our life's long vista through a lane  
Of threescore summers' roses!

One language years alone can teach:  
Its roots are young affections  
That feel their way to simplest speech  
Through silent recollections.

That tongue is ours. How few the words  
We need to know a brother!  
As simple are the notes of birds,  
Yet well they know each other.

This freezing month of ice and snow  
That brings our lives together  
Lends to our year a living glow  
That warms its wintry weather.

So let us meet as eve draws nigh,  
And life matures and mellows,  
Till Nature whispers with a sigh,  
"Good-night, my dear old fellows!"

## THE BROKEN CIRCLE

1887

[What is half a century to a place like Stonehenge? Nothing dwarfs an individual life like one of these massive, almost unchanging monuments of an antiquity which refuses to be measured. . . . The broken circle of stones, some in their original position, some bending over like old men, some lying prostrate, suggested the thoughts which took form in the following verses. *Our Hundred Days in Europe*, pp. 110, 111.]

I stood on Sarum's treeless plain,  
The waste that careless Nature owns;  
Lone tenants of her bleak domain,  
Loomed huge and gray the Druid stones.

Upheaved in many a billowy mound  
The sea-like, naked turf arose,  
Where wandering flocks went nibbling  
round  
The mingled graves of friends and foes.

The Briton, Roman, Saxon, Dane,  
This windy desert roamed in turn;  
Unmoved these mighty blocks remain  
Whose story none that lives may learn.

Erect, half buried, slant or prone,  
These awful listeners, blind and dumb,  
Hear the strange tongues of tribes unknown,  
As wave on wave they go and come.

"Who are you, giants, whence and why?"  
I stand and ask in blank amaze;  
My soul accepts their mute reply:  
"A mystery, as are you that gaze.

"A silent Orpheus wrought the charm  
From riven rocks their spoils to bring;  
A nameless Titan lent his arm  
To range us in our magic ring.

"But Time with still and stealthy stride,  
That climbs and treads and levels all,  
That bids the loosening keystone slide,  
And topples down the crumbling wall, —

"Time, that unbuilds the quarried past,  
Leans on these wrecks that press the  
sod;  
They slant, they stoop, they fall at last,  
And strew the turf their priests have  
trod.

"No more our altar's wreath of smoke  
Floats up with morning's fragrant dew;  
The fires are dead, the ring is broke,  
Where stood the many stand the few."

My thoughts had wandered far away,  
Borne off on Memory's outspread wing,  
To where in deepening twilight lay  
The wrecks of friendship's broken ring.

Ah me! of all our goodly train  
How few will find our banquet hall!  
Yet why with coward lips complain  
That this must lean, and that must fall?

Cold is the Druid's altar-stone,  
Its vanished flame no more returns;  
But ours no chilling damp has known, —  
Unchanged, unchanging, still it burns.

So let our broken circle stand  
A wreck, a remnant, yet the same,  
While one last, loving, faithful hand  
Still lives to feed its altar-flame!

## THE ANGEL-THIEF

1888

TIME is a thief who leaves his tools behind  
him;  
He comes by night, he vanishes at dawn;

We track his footsteps, but we never find  
him:

Strong locks are broken, massive bolts  
are drawn,

And all around are left the bars and borers,  
The splitting wedges and the prying  
keys,

Such aids as serve the soft-shod vault-ex-  
plorers  
To crack, wrench open, rifle as they  
please.

Ah, these are tools which Heaven in mercy  
lends us!

When gathering rust has clenched our  
shackles fast,

Time is the angel-thief that Nature sends us  
To break the cramping fetters of our  
past.

Mourn as we may for treasures he has  
taken,

Poor as we feel of hoarded wealth bereft,  
More precious are those implements for-  
saken,

Found in the wreck his ruthless hands  
have left.

Some lever that a casket's hinge has  
broken

Pries off a bolt, and lo! our souls are  
free;

Each year some Open Sesame is spoken,  
And every decade drops its master-key.

So as from year to year we count our-treas-  
ure,

Our loss seems less, and larger look our  
gains;

Time's wrongs repaid in more than even  
measure,—

We lose our jewels, but we break our  
chains.

#### AFTER THE CURFEW

1889

[The only remaining meeting of the class at  
Parker's was in 1890, three present. There  
was no poem.]

THE Play is over. While the light  
Yet lingers in the darkening hall,

I come to say a last Good-night  
Before the final *Exeunt all*.

We gathered once, a joyous throng:  
The jovial toasts went gayly round;  
With jest, and laugh, and shout, and song,  
We made the floors and walls resound.

We come with feeble steps and slow,  
A little band of four or five,  
Left from the wrecks of long ago,  
Still pleased to find ourselves alive.

Alive! How living, too, are they  
Whose memories it is ours to share!  
Spread the long table's full array,—  
There sits a ghost in every chair!

One breathing form no more, alas!  
Amid our slender group we see;  
With him we still remained "The Class,"—  
Without his presence what are we?

The hand we ever loved to clasp,—  
That tireless hand which knew no rest,—  
Loosed from affection's clinging grasp,  
Lies nerveless on the peaceful breast.

The beaming eye, the cheering voice,  
That lent to life a generous glow,  
Whose every meaning said "Rejoice,"  
We see, we hear, no more below.

The air seems darkened by his loss,  
Earth's shadowed features look less fair,  
And heavier weighs the daily cross  
His willing shoulders helped us bear.

Why mourn that we, the favored few  
Whom grasping Time so long has spared  
Life's sweet illusions to pursue,  
The common lot of age have shared?

In every pulse of Friendship's heart  
There breeds unfelt a throb of pain,—  
One hour must rend its links apart,  
Though years on years have forged the  
chain.

So ends "The Boys,"—a lifelong play.  
We too must hear the Prompter's call  
To fairer scenes and brighter day:  
Farewell! I let the curtain fall.

And lapped in Orient seas,  
When all their feathery palms toss, plume-  
like, in the breeze.

Come to me!—thou shalt feed on honeyed  
words,

Sweeter than song of birds;—  
No wailing bulbul's throat,  
No melting dulcimer's melodious note  
When o'er the midnight wave its murmurs  
float,

Thy ravished sense might soothe  
With flow so liquid-soft, with strain so vel-  
vet smooth.

Thou shalt be decked with jewels, like a  
queen,

Sought in those bowers of green  
Where loop the clustered vines  
And the close-clinging duleamara twines,—  
Pure pearls of Maydew where the moon-  
light shines,

And Summer's fruited gems,  
And coral pendants shorn from Autumn's  
berried stems.

Sit by me drifting on the sleepy waves,—  
Or stretched by grass-grown graves,  
Whose gray, high-shouldered stones,  
Carved with old names Life's time-worn  
roll disowns,

Lean, lichen-spotted, o'er the crumbled  
bones

Still slumbering where they lay  
While the sad Pilgrim watched to seare  
the wolf away.

Spread o'er my couch thy visionary wing!

Still let me dream and sing,—  
Dream of that winding shore  
Where scarlet cardinals bloom—for me  
no more,—

The stream with heaven beneath its liquid  
floor,

And clustering nenuphars  
Sprinkling its mirrored blue like golden-  
chaliced stars!

Come while their balms the linden-blos-  
soms shed!—

Come while the rose is red,—  
While blue-eyed Summer smiles  
On the green ripples round yon sunken  
piles

Washed by the moon-wave warm from In-  
dian isles,

And on the sultry air  
The chestnuts spread their palms like holy  
men in prayer!

Oh for thy burning lips to fire my brain  
With thrills of wild, sweet pain!—

On life's autumnal blast,  
Like shrivelled leaves, youth's passion-  
flowers are cast,—

Once loving thee, we love thee to the  
last!—

Behold thy new-decked shrine,  
And hear once more the voice that breathed  
“Forever thine!”

## A PARTING HEALTH

TO J. L. MOTLEY

[Upon his return to England after the publi-  
cation of the *History of the Dutch Republic* in  
1857.]

Yes, we knew we must lose him,—though  
friendship may claim  
To blend her green leaves with the laurels  
of fame;

Though fondly, at parting, we call him our  
own,

'Tis the whisper of love when the bugle has  
blown.

As the rider that rests with the spur on his  
heel,

As the guardsman that sleeps in his corse-  
let of steel,

As the archer that stands with his shaft on  
the string,

He stoops from his toil to the garland we  
bring.

What pictures yet slumber unborn in his  
loom,

Till their warriors shall breathe and their  
beauties shall bloom,

While the tapestry lengthens the life-glow-  
ing dyes

That caught from our sunsets the stain of  
their skies!

In the alcoves of death, in the charnels of  
time,

Where flit the gaunt spectres of passion and  
crime,  
There are triumphs untold, there are mar-  
tyrs unsung,  
There are heroes yet silent to speak with  
his tongue !

Let us hear the proud story which time has  
bequeathed  
From lips that are warm with the freedom  
they breathed !  
Let him summon its tyrants, and tell us  
their doom,  
Though he sweep the black past like Van  
Tromp with his broom !

. . . . .  
The dream flashes by, for the west-winds  
awake  
On pampas, on prairie, o'er mountain and  
lake,  
To bathe the swift bark, like a sea-girdled  
shrine,  
With incense they stole from the rose and  
the pine.

So fill a bright cup with the sunlight that  
gushed  
When the dead summer's jewels were tram-  
pled and crushed:  
THE TRUE KNIGHT OF LEARNING, — the  
world holds him dear, —  
Love bless him, Joy crown him, God speed  
his career !

#### WHAT WE ALL THINK

I think few persons have a greater disgust  
for plagiarism than myself. If I had even sus-  
pected that the idea in question was borrowed,  
I should have disclaimed originality, or men-  
tioned the coincidence, as I once did in a case  
where I had happened to hit on an idea of  
Swift's. — But what shall I do with these verses  
I was going to read you? I am afraid that  
half mankind would accuse me of stealing their  
thoughts, if I printed them. I am convinced  
that several of you, especially if you are getting  
a little on in life, will recognize some of these  
sentiments as having passed through your con-  
sciousness at some time. I can't help it, — it  
is too late now. The verses are written, and  
you must have them.

THAT age was older once than now,  
In spite of locks untimely shed,

Or silvered on the youthful brow;  
That babes make love and children wed.

That sunshine had a heavenly glow,  
Which faded with those "good old days"  
When winters came with deeper snow,  
And autumns with a softer haze.

That — mother, sister, wife, or child —  
The "best of women" each has known.  
Were school-boys ever half so wild?  
How young the grandpapas have grown !

That *but for this* our souls were free,  
And *but for that* our lives were blest;  
That in some season yet to be  
Our cares will leave us time to rest.

Whene'er we groan with ache or pain, —  
Some common ailment of the race, —  
Though doctors think the matter plain, —  
That ours is "a peculiar case."

That when like babes with fingers burned  
We count one bitter maxim more,  
Our lesson all the world has learned,  
And men are wiser than before.

That when we sob o'er fancied woes,  
The angels hovering overhead  
Count every pitying drop that flows,  
And love us for the tears we shed.

That when we stand with tearless eye  
And turn the beggar from our door  
They still approve us when we sigh,  
"Ah, had I but *one thousand more!*"

Though temples crowd the crumbled brink  
O'erhanging truth's eternal flow,  
Their tablets bold with *what we think*,  
Their echoes dumb to *what we know*;

That one unquestioned text we read,  
All doubt beyond, all fear above,  
Nor crackling pile nor cursing creed  
Can burn or blot it: GOD IS LOVE !

#### SPRING HAS COME

INTRA MUROS

THE sunbeams, lost for half a year,  
Slant through my pane their morning  
rays;



For dry northwesterners cold and clear,  
The east blows in its thin blue haze.

And first the snowdrop's bells are seen,  
Then close against the sheltering wall  
The tulip's horn of dusky green,  
The peony's dark unfolding ball.

The golden-chaliced crocus burns;  
The long narcissus-blades appear;  
The cone-beaked hyacinth returns  
To light her blue-flamed chandelier.

The willow's whistling lashes, wrung  
By the wild winds of gusty March,  
With sallow leaflets lightly strung,  
Are swaying by the tufted larch.

The elms have robbed their slender spray  
With full-blown flower and embryo leaf;  
Wide o'er the clasping arch of day  
Soars like a cloud their hoary chief.

See the proud tulip's flaunting cup,  
That flames in glory for an hour, —  
Behold it withering, — then look up, —  
How meek the forest monarch's flower !

When wake the violets, Winter dies;  
When sprout the elm-buds, Spring is  
near;  
When lilacs blossom, Summer eries,  
"Bad, little roses ! Spring is here !"

The windows blush with fresh bouquets,  
Cut with their Maydew on the lips;  
The radish all its bloom displays,  
Pink as Aurora's finger-tips.

Nor less the flood of light that showers  
On beauty's changed corolla-shades, —  
The walks are gay as bridal bowers  
With rows of many-petalled maids.

The scarlet shell-fish eliek and clash  
In the blue barrow where they slide;  
The horseman, proud of streak and splash,  
Creeps homeward from his morning ride.

Here comes the dealer's awkward string,  
With neck in rope and tail in knot. —  
Rough colts, with careless country-swing,  
In lazy walk or slouching trot.

Wild filly from the mountain-side,  
Doomed to the close and chafing thills.  
Lead me thy long, untiring stride  
To seek with thee thy western hills !

I hear the whispering voice of Spring,  
The thrush's trill, the robin's cry,  
Like some poor bird with prisoned wing  
That sits and sings, but longs to fly.

Oh for one spot of living green, —  
One little spot where leaves can grow, —  
To love unblamed, to walk unseen,  
To dream above, to sleep below !

## PROLOGUE

Of course I wrote the prologue I was asked to write. I did not see the play, though. I knew there was a young lady in it, and that somebody was in love with her, and she was in love with him, and somebody (an old tutor, I believe) wanted to interfere, and, very naturally, the young lady was too sharp for him. The play of course ends charmingly; there is a general reconciliation, and all concerned form a line and take each other's hands, as people always do after they have made up their quarrels, — and then the curtain falls, — if it does not stick, as it commonly does at private theatrical exhibitions, in which case a boy is detailed to pull it down, which he does, blushing violently.

Now, then, for my prologue. I am not going to change my casuras and cadences for anybody; so if you do not like the heroic, or iambic trimeter brachycatalectic, you had better not wait to hear it.

A PROLOGUE? Well, of course the ladies know, —

I have my doubts. No matter, — here we go !

What is a Prologue? Let our Tutor teach:

*Pro* means beforehand; *logos* stands for speech.

'Tis like the harper's prelude on the strings,

The prima donna's courtesy ere she sings;  
Prologues in metre are to other *pros*  
As worsted stockings are to engine-hose.

"The world 's a stage," — as Shakespeare said, one day;

The stage a world — was what he meant to say.

The outside world's a blunder, that is clear;

The real world that Nature meant is here. Here every foundling finds its lost mamma; Each rogue, repentant, melts his stern papa; Misers relent, the spendthrift's debts are paid,

The cheats are taken in the traps they laid; One after one the troubles all are past Till the fifth act comes right side up at last,

When the young couple, old folks, rogues, and all,

Join hands, so happy at the curtain's fall. Here suffering virtue ever finds relief, And black-browed ruffians always come to grief.

When the lorn damsel, with a frantic screech,

And cheeks as hueless as a brandy-peach, Cries, "Help, kyind Heaven!" and drops upon her knees

On the green — baize, — beneath the (canvas) trees, —

See to her side avenging Valor fly: — "Ha! Villain! Draw! Now, Terraitorr, yield or die!"

When the poor hero flounders in despair, Some dear lost uncle turns up millionaire, Clasps the young scapegrace with paternal joy,

Sobs on his neck, "*My boy!* MY BOY!! MY BOY!!!"

Ours, then, sweet friends, the real world to-night,

Of love that conquers in disaster's spite. Ladies, attend! While woeful cares and doubt

Wrong the soft passion in the world without,

Though fortune scowl, though prudence interfere,

One thing is certain: Love will triumph here!

Lords of creation, whom your ladies rule, — The world's great masters, when you're out of school, —

Learn the brief moral of our evening's play: Man has his will, — but woman has her way!

While man's dull spirit toils in smoke and fire,

Woman's swift instinct threads the electric wire, —

The magic bracelet stretched beneath the waves

Beats the black giant with his score of slaves.

All earthly powers confess your sovereign art

But that one rebel, — woman's wilful heart. All foes you master, but a woman's wit Lets daylight through you ere you know you're hit.

So, just to picture what her art can do, Hear an old story, made as good as new.

Rudolph, professor of the headsman's trade, Alike was famous for his arm and blade.

One day a prisoner Justice had to kill Knelt at the block to test the artist's skill. Bare-armed, swart-visaged, gaunt, and shaggy-browed,

Rudolph the headsman rose above the crowd.

His falchion lighted with a sudden gleam, As the pike's armor flashes in the stream. He sheathed his blade; he turned as if to go;

The victim knelt, still waiting for the blow. "Why strikest not? Perform thy murderous act,"

The prisoner said. (His voice was slightly cracked.)

"Friend, *I have struck,*" the artist straight replied;

"Wait but one moment, and yourself decide."

He held his snuff-box, — "Now then, if you please!"

The prisoner sniffed, and, with a crashing sneeze,

Off his head tumbled, — bowled along the floor, —

Bounced down the steps; — the prisoner said no more!

Woman! thy falchion is a glittering eye; If death lurk in it, oh how sweet to die!

Thou takest hearts as Rudolph took the head;

We die with love, and never dream we're dead!

#### LATTER-DAY WARNINGS

I should have felt more nervous about the late comet, if I had thought the world was ripe. But it is very green yet, if I am not mistaken; and besides, there is a great deal

of coal to use up, which I cannot bring myself to think was made for nothing. If certain things, which seem to me essential to a millennium, had come to pass. I should have been frightened; but they have n't.

WHEN legislators keep the law,  
When banks dispense with bolts and locks,

When berries — whortle, rasp, and straw —  
Grow bigger *downwards* through the box, —

When he that selleth house or land  
Shows leak in roof or flaw in right, —  
When haberdashers choose the stand  
Whose window hath the broadest light, —

When preachers tell us all they think,  
And party leaders all they mean, —  
When what we pay for, that we drink,  
From real grape and coffee-bean, —

When lawyers take what they would give,  
And doctors give what they would take, —  
When city fathers eat to live,  
Save when they fast for conscience' sake, —

When one that hath a horse on sale  
Shall bring his merit to the proof,  
Without a lie for every nail  
That holds the iron on the hoof, —

When in the usual place for rips  
Our gloves are stitched with special care,  
And guarded well the whalebone tips  
Where first umbrellas need repair, —

When Cuba's weeds have quite forgot  
The power of snetion to resist,  
And claret-bottles harbor not  
Such dimples as would hold your fist, —

When publishers no longer steal,  
And pay for what they stole before, —  
When the first locomotive's wheel  
Rolls through the Hoosac Tunnel's bore; —

*Till* then let Cumming blaze away,  
And Miller's saints blow up the globe;  
But when you see that blessed day,  
*Then* order your ascension robe!

## ALBUM VERSES

WHEN Eve had led her lord away,  
And Cain had killed his brother,  
The stars and flowers, the poets say,  
Agreed with one another

To cheat the cunning tempter's art,  
And teach the race its duty,  
By keeping on its wicked heart  
Their eyes of light and beauty.

A million sleepless lids, they say,  
Will be at least a warning;  
And so the flowers would watch by day,  
The stars from eve to morning.

On hill and prairie, field and lawn,  
Their dewy eyes upturning,  
The flowers still watch from reddening dawn  
Till western skies are burning.

Alas! each hour of daylight tells  
A tale of shame so crushing,  
That some turn white as sea-bleached shells,  
And some are always blushing.

But when the patient stars look down  
On all their light discovers,  
The traitor's smile, the murderer's frown,  
The lips of lying lovers,

They try to shut their saddening eyes,  
And in the vain endeavor  
We see them twinkling in the skies,  
And so they wink forever.

## A GOOD TIME GOING!

[A farewell poem to Charles Mackay.]

BRAVE singer of the coming time,  
Sweet minstrel of the joyous present,  
Crowned with the noblest wreath of rhyme,  
The holly-leaf of Ayrshire's peasant,  
Good by! Good by! — Our hearts and hands,  
Our lips in honest Saxon phrases,  
Cry, God be with him, till he stands  
His feet among the English daisies!

'T is here we part; — for other eyes  
 The busy deck, the fluttering streamer,  
 The dripping arms that plunge and rise,  
 The waves in foam, the ship in tremor,  
 The kerchiefs waving from the pier,  
 The cloudy pillar gliding o'er him,  
 The deep blue desert, lone and drear,  
 With heaven above and home before  
 him!

His home! — the Western giant smiles,  
 And twirls the spotty globe to find it; —  
 This little speck the British Isles?  
 'T is but a freckle, — never mind it!  
 He laughs, and all his prairies roll,  
 Each gurgling cataract roars and chuck-  
 les,  
 And ridges stretched from pole to pole  
 Heave till they crack their iron knuckles!

But Memory blushes at the sneer,  
 And Honor turns with frown defiant,  
 And Freedom, leaning on her spear,  
 Laughs louder than the laughing giant:  
 "An islet is a world," she said,  
 "When glory with its dust has blended,  
 And Britain keeps her noble dead  
 Till earth and seas and skies are rended!"

Beneath each swinging forest-bough  
 Some arm as stout in death reposes, —  
 From wave-washed foot to heaven-kissed  
 brow  
 Her valor's life-blood runs in roses;  
 Nay, let our brothers of the West  
 Write smiling in their florid pages,  
 One half her soil has walked the rest  
 In poets, heroes, martyrs, sages!

Hugged in the clinging billow's clasp,  
 From sea-weed fringe to mountain  
 heather,  
 The British oak with rooted grasp  
 Her slender handful holds together; —  
 With cliffs of white and bowers of green,  
 And Ocean narrowing to caress her,  
 And hills and threaded streams between, —  
 Our little mother isle, God bless her!

In earth's broad temple where we stand,  
 Fanned by the eastern gales that brought  
 us,  
 We hold the missal in our hand,  
 Bright with the lines our Mother taught  
 us.

Where'er its blazoned page betrays  
 The glistening links of gilded fetters,  
 Behold, the half-turned leaf displays  
 Her rubric stained in crimson letters!

Enough! To speed a parting friend  
 'T is vain alike to speak and listen; —  
 Yet stay, — these feeble accents blend  
 With rays of light from eyes that glis-  
 ten.

Good by! once more, — and kindly tell  
 In words of peace the young world's  
 story, —  
 And say, besides, we love too well  
 Our mothers' soil, our fathers' glory!

### THE LAST BLOSSOM

THOUGH young no more, we still would  
 dream  
 Of beauty's dear deluding wiles;  
 The leagues of life to graybeards seem  
 Shorter than boyhood's lingering miles.

Who knows a woman's wild caprice?  
 It played with Goethe's silvered hair,  
 And many a Holy Father's "niece"  
 Has softly smoothed the papal chair.

When sixty bids us sigh in vain  
 To melt the heart of sweet sixteen,  
 We think upon those ladies twain  
 Who loved so well the tough old Dean.

We see the Patriarch's wintry face,  
 The maid of Egypt's dusky glow,  
 And dream that Youth and Age embrace,  
 As April violets fill with snow.

Tranced in her lord's Olympian smile  
 His lotus-loving Memphian lies, —  
 The musky daughter of the Nile,  
 With plaited hair and almond eyes.

Might we but share one wild caress  
 Ere life's autumnal blossoms fall,  
 And Earth's brown, clinging lips impress  
 The long cold kiss that waits us all!

My bosom heaves, remembering yet  
 The morning of that blissful day,  
 When Rose, the flower of spring, I met,  
 And gave my raptured soul away.

Flung from her eyes of purest blue,  
 A lasso, with its leaping chain,  
 Light as a loop of larkspurs, flew  
 O'er sense and spirit, heart and brain.

Thou com'st to cheer my waning age,  
 Sweet vision, waited for so long!  
 Dove that would seek the poet's cage  
 Lured by the magic breath of song!

She blushes! Ah, reluctant maid,  
 Love's *drapeau rouge* the truth has told!  
 O'er girlhood's yielding barricade  
 Floats the great Leveller's crimson fold!

Come to my arms! — love heeds not years;  
 No frost the bud of passion knows.  
 Ha! what is this my frenzy hears?  
 A voice behind me uttered, — Rose!

Sweet was her smile, — but not for me;  
 Alas! when woman looks *too* kind,  
 Just turn your foolish head and see, —  
 Some youth is walking close behind!

## CONTENTMENT

“Man wants but little here below.”

Should you like to hear what moderate wishes  
 life brings one to at last? I used to be very  
 ambitious, — wasteful, extravagant, and lux-  
 urious in all my fancies. Read too much in  
 the *Arabian Nights*. Must have the hump, —  
 could n't do without the ring. Exercise every  
 morning on the brazen horse. Plump down  
 into castles as full of little milk-white prin-  
 cesses as a nest is of young sparrows. All  
 love me dearly at once. — Charming idea of  
 life, but too high-colored for the reality. I  
 have outgrown all this; my tastes have be-  
 come exceedingly primitive, — almost, perhaps,  
 ascetic. We carry happiness into our condi-  
 tion, but must not hope to find it there. I  
 think you will be willing to hear some lines  
 which embody the subdued and limited desires  
 of my maturity.

LITTLE I ask; my wants are few;  
 I only wish a hut of stone,  
 (A *very plain* brown stone will do),  
 That I may call my own; —  
 And close at hand is such a one,  
 In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;  
 Three courses are as good as ten; —

If Nature can subsist on three,  
 Thank Heaven for three. Amen!  
 I always thought cold vietal nice; —  
 My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land; —  
 Give me a mortgage here and there, —  
 Some good bank-stock, some note of  
 hand,  
 Or trifling railroad share, —  
 I only ask that Fortune send  
 A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,  
 And titles are but empty names;  
 I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo, —  
 But only near St. James;  
 I'm very sure I should not care  
 To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 't is a sin  
 To care for such unfruitful things; —  
 One good-sized diamond in a pin, —  
 Some, *not so large*, in rings, —  
 A ruby, and a pearl, or so,  
 Will do for me: — I laugh at show.

My dame should dress in cheap attire;  
 (Good, heavy silks are never dear;) —  
 I own perhaps I *might* desire  
 Some shawls of true Cashmere, —  
 Some marrowy crapes of China silk,  
 Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive  
 So fast that folks must stop and stare;  
 An easy gait — two forty-five —  
 Suits me; I do not care; —  
 Perhaps, for just a *single spurt*,  
 Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own  
 Titians and Raphaels three or four, —  
 I love so much their style and tone,  
 One Turner, and no more,  
 (A landscape, — foreground golden dirt, —  
 The sunshine painted with a squirt.)

Of books but few, — some fifty score  
 For daily use, and bound for wear;  
 The rest upon an upper floor; —  
 Some *little* luxury *there*  
 Of red morocco's gilded gleam  
 And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems, — such things as these,

Which others often show for pride,  
I fight for their power to please,  
And selfish churls deride; —  
*One* Stradivarius, I confess,  
*Two* Meerschauts, I would fain possess.

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,  
Nor ape the glittering upstart fool; —  
Shall not carved tables serve my turn,  
But *all* must be of buhl?  
Give grasping pomp its double share, —  
I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,  
Nor long for Midas' golden touch;  
If Heaven more generous gifts deny,  
I shall not miss them *much*, —  
Too grateful for the blessing lent  
Of simple tastes and mind content!

### ÆSTIVATION

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM, BY MY LATE  
LATIN TUTOR

Your talking Latin — said I — reminds me of an odd trick of one of my old tutors. He read so much of that language, that his English half turned into it. He got caught in town, one hot summer, in pretty close quarters, and wrote, or began to write, a series of city pastorals. Eclogues he called them, and meant to have published them by subscription. I remember some of his verses, if you want to hear them. — You, Sir (addressing myself to the divinity-student), and all such as have been through college, or what is the same thing, received an honorary degree, will understand them without a dictionary. The old man had a great deal to say about "æstivation," as he called it, in opposition, as one might say, to *hibernation*. Intramural æstivation, or town-life in summer, he would say, is a peculiar form of suspended existence, or semi-asphyxia. One wakes up from it about the beginning of the last week in September. This is what I remember of his poem: —

IN candent ire the solar splendor flames;  
The foles, languent, pend from arid  
    ramen;  
His humid front the cive, anhelung, wipes,  
And dreams of erring on ventiferous ripen.

How dulce to vive occult to mortal eyes,  
Dorm on the herb with none to supervise,  
Carp the suave berries from the crescent  
    vine,  
And bibe the flow from longicaudate kine!

To me, alas! no verdurous visions come,  
Save yon exiguous pool's conferva-scum, —  
No concave vast repeats the tender hue  
That laves my milk-jug with celestial blue!

Me wretched! Let me curr to quercine  
    shades!  
Effund your albid hausts, lactiferous maids!  
Oh, might I vole to some umbrageous  
    clump, —  
Depart, — be off, — excede, — evade, —  
    erump!

### THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE OR, THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY"

A LOGICAL STORY

[The following note was prefaced to the poem when it appeared in an illustrated edition.]

"The Wonderful One-Hoss Shay" is a perfectly intelligible conception, whatever material difficulties it presents. It is conceivable that a being of an order superior to humanity should so understand the conditions of matter that he could construct a machine which should go to pieces, if not into its constituent atoms, at a given moment of the future. The mind may take a certain pleasure in this picture of the impossible. The event follows as a logical consequence of the presupposed condition of things.

There is a practical lesson to be got out of the story. Observation shows us in what point any particular mechanism is most likely to give way. In a wagon, for instance, the weak point is where the axle enters the hub or nave. When the wagon breaks down, three times out of four, I think, it is at this point that the accident occurs. The workman should see to it that this part should never give way; then find the next vulnerable place, and so on, until he arrives logically at the perfect result attained by the deacon.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss  
    shay,  
That was built in such a logical way  
It ran a hundred years to a day,

And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,  
I'll tell you what happened without delay,  
Searing the parson into fits,  
Frightening people out of their wits, —  
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.  
*Georgius Secundus* was then alive, —  
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.  
That was the year when Lisbon-town  
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,  
And Braddock's army was done so brown,  
Left without a scalp to its crown.  
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day  
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,  
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot, —  
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,  
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,  
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, — lurking  
still,

Find it somewhere you must and will, —  
Above or below, or within or without, —  
And that 's the reason, beyond a doubt,  
That a chaise *breaks down*, but does n't  
*wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,  
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeon*")  
He would build one shay to beat the taown  
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';  
It should be so built that it *could n'* break  
daown:

"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t 's mighty plain  
That the weakes' place mus' stan' the  
strain;

'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,

Is only jest

T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk  
Where he could find the strongest oak,  
That could n't be split nor bent nor broke, —  
That was for spokes and floor and sills;  
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;  
The crossbars were ash, from the  
straightest trees,

The panels of white-wood, that cuts like  
cheese,

But lasts like iron for things like these;  
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's  
ellum," —

Last of its timber, — they could n't sell  
'em,

Never an axe had seen their chips,  
And the wedges flew from between their  
lips,  
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;  
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,  
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,  
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;  
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;  
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide  
Found in the pit when the tanner died.  
That was the way he "put her through."  
"There!" said the Deacon, "maow she'll  
dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess  
She was a wonder, and nothing less!  
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray,  
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,  
Children and grandchildren — where were  
they?

But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay  
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED; — it came and found  
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and  
sound.

Eighteen hundred increased by ten; —  
"Hahsum kerridge" they called it then.  
Eighteen hundred and twenty came; —  
Running as usual; much the same.  
Thirty and forty at last arrive,  
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here  
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year  
Without both feeling and looking queer.  
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its  
youth,

So far as I know, but a tree and truth.

(This is a moral that runs at large;  
Take it. — You're welcome. — No extra  
charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER, — the Earthquake-  
day, —

There are traces of age in the one-hoss  
shay,

A general flavor of mild decay,  
But nothing local, as one may say.  
There could n't be, — for the Deacon's art  
Had made it so like in every part  
That there wasn't a chance for one to  
start.

For the wheels were just as strong as the  
thills,

And the floor was just as strong as the sills,  
And the panels just as strong as the floor,  
And the whipple-tree neither less nor  
more,

And the back crossbar as strong as the fore,  
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.  
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt  
In another hour it will be *worn out*!

First of November, 'Fifty-five!  
This morning the parson takes a drive.  
Now, small boys, get out of the way!  
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,  
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.  
"Huddup!" said the parson. — Off went  
they.

The parson was working his Sunday's  
text, —  
Had got to *fitfully*, and stopped perplexed  
At what the — Moses — was coming next.  
All at once the horse stood still,  
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.  
First a shiver, and then a thrill,  
Then something decidedly like a spill, —  
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,  
At half past nine by the meet'n'-house  
clock, —

Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!  
What do you think the parson found,  
When he got up and stared around?  
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,  
As if it had been to the mill and ground!  
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,  
How it went to pieces all at once, —  
All at once, and nothing first, —  
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.  
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

### PRELUDE

[In introducing *Parson Turell's Legacy*, the Autocrat amused his readers with an account of his friend the Professor's experiments in chloroform. The Professor was about to read the poem, but upon delivering the *Prelude*, his MS. was taken from him by the Autocrat, who finished the reading.]

I'm the fellah that tole one day  
The tale of the won'erful one-hoss-shay.  
Wan' to hear another? Say.  
— Funny, was n' it? Made *me* laugh, —  
I'm too modest, I am, by half, —

Made *me* laugh 's *though I sh'd split*, —  
Cahn' a fellah like fellah's own wit?  
— Fellahs keep sayin', — "Well, now that 's  
nice:

Did it once, but cahn' do it twice." —  
Dōn' you b'lieve the' 'z no more fat;  
Lots in the kitch'n 'z good 'z that.  
Fus'-rate throw, 'n' no mistake, —  
Han' us the props for another shake; —  
Know I 'll try, 'n' guess I 'll win;  
Here sh' goes for hit 'm ag'in!

### PARSON TURELL'S LEGACY

OR, THE PRESIDENT'S OLD ARM-CHAIR

A MATHEMATICAL STORY

FACTS respecting an old arm-chair.  
At Cambridge. Is kept in the College  
there.

Seems but little the worse for wear.

That 's remarkable when I say  
It was old in President Holyoke's day.

(One of his boys, perhaps you know,  
Died, *at one hundred*, years ago.)

*He* took lodgings for rain or shine  
Under green bed-clothes in '69.

Know old Cambridge? Hope you do. —  
Born there? Don't say so! I was, too.  
(Born in a house with a gambrel-roof, —  
Standing still, if you must have proof. —  
"Gambrel? — Gambrel?" — Let me beg  
You'll look at a horse's hinder leg, —  
First great angle above the hoof, —  
That's the gambrel; hence gambrel-roof.)  
Nicest place that ever was seen, —  
Colleges red and Common green,  
Sidewalks brownish with trees between.  
Sweetest spot beneath the skies  
When the canker-worms don't rise, —  
When the dust, that sometimes flies  
Into your mouth and ears and eyes,  
In a quiet slumber lies,  
*Not* in the shape of unbaked pies  
Such as barefoot children prize.

A kind of harbor it seems to be,  
Facing the flow of a boundless sea.  
Rows of gray old Tutors stand  
Ranged like rocks above the sand;  
Rolling beneath them, soft and green,  
Breaks the tide of bright sixteen, —  
One wave, two waves, three waves, four, —  
Sliding up the sparkling floor:



Then it ebbs to flow no more,  
 Wandering off from shore to shore  
 With its freight of golden ore!  
 Pleasant place for boys to play; —  
 Better keep your girls away;  
 Hearts get rolled as pebbles do  
 Which countless fingering waves pursue,  
 And every classic beach is strown  
 With heart-shaped pebbles of blood-red  
 stone.

But this is neither here nor there;  
 I'm talking about an old arm-chair.  
 You've heard, no doubt, of PARSON TU-  
 RELLE?

Over at Medford he used to dwell;  
 Married one of the Mathers' folk;  
 Got with his wife a chair of oak, —  
 Funny old chair with seat like wedge,  
 Sharp behind and broad front edge, —  
 One of the oldest of human things,  
 Tuned all over with knobs and rings, —  
 But heavy, and wide, and deep, and  
 grand, —

Fit for the worthies of the land, —  
 Chief Justice Sewall a cause to try in,  
 Or Cotton Mather to sit — and lie — in.  
 Parson Turell bequeathed the same  
 To a certain student, — SMITH by name;  
 These were the terms, as we are told:  
 "Saide Smith saide Chaire to have and  
 holde;

When he doth graduate, then to passe  
 To y<sup>e</sup> oldest Youth in y<sup>e</sup> Senior Classe.  
 On payment of" — (naming a certain  
 sum) —

"By him to whom y<sup>e</sup> Chaire shall come;  
 He to y<sup>e</sup> oldest Senior next,  
 And soe forever," — (thus runs the text,) —  
 "But one Crown lesse than he gave to  
 claime,  
 That being his Debte for use of same."

Smith transferred it to one of the BROWNS,  
 And took his money, — five silver crowns.  
 Brown delivered it up to MOORE,  
 Who paid, it is plain, not five, but four.  
 Moore made over the chair to LEE,  
 Who gave him crowns of silver three.  
 Lee conveyed it unto DREW,  
 And now the payment, of course, was two.  
 Drew gave up the chair to DUNN, —  
 All he got, as you see, was one.  
 Dunn released the chair to HALL,  
 And got by the bargain no crown at all.

And now it passed to a second BROWN,  
 Who took it and likewise *claimed a crown*.  
 When Brown conveyed it unto WARE,  
 Having had one crown, to make it fair,  
 He paid him two crowns to take the chair;  
 And Ware, being honest, (as all Wares be.)  
 He paid one POTTER, who took it, three.  
 Four got ROBINSON; five got DIX;  
 JOHNSON *primus* demanded six;  
 And so the sum kept gathering still  
 Till after the battle of Bunker's Hill.

When paper money became so cheap,  
 Folks would n't count it, but said "a heap,"  
 A certain RICHARDS, — the books de-  
 clare, —

(A. M. in '90? I've looked with care  
 Through the Triennial, — *name not there*.) —  
 This person, Richards, was offered then  
 Eightscore pounds, but would have ten;  
 Nine, I think, was the sum he took, —  
 Not quite certain, — but see the book.

By and by the wars were still,  
 But nothing had altered the Parson's will.  
 The old arm-chair was solid yet,  
 But saddled with such a monstrous debt!  
 Things grew quite too bad to bear,  
 Paying such sums to get rid of the chair!  
 But dead men's fingers hold awful tight,  
 And there was the will in black and white,  
 Plain enough for a child to spell.

What should be done no man could tell,  
 For the chair was a kind of nightmare  
 curse,  
 And every season but made it worse.

As a last resort, to clear the doubt,  
 They got old GOVERNOR HANCOCK out.  
 The Governor came with his Lighthorse  
 Troop

And his mounted truckmen, all eock-a-  
 hoop;

Halberds glittered and colors flew,  
 French horns whinnied and trumpets blew,  
 The yellow fifes whistled between their  
 teeth,

And the bumble-bee bass-drums boomed  
 beneath;

So he rode with all his band,  
 Till the President met him, cap in hand.  
 The Governor "hefted" the crowns, and  
 said, —

"A will is a will, and the Parson's dead."  
 The Governor hefted the crowns. Said  
 he, —

"There is your p'int. And here's my fee.  
These are the terms you must fulfil, —  
On such conditions I **BREAK THE WILL!**"  
The Governor mentioned what these should  
be.

(Just wait a minute and then you'll see.)  
The President prayed. Then all was still,  
And the Governor rose and **BROKE THE  
WILL!**

"About those conditions?" Well, now you  
go

And do as I tell you, and then you'll know.  
Once a year, on Commencement day,  
If you'll only take the pains to stay,  
You'll see the President in the **CHAIR**,  
Likewise the Governor sitting there.  
The President rises; both old and young  
May hear his speech in a foreign tongue,  
The meaning whereof, as lawyers swear,  
Is this: Can I keep this old arm-chair?  
And then his Excellency bows,  
As much as to say that he allows.  
The Vice-Gub. next is called by name;  
He bows like t' other, which means the same.  
And all the officers round 'em bow,  
As much as to say that *they* allow.  
And a lot of parchments about the chair  
Are handed to witnesses then and there,  
And then the lawyers hold it clear  
That the chair is safe for another year.

God bless you, Gentlemen! Learn to give  
Money to colleges while you live.  
Don't be silly and think you'll try  
To bother the colleges, when you die,  
With codicil this, and codicil that,  
That Knowledge may starve while Law  
grows fat;  
For there never was pitcher that would n't  
spill,  
And there's always a flaw in a donkey's  
will!

## ODE FOR A SOCIAL MEETING

WITH SLIGHT ALTERATIONS BY A TEE-  
TOTALER

Here is a little poem I sent a short time  
since to a committee for a certain celebration.

I understood that it was to be a festive and  
convivial occasion, and ordered myself accord-  
ingly. It seems the president of the day was  
what is called a "teetotaler." I received a  
note from him in the following words, contain-  
ing the copy subjoined, with the emendations  
annexed to it.

"DEAR SIR, — Your poem gives good satisfac-  
tion to the committee. The sentiments  
expressed with reference to liquor are not, how-  
ever, those generally entertained by this com-  
munity. I have therefore consulted the clergy-  
man of this place, who has made some slight  
changes, which he thinks will remove all ob-  
jections, and keep the valuable portions of the  
poem. Please to inform me of your charge  
for said poem. Our means are limited, etc.,  
etc., etc.

"Yours with respect."

Here it is with the slight alterations.

COME! fill a fresh bumper, for why should  
we go

While the <sup>logwood</sup>~~nectar~~ still reddens our cups as  
they flow?

Pour out the <sup>decoction</sup>~~rich juices~~ still bright with the  
sun,

Till o'er the brimmed crystal the <sup>dye-stuff</sup>~~rubies~~  
shall run.

The <sup>half-ripened apples</sup>~~purple globed clusters~~ their life-dews  
have bled;

How sweet is the <sup>taste</sup>~~breath~~ of the <sup>sugar of lead.</sup>~~fragrance~~  
~~they shed!~~

For summer's <sup>rank poisons</sup>~~last recess~~ lie hid in the <sup>wines!!!</sup>~~wines~~

That were garnered by <sup>stable-boys smoking</sup>~~maidens who~~  
<sup>long-nines.</sup>~~laughed thro'~~ the vines.

Then a <sup>scowl</sup>~~smile~~, and a <sup>howl</sup>~~glass~~, and a <sup>scoff</sup>~~toast~~, and

a <sup>sneer,</sup>~~cheer,~~

For all the <sup>strychnine and whiskey, and ratsbane and</sup>~~good wine~~, and we've some of it

<sup>beer!</sup>~~here!~~

In cellar, in pantry, in attic, in hall,  
Down, down with the tyrant that masters us all!  
Long live the ~~gay servant that laughs fer-~~  
~~us all!~~

POEMS FROM THE PROFESSOR AT THE BREAKFAST-  
TABLE

1858-1859

UNDER THE VIOLETS

HER hands are cold; her face is white;  
No more her pulses come and go;  
Her eyes are shut to life and light; —  
Fold the white vesture, snow on snow,  
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a graven stone,  
To plead for tears with alien eyes;  
A slender cross of wood alone  
Shall say, that here a maiden lies  
In peace beneath the peaceful skies.

And gray old trees of hugest limb  
Shall wheel their circling shadows round  
To make the scorching sunlight dim  
That drinks the greenness from the  
ground,  
And drop their dead leaves on her mound.

When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,  
And through their leaves the robins call,  
And, ripening in the autumn sun,  
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,  
Doubt not that she will heed them all.

For her the morning choir shall sing  
Its matins from the branches high,  
And every minstrel-voice of Spring,  
That trills beneath the April sky,  
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

When, turning round their dial-track,  
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,  
Her little mourners, clad in black,  
The crickets, sliding through the grass,  
Shall pipe for her an evening mass.

At last the rootlets of the trees  
Shall find the prison where she lies,

And bear the buried dust they seize  
In leaves and blossoms to the skies.  
So may the soul that warmed it rise !

If any, born of kindlier blood,  
Should ask, What maiden lies below ?  
Say only this : A tender bud,  
That tried to blossom in the snow,  
Lies withered where the violets blow.

HYMN OF TRUST

O LOVE Divine, that stooped to share  
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,  
On Thee we cast each earth-born care,  
We smile at pain while Thou art near !

Though long the weary way we tread,  
And sorrow crown each lingering year,  
No path we shun, no darkness dread,  
Our hearts still whispering, Thou art  
near !

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,  
And trembling faith is changed to fear,  
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,  
Shall softly tell us, Thou art near !

On Thee we fling our burdening woe,  
O Love Divine, forever dear,  
Content to suffer while we know,  
Living and dying, Thou art near !

A SUN-DAY HYMN

LORD of all being ! throned afar,  
Thy glory flames from sun and star ;  
Centre and soul of every sphere,  
Yet to each loving heart how near !

Sun of our life, thy quickening ray  
Sheds on our path the glow of day;  
Star of our hope, thy softened light  
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;  
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;  
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;  
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine !

Lord of all life, below, above,  
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,  
Before thy ever-blazing throne  
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,  
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,  
Till all thy living altars claim  
One holy light, one heavenly flame !

#### THE CROOKED FOOTPATH

AH, here it is ! the sliding rail  
That marks the old remembered spot, —  
The gap that struck our school-boy trail, —  
The crooked path across the lot.

It left the road by school and church,  
A pencilled shadow, nothing more,  
That parted from the silver-birch  
And ended at the farm-house door.

No line or compass traced its plan;  
With frequent bends to left or right,  
In aimless, wayward curves it ran,  
But always kept the door in sight.

The gabled porch, with woodbine green, —  
The broken millstone at the sill, —  
Though many a rood might stretch between,  
The truant child could see them still.

No rocks across the pathway lie, —  
No fallen trunk is o'er it thrown, —  
And yet it winds, we know not why,  
And turns as if for tree or stone.

Perhaps some lover trod the way  
With shaking knees and leaping heart, —  
And so it often runs astray  
With sinuous sweep or sudden start.

Or one, perchance, with clouded brain  
From some unholy banquet reeled, —

And since, our devious steps maintain  
His track across the trodden field.

Nay, deem not thus, — no earthborn will  
Could ever trace a faultless line;  
Our truest steps are human still, —  
To walk unswerving were divine !

Truants from love, we dream of wrath; —  
Oh, rather let us trust the more !  
Through all the wanderings of the path  
We still can see our Father's door !

#### IRIS, HER BOOK

I PRAY thee by the soul of her that bore  
thee,  
By thine own sister's spirit I implore  
thee,  
Deal gently with the leaves that lie before  
thee !

For Iris had no mother to infold her,  
Nor ever leaned upon a sister's shoulder,  
Telling the twilight thoughts that Nature  
told her.

She had not learned the mystery of awak-  
ing  
Those chorded keys that soothe a sorrow's  
aching,  
Giving the dumb heart voice, that else  
were breaking.

Yet lived, wrought, suffered. Lo, the pic-  
tured token !  
Why should her fleeting day-dreams fade  
unspoken,  
Like daffodils that die with sheaths un-  
broken ?

She knew not love, yet lived in maiden  
fancies, —  
Walked simply clad, a queen of high ro-  
mances,  
And talked strange tongues with angels in  
her trances.

Twin-souled she seemed, a twofold nature  
wearing:  
Sometimes a flashing falcon in her dar-  
ing,  
Then a poor mateless dove that droops de-  
spairing.

Questioning all things: Why her Lord had  
sent her ?

What were these torturing gifts, and where-  
fore lent her ?

Scornful as spirit fallen, its own tormentor.

And then all tears and anguish: Queen of  
Heaven,

Sweet Saints, and Thou by mortal sorrows  
riven,

Save me! Oh, save me! Shall I die for-  
given ?

And then — Ah, God! But nay, it little  
matters:

Look at the wasted seeds that autumn  
scatters,

The myriad germs that Nature shapes and  
shatters !

If she had — Well ! She longed, and knew  
not wherefore.

Had the world nothing she might live to  
care for ?

No second self to say her evening prayer  
for ?

She knew the marble shapes that set men  
dreaming,

Yet with her shoulders bare and tresses  
streaming

Showed not unlovely to her simple seem-  
ing.

Vain ? Let it be so ! Nature was her  
teacher.

What if a lonely and unsistered creature  
Loved her own harmless gift of pleasing  
feature,

Saying, unsaddened, — This shall soon be  
faded,

And double-hued the shining tresses  
braided,

And all the sunlight of the morning shaded ?

This her poor book is full of saddest fol-  
lies,

Of tearful smiles and laughing melancholies,  
With summer roses twined and wintry  
hollies.

In the strange crossing of uncertain chances,  
Somewhere, beneath some maiden's tear-  
dimmed glances

May fall her little book of dreams and  
fancies.

Sweet sister ! Iris, who shall never name  
thee,

Trembling for fear her open heart may  
shame thee,

Speaks from this vision-haunted page to  
claim thee.

Spare her, I pray thee ! If the maid is  
sleeping,

Peace with her ! she has had her hour of  
weeping.

No more ! She leaves her memory in thy  
keeping.

## ROBINSON OF LEYDEN

He sleeps not here; in hope and prayer  
His wandering flock had gone before,  
But he, the shepherd, might not share  
Their sorrows on the wintry shore.

Before the Speedwell's anchor swung,  
Ere yet the Mayflower's sail was spread,  
While round his feet the Pilgrims hung,  
The pastor spake, and thus he said: —

“Men, brethren, sisters, children dear !  
God calls you hence from over sea;  
Ye may not build by Haerlem Meer,  
Nor yet along the Zuyder-Zee.

“Ye go to bear the saving word  
To tribes unnamed and shores untrod;  
Heed well the lessons ye have heard  
From those old teachers taught of God.

“Yet think not unto them was lent  
All light for all the coming days,  
And Heaven's eternal wisdom spent  
In making straight the ancient ways;

“The living fountain overflows  
For every flock, for every lamb,  
Nor heeds, though angry creeds oppose  
With Luther's dike or Calvin's dam.”

He spake; with lingering, long embrace,  
With tears of love and partings fond,  
They floated down the creeping Maas,  
Along the isle of Ysselmond.

They passed the frowning towers of Briel,  
The "Hook of Holland's" shelf of sand,  
And grated soon with lifting keel  
The sullen shores of Fatherland.

No home for these! — too well they knew  
The mitred king behind the throne; —  
The sails were set, the pennons flew,  
And westward ho! for worlds unknown.

And these were they who gave us birth,  
The Pilgrims of the sunset wave,  
Who won for us this virgin earth,  
And freedom with the soil they gave.

The pastor slumbers by the Rhine, —  
In alien earth the exiles lie, —  
Their nameless graves our holiest shrine,  
His words our noblest battle-cry!

Still cry them, and the world shall hear,  
Ye dwellers by the storm-swept sea!  
Ye have not built by Haerlem Meer,  
Nor on the land-locked Zuyder-Zee!

## ST. ANTHONY THE REFORMER

### HIS TEMPTATION

The Reformers have good heads, generally.  
Their faces are commonly serene enough, and  
they are lambs in private intercourse, even  
though their voices may be like

"The wolf's long howl from Oonalaska's shore,"

when heard from the platform. Their greatest  
spiritual danger is from the perpetual *flattery*  
*of abuse* to which they are exposed. These  
lines are meant to caution them.

No fear lest praise should make us proud!  
We know how cheaply that is won;  
The idle homage of the crowd  
Is proof of tasks as idly done.

A surface-smile may pay the toil  
That follows still the conquering Right,  
With soft, white hands to dress the spoil  
That sun-browned valor clutched in fight.

Sing the sweet song of other days,  
Serenely placid, safely true,  
And o'er the present's parching ways  
The verse distils like evening dew.

But speak in words of living power, —  
They fall like drops of scalding rain  
That plashed before the burning shower  
Swept o'er the cities of the plain!

Then scowling Hate turns deadly pale, —  
Then Passion's half-coiled adders spring,  
And, smitten through their leprous mail,  
Strike right and left in hope to sting.

If thou, unmoved by poisoning wrath,  
Thy feet on earth, thy heart above,  
Canst walk in peace thy kingly path,  
Unchanged in trust, unchilled in love, —

Too kind for bitter words to grieve,  
Too firm for clamor to dismay,  
When Faith forbids thee to believe,  
And Meekness calls to disobey, —

Ah, then beware of mortal pride!  
The smiling pride that calmly scorns  
Those foolish fingers, crimson dyed  
In laboring on thy crown of thorns!

## THE OPENING OF THE PIANO

In the little southern parlor of the house  
you may have seen  
With the gambrel-roof, and the gable look-  
ing westward to the green,  
At the side toward the sunset, with the  
window on its right,  
Stood the London-made piano I am dream-  
ing of to-night!

Ah me! how I remember the evening when  
it came!  
What a cry of eager voices, what a group  
of cheeks in flame,  
When the wondrous box was opened that  
had come from over seas,  
With its smell of mastic-varnish and its  
flash of ivory keys!

Then the children all grew fretful in the  
restlessness of joy,  
For the boy would push his sister, and the  
sister crowd the boy,  
Till the father asked for quiet in his grave  
paternal way,  
But the mother hushed the tumult with  
the words, "Now, Mary, play."

For the dear soul knew that music was a  
 very sovereign balm;  
 She had sprinkled it over Sorrow and seen  
 its brow grow calm,  
 In the days of slender harpsichords with  
 tapping tinkling quills,  
 Or carolling to her spinet with its thin me-  
 tallie thrills.

So Mary, the household minstrel, who  
 always loved to please,  
 Sat down to the new "Clementi," and  
 struck the glittering keys.  
 Hushed were the children's voices, and  
 every eye grew dim,  
 As, floating from lip and finger, arose the  
 "Vesper Hymn."

Catharine, child of a neighbor, curly and  
 rosy-red,  
 (Wedded since, and a widow. — something  
 like ten years dead,)  
 Hearing a gush of music such as none be-  
 fore,  
 Steals from her mother's chamber and  
 peeps at the open door.

Just as the "Jubilate" in threaded whis-  
 per dies,  
 "Open it! open it, lady!" the little  
 maiden cries,  
 (For she thought 't was a singing creature  
 eaged in a box she heard,)  
 "Open it! open it, lady! and let me see  
 the *bird!*"

## MIDSUMMER

HERE! sweep these foolish leaves away,  
 I will not crush my brains to-day!  
 Look! are the southern curtains drawn?  
 Fetch me a fan, and so begone!

Not that, — the palm-tree's rustling leaf  
 Brought from a parching coral-reef!  
 Its breath is heated; — I would swing  
 The broad gray plumes, — the eagle's  
 wing.

I hate these roses' feverish blood! —  
 Pluck me a half-blown lily-bud,  
 A long-stemmed lily from the lake,  
 Cold as a coiling water-snake.

Rain me sweet odors on the air,  
 And wheel me up my Indian chair,  
 And spread some book not overwise  
 Flat out before my sleepy eyes.

Who knows it not — this dead recoil  
 Of weary fibres stretched with toil, —  
 The pulse that flutters faint and low  
 When Summer's seething breezes blow!

O Nature! bare thy loving breast,  
 And give thy child one hour of rest, —  
 One little hour to lie unseen  
 Beneath thy scarf of leafy green!

So, curtained by a singing pine,  
 Its murmuring voice shall blend with mine,  
 Till, lost in dreams, my faltering lay  
 In sweeter music dies away.

## DE SAUTY

## AN ELECTRO-CHEMICAL ECGUE

The first messages received through the sub-  
 marine cable were sent by an electrical expert,  
 a mysterious personage who signed himself De  
 Sauty.

*Professor*                      *Blue-Nose*

## PROFESSOR

TELL me, O Provincial! speak, Ceruleo-  
 Nasal!  
 Lives there one De Sauty extant now  
 among you,  
 Whispering Bonnerges, son of silent thun-  
 der,  
 Holding talk with nations?

Is there a De Sauty ambulant on Tellus,  
 Bifid-cleft like mortals, dormant in night-  
 cap,  
 Having sight, smell, hearing, food-receiv-  
 ing feature  
 Three times daily patent?

Breathes there such a being, O Ceruleo-  
 Nasal?  
 Or is he a *mythus*, — ancient word for  
 "humbug," —  
 Such as Livy told about the wolf that wet-  
 nursed  
 Romulus and Remus?

Was he born of woman, this alleged De Sauty?  
 Or a living product of galvanic action,  
 Like the *acarus* bred in Crosse's flint-solution?  
 Speak, thou Cyano-Rhinal!

## BLUE-NOSE

Many things thou askest, jackknife-bearing stranger,  
 Much-conjecturing mortal, pork-and-treacle-waster!  
 Pretermitt thy whittling, wheel thine ear-flap toward me,  
 Thou shalt hear them answered.

When the charge galvanic tingled through the cable,  
 At the polar focus of the wire electric  
 Suddenly appeared a white-faced man among us:  
 Called himself "DE SAUTY."

As the small opossum held in pouch maternal  
 Grasps the nutrient organ whence the term *mammalia*,  
 So the unknown stranger held the wire electric,  
 Sucking in the current.

When the current strengthened, bloomed the pale-faced stranger,—  
 Took no drink nor victual, yet grew fat and rosy,—  
 And from time to time, in sharp articulation,  
 Said, "*All right! DE SAUTY.*"

From the lonely station passed the utterance, spreading  
 Through the pines and hemlocks to the groves of steeples,  
 Till the land was filled with loud reverberations  
 Of "*All right! DE SAUTY.*"

When the current slackened, drooped the mystic stranger,—  
 Faded, faded, faded, as the stream grew weaker,—  
 Wasted to a shadow, with a hartshorn odor  
 Of disintegration.

Drops of deliquescence glistened on his forehead,  
 Whitened round his feet the dust of efflorescence,  
 Till one Monday morning, when the flow suspended,  
 There was no De Sauty.

Nothing but a cloud of elements organic,  
 C. O. H. N. Ferrum, Chlor. Flu. Sil.  
 Potassa,  
 Calc. Sod. Phosph. Mag. Sulphur,  
 Mang. (?) Alumin. (?) Cuprum, (?)  
 Such as man is made of.

Born of stream galvanic, with it he had perished!  
 There is no DE SAUTY now there is no current!  
 Give us a new cable, then again we'll hear him  
 Cry, "*All right! DE SAUTY.*"



POEMS FROM THE POET AT THE BREAKFAST-TABLE

1871-1872

HOMESICK IN HEAVEN

Most people love this world more than they are willing to confess, and it is hard to conceive ourselves weaned from it so as to feel no emotion at the thought of its most sacred recollections, — even after a sojourn of years, as we should count the lapse of earthly time, — in the realm where, sooner or later, all tears shall be wiped away. I hope, therefore, the title of my lines will not frighten those who are little accustomed to think of men and women as beings in any state but the present.

THE DIVINE VOICE

Go seek thine earth-born sisters, — thus  
the Voice  
That all obey, — the sad and silent  
three;  
These only, while the hosts of Heaven re-  
joice,  
Smile never; ask them what their sor-  
rows be;  
And when the secret of their griefs they  
tell,  
Look on them with thy mild, half-human  
eyes;  
Say what thou wast on earth; thou  
knowest well;  
So shall they cease from unavailing  
sighs.

THE ANGEL

Why thus, apart, — the swift-winged  
herald spake, —  
Sit ye with silent lips and unstrung lyres  
While the trisagion's blending chords  
awake  
In shouts of joy from all the heavenly  
choirs?

THE FIRST SPIRIT

Chide not thy sisters, — thus the answer  
came; —  
Children of earth, our half-weaned  
nature clings  
To earth's fond memories, and her  
whispered name  
Untunes our quivering lips, our saddened  
strings;

For there we loved, and where we love is  
home,  
Home that our feet may leave, but not  
our hearts,  
Though o'er us shine the jasper-lighted  
dome: —  
The chain may lengthen, but it never  
parts!

Sometimes a sunlit sphere comes rolling  
by,  
And then we softly whisper, — *can it be?*  
And leaning toward the silvery orb, we try  
To hear the music of its murmuring sea;

To catch, perchance, some flashing glimpse  
of green,  
Or breathe some wild-wood fragrance,  
wafted through  
The opening gates of pearl, that fold be-  
tween  
The blinding splendors and the change-  
less blue.

THE ANGEL

Nay, sister, nay! a single healing leaf  
Plucked from the bough of yon twelve-  
fruited tree  
Would soothe such anguish, — deeper  
stabbing grief  
Has pierced thy throbbing heart —

## THE FIRST SPIRIT

Ah, woe is me !

I from my clinging babe was rudely torn;  
His tender lips a loveless bosom pressed;  
Can I forget him in my life new born ?  
Oh that my darling lay upon my breast !

## THE ANGEL

And thou ? —

## THE SECOND SPIRIT

I was a fair and youthful bride,  
The kiss of love still burns upon my cheek,  
He whom I worshipped, ever at my side, —  
Him through the spirit realm in vain I seek.

Sweet faces turn their beaming eyes on mine;  
Ah ! not in these the wished-for look I read;  
Still for that one dear human smile I pine;  
*Thou and none other !* — is the lover's creed.

## THE ANGEL

And whence *thy* sadness in a world of bliss  
Where never parting comes, nor mourner's tear ?  
Art thou, too, dreaming of a mortal's kiss  
Amid the seraphs of the heavenly sphere ?

## THE THIRD SPIRIT

Nay, tax not me with passion's wasting fire;  
When the swift message set my spirit free,  
Blind, helpless, lone, I left my gray-haired sire;  
My friends were many, he had none save me.

I left him, orphaned, in the starless night;  
Alas, for him no cheerful morning's dawn !

I wear the ransomed spirit's robe of white,  
Yet still I hear him moaning, *She is gone !*

## THE ANGEL

Ye know me not, sweet sisters ? — All in vain

Ye seek your lost ones in the shapes they wore;  
The flower once opened may not bud again,  
The fruit once fallen finds the stem no more.

Child, lover, sire, — yea, all things loved below, —

Fair pictures damasked on a vapor's fold, —  
Fade like the roseate flush, the golden glow,  
When the bright curtain of the day is rolled.

*I* was the babe that slumbered on *thy* breast,  
And, sister, mine the lips that called *thee* bride.

Mine were the silvered locks *thy* hand caressed,  
That faithful hand, my faltering foot-step's guide !

Each changing form, frail vesture of decay,  
The soul unclad forgets it once hath worn,  
Stained with the travel of the weary day,  
And shamed with rents from every way-side thorn.

To lie, an infant, in *thy* fond embrace, —  
To come with love's warm kisses back to *thee*, —

To show *thine* eyes thy gray-haired father's face,  
Not Heaven itself could grant; this may not be !

Then spread your folded wings, and leave to earth

The dust once breathing ye have mourned so long,  
Till Love, new risen, owns his heavenly birth,  
And sorrow's discords sweeten into song !

## FANTASIA

## THE YOUNG GIRL'S POEM

Kiss mine eyelids, beauteous Morn,  
Blushing into life new-born !  
Lend me violets for my hair,  
And thy russet robe to wear,

And thy ring of rosiest hue  
Set in drops of diamond dew!

Kiss my cheek, thou noontide ray,  
From my Love so far away!  
Let thy splendor streaming down  
Turn its pallid lilies brown,  
Till its darkening shades reveal  
Where his passion pressed its seal!

Kiss my lips, thou Lord of light,  
Kiss my lips a soft good-night!  
Westward sinks thy golden car;  
Leave me but the evening star,  
And my solace that shall be,  
Borrowing all its light from thee!

## AUNT TABITHA

## THE YOUNG GIRL'S POEM

WHATEVER I do, and whatever I say,  
Aunt Tabitha tells me that is n't the way;  
When *she* was a girl (forty summers ago)  
Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.

Dear aunt! If I only would take her ad-  
vice!

But I like my own way, and I find it *so* nice!  
And besides, I forget half the things I am  
told;

But they all will come back to me — when  
I am old.

If a youth passes by, it may happen, no  
doubt,

He may chance to look in as I chance to  
look out;

*She* would never endure an impertinent  
stare, —

It is *horrid*, she says, and I must n't sit  
there.

A walk in the moonlight has pleasures, I  
own,

But it is n't quite safe to be walking alone;  
So I take a lad's arm, — just for safety,  
you know, —

But Aunt Tabitha tells me *they* did n't do so.

How wicked we are, and how good they  
were then!

They kept at arm's length those detestable  
men;

What an era of virtue she lived in! — But  
stay —

Were the *men* all such rogues in Aunt  
Tabitha's day?

If the men *were* so wicked, I'll ask my papa  
How he dared to propose to my darling  
maamma;

Was he like the rest of them? Goodness!  
Who knows?

And what shall *I* say, if a wretch should  
propose?

I am thinking if Aunt knew so little of  
sin,

What a wonder Aunt Tabitha's aunt must  
have been!

And her grand-aunt — it scares me — how  
shockingly sad

That we girls of to-day are so frightfully  
bad!

A martyr will save us; and nothing else can;  
Let *me* perish — to rescue some wretched  
young man!

Though when to the altar a victim I go,  
Aunt Tabitha'll tell me *she* never did so!

WIND-CLOUDS AND STAR-  
DRIFTS

## FROM THE YOUNG ASTRONOMER'S POEM

## I

## AMBITION

ANOTHER clouded night; the stars are hid,  
The orb that waits my search is hid with  
them.

Patience! Why grudge an hour, a month,  
a year,

To plant my ladder and to gain the round  
That leads my footsteps to the heaven of  
fame,

Where waits the wreath my sleepless mid-  
nights won?

Not the stained laurel such as heroes wear  
That withers when some stronger conquer-  
or's heel

Treads down their shrivelling trophies in  
the dust;

But the fair garland whose undying green  
Not time can change, nor wrath of gods or  
men!

With quickened heart-beats I shall hear  
 the tongues  
 That speak my praise; but better far the  
 sense  
 That in the unshaped ages, buried deep  
 In the dark mines of unaccomplished time  
 Yet to be stamped with morning's royal die  
 And coined in golden days, — in those dim  
 years  
 I shall be reckoned with the undying dead,  
 My name emblazoned on the fiery arch,  
 Unfading till the stars themselves shall  
 fade.  
 Then, as they call the roll of shining  
 worlds,  
 Sages of race unborn in accents new  
 Shall count me with the Olympian ones of  
 old,  
 Whose glories kindle through the midnight  
 sky:  
 Here glows the God of Battles; this recalls  
 The Lord of Ocean, and yon far-off sphere  
 The Sire of Him who gave his ancient  
 name  
 To the dim planet with the wondrous rings;  
 Here flames the Queen of Beauty's silver  
 lamp,  
 And there the moon-girt orb of mighty  
 Jove;  
 But *this*, unseen through all earth's æons  
 past,  
 A youth who watched beneath the western  
 star  
 Sought in the darkness, found, and shewed  
 to men;  
 Linked with his name thenceforth and  
 evermore !  
 So shall that name be syllabled anew  
 In all the tongues of all the tribes of men:  
 I that have been through immemorial years  
 Dust in the dust of my forgotten time  
 Shall live in accents shaped of blood-warm  
 breath,  
 Yea, rise in mortal semblance, newly born  
 In shining stone, in undecaying bronze,  
 And stand on high, and look serenely down  
 On the new race that calls the earth its own.

Is this a cloud, that, blown athwart my  
 soul,  
 Wears a false seeming of the pearly stain  
 Where worlds beyond the world their  
 mingling rays  
 Blend in soft white, — a cloud that, born  
 of earth,

Would cheat the soul that looks for light  
 from heaven ?  
 Must every coral-insect leave his sign  
 On each poor grain he lent to build the  
 reef,  
 As Babel's builders stamped their sunburnt  
 clay,  
 Or deem his patient service all in vain ?  
 What if another sit beneath the shade  
 Of the broad elm I planted by the way, —  
 What if another heed the beacon light  
 I set upon the rock that wrecked my  
 keel, —  
 Have I not done my task and served my  
 kind ?  
 Nay, rather act thy part, unnamed, un-  
 known,  
 And let Fame blow her trumpet through  
 the world  
 With noisy wind to swell a fool's renown,  
 Joined with some truth he stumbled blindly  
 o'er,  
 Or coupled with some single shining deed  
 That in the great account of all his days  
 Will stand alone upon the bankrupt sheet  
 His pitying angel shows the clerk of  
 Heaven.  
 The noblest service comes from nameless  
 hands,  
 And the best servant does his work unseen.  
 Who found the seeds of fire and made  
 them shoot,  
 Fed by his breath, in buds and flowers of  
 flame ?  
 Who forged in roaring flames the ponder-  
 ous stone,  
 And shaped the moulded metal to his need ?  
 Who gave the dragging car its rolling  
 wheel,  
 And tamed the steed that whirls its circling  
 round ?  
 All these have left their work and not their  
 names, —  
 Why should I murmur at a fate like theirs ?  
 This is the heavenly light; the pearly stain  
 Was but a wind-cloud drifting o'er the  
 stars !

## II

## REGRETS

Brief glimpses of the bright celestial  
 spheres,  
 False lights, false shadows, vague, uncertain  
 gleams,

Pale vaporous mists, wan streaks of lurid  
 flame,  
 The climbing of the upward-sailing cloud,  
 The sinking of the downward-falling star, —  
 All these are pictures of the changing  
 moods  
 Borne through the midnight stillness of my  
 soul.

Here am I, bound upon this pillared rock,  
 Prey to the vulture of a vast desire  
 That feeds upon my life. — I burst my bands  
 And steal a moment's freedom from the  
 beak,

The clinging talons and the shadowing  
 plumes;

Then comes the false enchantress, with her  
 song;

“Thou wouldst not lay thy forehead in the  
 dust

Like the base herd that feeds and breeds  
 and dies!

Lo, the fair garlands that I weave for  
 thee,

Unchanging as the belt Orion wears,  
 Bright as the jewels of the seven-starred  
 Crown,

The spangled stream of Berenice's hair!”  
 And so she twines the fetters with the  
 flowers

Around my yielding limbs, and the fierce  
 bird

Stoops to his quarry, — then to feed his  
 rage

Of ravening hunger I must drain my blood  
 And let the dew-drenched, poison-breeding  
 night

Steal all the freshness from my fading  
 cheek,

And leave its shadows round my caverned  
 eyes.

All for a line in some unheeded scroll;  
 All for a stone that tells to gaping clowns,  
 “Here lies a restless wretch beneath a  
 clod

Where squats the jealous nightmare men  
 call Fame!”

I marvel not at him who scorns his kind  
 And thinks not sadly of the time foretold  
 When the old hulk we tread shall be a  
 wreck,

A slag, a cinder drifting through the sky  
 Without its crew of fools! We live too  
 long,

And even so are not content to die,  
 But load the mould that covers up our  
 bones

With stones that stand like beggars by the  
 road

And show death's grievous wound and ask  
 for tears;

Write our great books to teach men who  
 we are,

Sing our fine songs that tell in artful  
 phrase

The secrets of our lives, and plead and  
 pray

For alms of memory with the after time,  
 Those few swift seasons while the earth  
 shall wear

Its leafy summers, ere its core grows cold  
 And the moist life of all that breathes  
 shall die;

Or as the new-born seer, perchance more  
 wise,

Would have us deem, before its growing  
 mass,

Pelted with star-dust, stoned with meteor-  
 balls,

Heats like a hammered anvil, till at last  
 Man and his works and all that stirred it-  
 self

Of its own motion, in the fiery glow  
 Turns to a flaming vapor, and our orb  
 Shines a new sun for earths that shall be  
 born.

I am as old as Egypt to myself,  
 Brother to them that squared the pyramids  
 By the same stars I watch. I read the  
 page

Where every letter is a glittering world,  
 With them who looked from Shinar's clay-  
 built towers,

Ere yet the wanderer of the Midland sea  
 Had missed the fallen sister of the seven.

I dwell in spaces vague, remote, unknown,  
 Save to the silent few, who, leaving earth,  
 Quit all communion with their living time.

I lose myself in that ethereal void,  
 Till I have tired my wings and long to fill  
 My breast with denser air, to stand, to  
 walk

With eyes not raised above my fellow-men.  
 Sick of my unvalled, solitary realm,

I ask to change the myriad lifeless worlds  
 I visit as mine own for one poor patch  
 Of this dull spheroid and a little breath  
 To shape in word or deed to serve my kind.

Was ever giant's dungeon dug so deep,  
 Was ever tyrant's fetter forged so strong,  
 Was e'er such deadly poison in the draught  
 The false wife mingles for the trusting fool,  
 As he whose willing victim is himself  
 Digs, forges, mingles, for his captive soul ?

## III

## SYMPATHIES

The snows that glittered on the disk of  
 Mars

Have melted, and the planet's fiery orb  
 Rolls in the crimson summer of its year;  
 But what to me the summer or the snow  
 Of worlds that throb with life in forms un-  
 known,

If life indeed be theirs; I heed not these.  
 My heart is simply human; all my care  
 For them whose dust is fashioned like mine  
 own;

These ache with cold and hunger, live in  
 pain,

And shake with fear of worlds more full  
 of woe;

There may be others worthier of my love,  
 But such I know not save through these I  
 know.

There are two veils of language, hid be-  
 neath

Whose sheltering folds, we dare to be our-  
 selves;

And not that other self which nods and  
 smiles

And babbles in our name; the one is Prayer,  
 Lending its licensed freedom to the tongue  
 That tells our sorrows and our sins to  
 Heaven;

The other, Verse, that throws its spangled  
 web

Around our naked speech and makes it  
 bold.

I, whose best prayer is silence; sitting  
 dumb

In the great temple where I nightly serve  
 Him who is throned in light, have dared to  
 claim

The poet's franchise, though I may not hope  
 To wear his garland; hear me while I tell  
 My story in such form as poets use,  
 But breathed in fitful whispers, as the wind  
 Sighs and then slumbers, wakes and sighs  
 again.

Thou Vision, floating in the breathless air  
 Between me and the fairest of the stars,  
 I tell my lonely thoughts as unto thee.  
 Look not for marvels of the scholar's pen  
 In my rude measure; I can only show  
 A slender-margined, unilluminated page,  
 And trust its meaning to the flattering eye  
 That reads it in the gracious light of love.  
 Ah, would thou clothe thyself in breathing  
 shape

And nestle at my side, my voice should  
 lend

Whate'er my verse may lack of tender  
 rhythm

To make thee listen.

I have stood entranced  
 When, with her fingers wandering o'er the  
 keys,

The white enchantress with the golden hair  
 Breathed all her soul through some un-  
 valued rhyme;

Some flower of song that long had lost its  
 bloom;

Lo! its dead summer kindled as she sang !  
 The sweet contralto, like the ringdove's coo,  
 Thrilled it with brooding, fond, caressing  
 tones,

And the pale minstrel's passion lived again,  
 Tearful and trembling as a dewy rose  
 The wind has shaken till it fills the air  
 With light and fragrance. Such the won-  
 drous charm

A song can borrow when the bosom throbs  
 That lends it breath.

So from the poet's lips  
 His verse sounds doubly sweet, for none  
 like him

Feels every cadence of its wave-like flow;  
 He lives the passion over, while he reads,  
 That shook him as he sang his lofty strain,  
 And pours his life through each resounding  
 line,

As ocean, when the stormy winds are  
 hushed,

Still rolls and thunders through his billowy  
 caves.

## IV

## MASTER AND SCHOLAR

Let me retrace the record of the years  
 That made me what I am. A man most  
 wise,  
 But overworn with toil and bent with age,

Sought me to be his scholar, — me, run  
 wild  
 From books and teachers, — kindled in my  
 soul  
 The love of knowledge; led me to his tower.  
 Showed me the wonders of the midnight  
 realm  
 His hollow sceptre ruled, or seemed to rule,  
 Taught me the mighty secrets of the  
 spheres,  
 Trained me to find the glimmering specks  
 of light  
 Beyond the unaided sense, and on my chart  
 To string them one by one, in order due,  
 As on a rosary a saint his beads.  
 I was his only scholar; I became  
 The echo to his thought; what'er he knew  
 Was mine for asking; so from year to year  
 We wrought together, till there came a time  
 When I, the learner, was the master half  
 Of the twinned being in the dome-crowned  
 tower.

Minds roll in paths like planets; they re-  
 solve,  
 This in a larger, that a narrower ring,  
 But round they come at last to that same  
 phase,  
 That selfsame light and shade they showed  
 before.  
 I learned his annual and his monthly tale,  
 His weekly axiom and his daily phrase,  
 I felt them coming in the laden air,  
 And watched them laboring up to vocal  
 breath.  
 Even as the first-born at his father's board  
 Knows ere he speaks the too familiar jest  
 Is on its way, by some mysterious sign  
 Forewarned, the click before the striking  
 bell.

He shrivelled as I spread my growing  
 leaves,  
 Till trust and reverence changed to pitying  
 care;  
 He lived for me in what he once had been.  
 But I for him, a shadow, a defence,  
 The guardian of his fame, his guide, his  
 staff,  
 Leaned on so long he fell if left alone.  
 I was his eye, his ear, his cunning hand,  
 Love was my spur and longing after fame,  
 But his the goading thorn of sleepless age  
 That sees its shortening span, its lengthen-  
 ing shades,

That clutches what it may with eager grasp,  
 And drops at last with empty, outstretched  
 hands.  
 All this he dreamed not. He would sit  
 him down  
 Thinking to work his problems as of old,  
 And find the star he thought so plain a  
 blur,  
 The columned figures labyrinthine wilds  
 Without my comment, blind and senseless  
 scrawls  
 That vexed him with their riddles; he  
 would strive  
 And struggle for a while, and then his eye  
 Would lose its light, and over all his mind  
 The cold gray mist would settle; and ere-  
 long  
 The darkness fell, and I was left alone.

V

## ALONE.

Alone! no climber of an Alpine cliff,  
 No Arctic venturer on the waveless sea,  
 Feels the dread stillness round him as it  
 chills  
 The heart of him who leaves the slumber-  
 ing earth  
 To watch the silent worlds that crowd the  
 sky.  
 Alone! And as the shepherd leaves his  
 flock  
 To feed upon the hillside, he meanwhile  
 Finds converse in the warblings of the  
 pipe  
 Himself has fashioned for his vacant hour,  
 So have I grown companion to myself,  
 And to the wandering spirits of the air  
 That smile and whisper round us in our  
 dreams.  
 Thus have I learned to search if I may  
 know  
 The whence and why of all beneath the  
 stars  
 And all beyond them, and to weigh my life  
 As in a balance, — poising good and ill  
 Against each other, — asking of the Power  
 That flung me forth among the whirling  
 worlds,  
 If I am heir to any inborn right,  
 Or only as an atom of the dust  
 That every wind may blow where'er it will.

## VI

## QUESTIONING

I am not humble; I was shown my place,  
Clad in such robes as Nature had at hand;  
Took what she gave, not chose; I know no  
shame,

No fear for being simply what I am.  
I am not proud, I hold my every breath  
At Nature's mercy. I am as a babe  
Borne in a giant's arms, he knows not  
where;

Each several heart-beat, counted like the  
coin

A miser reckons, is a special gift  
As from an unseen hand; if that withhold  
Its bounty for a moment, I am left  
A clod upon the earth to which I fall.

Something I find in me that well might  
claim

The love of beings in a sphere above  
This doubtful twilight world of right and  
wrong;

Something that shows me of the selfsame  
clay

That creeps or swims or flies in humblest  
form.

Had I been asked, before I left my bed  
Of shapeless dust, what clothing I would  
wear,

I would have said, More angel and less  
worm;

But for their sake who are even such as I,  
Of the same mingled blood, I would not  
choose

To hate that meaner portion of myself  
Which makes me brother to the least of  
men.

I dare not be a coward with my lips  
Who dare to question all things in my soul;  
Some men may find their wisdom on their  
knees,

Some prone and grovelling in the dust like  
slaves;

Let the meek glowworm glisten in the dew;  
I ask to lift my taper to the sky  
As they who hold their lamps above their  
heads,

Trusting the larger currents up aloft,  
Rather than crossing eddies round their  
breast,

Threatening with every puff the flickering  
blaze.

My life shall be a challenge, not a truce!  
This is my homage to the mightier powers,  
To ask my boldest question, undismayed  
By muttered threats that some hysteric  
sense

Of wrong or insult will convulse the throne  
Where wisdom reigns supreme; and if I  
err,

They all must err who have to feel their  
way

As bats that fly at noon; for what are we  
But creatures of the night, dragged forth  
by day,

Who needs must stumble, and with stam-  
mering steps

Spell out their paths in syllables of pain?

Thou wilt not hold in scorn the child who  
dares

Look up to Thee, the Father, — dares to  
ask

More than thy wisdom answers. From thy  
hand

The worlds were cast; yet every leaflet  
claims

From that same hand its little shining  
sphere

Of star-lit dew; thine image, the great sun  
Girt with his mantle of tempestuous flame,  
Glares in mid-heaven; but to his noontide  
blaze

The slender violet lifts its lidless eye,  
And from his splendor steals its fairest  
hue,

Its sweetest perfume from his scorching  
fire.

## VII

## WORSHIP

From my lone turret as I look around  
O'er the green meadows to the ring of blue,  
From slope, from summit, and from half-  
hid vale

The sky is stabbed with dagger-pointed  
spires,

Their gilded symbols whirling in the wind,  
Their brazen tongues proclaiming to the  
world,

“Here truth is sold, the only genuine ware;  
See that it has our trade-mark! You will  
buy

Poison instead of food across the way,  
The lies of — ” this or that, each several  
name



The standard's blazon and the battle-cry  
Of some true-gospel faction, and again  
The token of the Beast to all beside.  
And grouped round each I see a huddling  
crowd  
Alike in all things save the words they use;  
In love, in longing, hate and fear the same.

Whom do we trust and serve? We speak  
of one

And bow to many; Athens still would find  
The shrines of all she worshipped safe  
within

Our tall barbarian temples, and the thrones  
That crowned Olympus mighty as of old.  
The god of music rules the Sabbath choir;  
The lyric muse must leave the sacred nine  
To help us please the dilettante's ear;  
Plutus limps homeward with us, as we  
leave

The portals of the temple where we knelt  
And listened while the god of eloquence  
(Hermes of ancient days, but now disguised  
In sable vestments) with that other god  
Somnus, the son of Erebus and Nox,

Fights in unequal contest for our souls;  
The dreadful sovereign of the under-world  
Still shakes his sceptre at us, and we hear  
The baying of the triple-throated hound;  
Eros is young as ever, and as fair  
The lovely Goddess born of ocean's foam.

These be thy gods, O Israel! Who is he,  
The one ye name and tell us that ye serve,  
Whom ye would call me from my lonely  
tower

To worship with the many-headed throng?  
Is it the God that walked in Eden's grove  
In the cool hour to seek our guilty sire?  
The God who dealt with Abraham as the  
sons

Of that old patriarch deal with other men?  
The jealous God of Moses, one who feels  
An image as an insult, and is wroth  
With him who made it and his child un-  
born?

The God who plagued his people for the sin  
Of their adulterous king, beloved of  
him, —

The same who offers to a chosen few  
The right to praise him in eternal song  
While a vast shrieking world of endless woe  
Blends its dread chorus with their raptur-  
ous hymn?

Is this the God ye mean, or is it he

Who heeds the sparrow's fall, whose loving  
heart

Is as the pitying father's to his child,  
Whose lesson to his children is "Forgive,"  
Whose plea for all, "They know not what  
they do"?

## VIII

## MANHOOD

I claim the right of knowing whom I serve,  
Else is my service idle; He that asks  
My homage asks it from a reasoning soul.  
To crawl is not to worship; we have  
learned

A drill of eyelids, bended neck and knee,  
Hanging our prayers on hinges, till we ape  
The flexures of the many-jointed worm.  
Asia has taught her Allahs and salaams  
To the world's children, — we have grown  
to men!

We who have rolled the sphere beneath  
our feet

To find a virgin forest, as we lay  
The beams of our rude temple, first of all  
Must frame its doorway high enough for  
man

To pass unstooping; knowing as we do  
That He who shaped us last of living forms  
Has long enough been served by creeping  
things,

Reptiles that left their footprints in the  
sand

Of old sea-margins that have turned to  
stone,

And men who learned their ritual; we de-  
mand

To know Him first, then trust Him and  
then love

When we have found Him worthy of our  
love,

Tried by our own poor hearts and not be-  
fore;

He must be truer than the truest friend,  
He must be tenderer than a woman's love,  
A father better than the best of sires;  
Kinder than she who bore us, though we  
sin

Oftener than did the brother we are told  
We — poor ill-tempered mortals — must  
forgive,

Though seven times sinning threescore  
times and ten.

This is the new world's gospel: Be ye men!  
 Try well the legends of the children's time;  
 Ye are the chosen people, God has led  
 Your steps across the desert of the deep  
 As now across the desert of the shore;  
 Mountains are cleft before you as the sea  
 Before the wandering tribe of Israel's sons;  
 Still onward rolls the thunderous caravan,  
 Its coming printed on the western sky,  
 A cloud by day, by night a pillared flame;  
 Your prophets are a hundred unto one  
 Of them of old who cried, "Thus saith the  
 Lord;"

They told of cities that should fall in heaps,  
 But yours of mightier cities that shall rise  
 Where yet the lonely fishers spread their  
 nets,

Where hides the fox and hoots the midnight  
 owl;

The tree of knowledge in your garden grows  
 Not single, but at every humble door;  
 Its branches lend you their immortal food,  
 That fills you with the sense of what ye  
 are,

No servants of an altar hewed and carved  
 From senseless stone by craft of human  
 hands,

Rabbi, or dervish, brahmin, bishop, bonze,  
 But masters of the charm with which they  
 work

To keep your hands from that forbidden  
 tree!

Ye that have tasted that divinest fruit,  
 Look on this world of yours with opened  
 eyes!

Ye are as gods! Nay, makers of your  
 gods,—

Each day ye break an image in your shrine  
 And plant a fairer image where it stood:  
 Where is the Moloch of your fathers' creed,  
 Whose fires of torment burned for span-  
 long babes?

Fit object for a tender mother's love!  
 Why not? It was a bargain duly made  
 For these same infants through the surety's  
 act

Intrusted with their all for earth and  
 heaven,

By Him who chose their guardian, knowing  
 well

His fitness for the task,—this, even this,  
 Was the true doctrine only yesterday  
 As thoughts are reckoned,—and to-day  
 you hear

In words that sound as if from human  
 tongues

Those monstrous, uncouth horrors of the  
 past

That blot the blue of heaven and shame the  
 earth

As would the saurians of the age of slime,  
 Awaking from their stony sepulchres  
 And wallowing hateful in the eye of day!

## IX

## RIGHTS

What am I but the creature Thou hast  
 made?

What have I save the blessings Thou hast  
 lent?

What hope I but thy mercy and thy love?  
 Who but myself shall cloud my soul with  
 fear?

Whose hand protect me from myself but  
 thine?

I claim the rights of weakness, I, the  
 babe,

Call on my sire to shield me from the ills  
 That still beset my path, not trying me  
 With snares beyond my wisdom or my  
 strength,

He knowing I shall use them to my harm,  
 And find a tenfold misery in the sense  
 That in my childlike folly I have sprung  
 The trap upon myself as vermin use,  
 Drawn by the cunning bait to certain doom.  
 Who wrought the wondrous charm that  
 leads us on

To sweet perdition, but the selfsame power  
 That set the fearful engine to destroy  
 His wretched offspring (as the Rabbis tell),  
 And hid its yawning jaws and treacherous  
 springs

In such a show of innocent sweet flowers  
 It lured the sinless angels and they fell?

Ah! He who prayed the prayer of all  
 mankind

Summed in those few brief words the  
 mightiest plea

For erring souls before the courts of  
 heaven,—

*Save us from being tempted, — lest we fall!*

If we are only as the potter's clay  
 Made to be fashioned as the artist wills,  
 And broken into shards if we offend

The eye of Him who made us, it is well;  
Such love as the insensate lump of clay  
That spins upon the swift-revolving wheel  
Bears to the hand that shapes its growing  
form, —

Such love, no more, will be our hearts' re-  
turn

To the great Master-workman for his  
care, —

Or would he, save that this, our breathing  
clay,

Is intertwined with fine innumerable threads  
That make it conscious in its framer's  
hand;

And this He must remember who has filled  
These vessels with the deadly draught of  
life, —

Life, that means death to all it claims.  
Our love

Must kindle in the ray that streams from  
heaven,

A faint reflection of the light divine;

The sun must warm the earth before the  
rose

Can show her inmost heart-leaves to the  
sun.

He yields some fraction of the Maker's right  
Who gives the quivering nerve its sense of  
pain;

Is there not something in the pleading eye  
Of the poor brute that suffers, which ar-  
raigns

The law that bids it suffer? Has it not  
A claim for some remembrance in the book  
That fills its pages with the idle words  
Spoken of men? Or is it only clay,

Bleeding and aching in the potter's hand,  
Yet all his own to treat it as He will

And when He will to cast it at his feet,  
Shattered, dishonored, lost forevermore?

My dog loves me, but could he look beyond  
His earthly master, would his love extend  
To Him who — Hush! I will not doubt  
that He

Is better than our fears, and will not wrong  
The least, the meanest of created things!

He would not trust me with the smallest  
orb

That circles through the sky; He would  
not give

A meteor to my guidance; would not leave  
The coloring of a cloudlet to my hand;

He locks my beating heart beneath its bars

And keeps the key himself; He measures  
out

The draughts of vital breath that warm  
my blood,

Winds up the springs of instinct which un-  
coil,

Each in its season; ties me to my home,  
My race, my time, my nation, and my  
creed

So closely that if I but slip my wrist  
Out of the band that cuts it to the bone,

Men say, "He hath a devil;" He has lent  
All that I hold in trust, as unto one

By reason of his weakness and his years  
Not fit to hold the smallest shred in fee

Of those most common things he calls his  
own. —

And yet — my Rabbi tells me — He has  
left

The care of that to which a million worlds  
Filled with unconscious life were less than  
naught,

Has left that mighty universe, the Soul  
To the weak guidance of our baby hands,

Let the foul fiends have access at their will,  
Taking the shape of angels, to our hearts, —

Our hearts already poisoned through and  
through

With the fierce virus of ancestral sin;  
Turned us adrift with our immortal charge,

To wreck ourselves in gulfs of endless woe.  
If what my Rabbi tells me is the truth

Why did the choir of angels sing for joy?  
Heaven must be compassed in a narrow

space,

And offer more than room enough for all  
That pass its portals; but the under-world,

The godless realm, the place where demons  
forge

Their fiery darts and adamantine chains,  
Must swarm with ghosts that for a little

while

Had worn the garb of flesh, and being heirs  
Of all the dulness of their stolid sires,

And all the erring instincts of their tribe,  
Nature's own teaching, rudiments of "sin,"

Fell headlong in the snare that could not  
fail

To trap the wretched creatures shaped of  
clay

And cursed with sense enough to lose their  
souls!

Brother, thy heart is troubled at my  
word;

Sister, I see the cloud is on thy brow.

He will not blame me, He who sends not  
peace,

But sends a sword, and bids us strike amain  
At Error's gilded crest, where in the van  
Of earth's great army, mingling with the  
best

And bravest of its leaders, shouting loud  
The battle-cries that yesterday have led  
The host of Truth to victory, but to-day  
Are watchwords of the laggard and the  
slave,

He leads his dazzled cohorts. God has  
made

This world a strife of atoms and of spheres;  
With every breath I sigh myself away  
And take my tribute from the wandering  
wind

To fan the flame of life's consuming fire;  
So, while my thought has life, it needs  
must burn,

And, burning, set the stubble-fields ablaze,  
Where all the harvest long ago was reaped  
And safely garnered in the ancient barns.  
But still the gleaners, groping for their  
food,

Go blindly feeling through the close-shorn  
straw,

While the young reapers flash their glitter-  
ing steel

Where later suns have ripened nobler  
grain !

## X

## TRUTHS

The time is racked with birth-pangs; every  
hour

Brings forth some gasping truth, and truth  
newborn

Looks a misshapen and untimely growth,  
The terror of the household and its shame,  
A monster coiling in its nurse's lap  
That some would strangle, some would only  
starve;

But still it breathes, and passed from hand  
to hand,

And suckled at a hundred half-clad breasts,  
Comes slowly to its stature and its form,  
Calms the rough ridges of its dragon-  
scales,

Changes to shining locks its snaky hair,  
And moves transfigured into angel guise,  
Welcomed by all that cursed its hour of  
birth,

And folded in the same encircling arms  
That cast it like a serpent from their hold !

If thou wouldst live in honor, die in peace,  
Have the fine words the marble-workers  
learn

To carve so well, upon thy funeral-stone,  
And earn a fair obituary, dressed  
In all the many-colored robes of praise,  
Be deafar than the adder to the cry  
Of that same foundling truth, until it  
grows

To seemly favor, and at length has won  
The smiles of hard-mouthed men and  
light-lipped dames;

Then snatch it from its meagre nurse's  
breast,

Fold it in silk and give it food from gold;  
So shalt thou share its glory when at last  
It drops its mortal vesture, and, revealed  
In all the splendor of its heavenly form,  
Spreads on the startled air its mighty  
wings !

Alas ! how much that seemed immortal  
truth

That heroes fought for, martyrs died to  
save,

Reveals its earth-born lineage, growing old  
And limping in its march, its wings un-  
plumed,

Its heavenly semblance faded like a dream !  
Here in this painted casket, just un-  
sealed,

Lies what was once a breathing shape like  
thine,

Once loved as thou art loved; there beamed  
the eyes

That looked on Memphis in its hour of  
pride,

That saw the walls of hundred-gated  
Thebes,

And all the mirrored glories of the Nile.  
See how they toiled that all-consuming time

Might leave the frame immortal in its  
tomb;

Filled it with fragrant balms and odorous  
gums

That still diffuse their sweetness through  
the air,

And wound and wound with patient fold  
on fold

The flaxen bands thy hand has rudely torn !  
Perchance thou yet canst see the faded stain  
Of the sad mourner's tear.

## XI

## IDOLS

But what is this ?

The sacred beetle, bound upon the breast  
Of the blind heathen! Snatch the curious  
prize,

Give it a place among thy treasured spoils,  
Fossil and relic, — corals, enervites,  
The fly in amber and the fish in stone,  
The twisted circlet of Etruscan gold,  
Medal, intaglio, poniard, poison-ring, —  
Place for the Memphian beetle with thine  
hoard!

Ah! longer than thy creed has blest the  
world

This toy, thus ravished from thy brother's  
breast,

Was to the heart of Mizraim as divine,  
As holy, as the symbol that we lay  
On the still bosom of our white-robed dead,  
And raise above their dust that all may  
know

Here sleeps an heir of glory. Loving  
friends,

With tears of trembling faith and choking  
sobs,

And prayers to those who judge of mortal  
deeds,

Wrapped this poor image in the cerement's  
fold

That Isis and Osiris, friends of man,  
Might know their own and claim the ransomed  
soul.

An idol? Man was born to worship such!

An idol is an image of his thought;  
Sometimes he carves it out of gleaming  
stone,

And sometimes moulds it out of glittering  
gold,

Or rounds it in a mighty frescoed dome,  
Or lifts it heavenward in a lofty spire,  
Or shapes it in a cunning frame of words,  
Or pays his priest to make it day by day;  
For sense must have its god as well as soul;  
A new-born Dian calls for silver shrines,  
And Egypt's holiest symbol is our own,  
The sign we worship as did they of old  
When Isis and Osiris ruled the world.

Let us be true to our most subtle selves,  
We long to have our idols like the rest.

Think! when the men of Israel had their  
God

Encamped among them, talking with their  
chief,

Leading them in the pillar of the cloud  
And watching o'er them in the shaft of fire,  
They still must have an image; still they  
longed

For somewhat of substantial, solid form  
Whereon to hang their garlands, and to fix  
Their wandering thoughts and gain a  
stronger hold

For their uncertain faith, not yet assured  
If those same meteors of the day and night  
Were not mere exhalations of the soil.

Are we less earthly than the chosen race?  
Are we more neighbors of the living God  
Than they who gathered manna every morn,  
Reaping where none had sown, and heard  
the voice

Of him who met the Highest in the mount,  
And brought them tables, graven with His  
hand?

Yet these must have their idol, brought  
their gold,

That star-browed Apis might be god again;  
Yea, from their ears the women brake the  
rings

That lent such splendors to the gypsy brown  
Of sunburnt cheeks, — what more could  
woman do

To show her pious zeal? They went astray,  
But nature led them as it leads us all.

We too, who mock at Israel's golden calf  
And scoff at Egypt's sacred scarabee,  
Would have our amulets to clasp and kiss,  
And flood with rapturous tears, and bear  
with us

To be our dear companions in the dust;  
Such magic works an image in our souls!

Man is an embryo; see at twenty years  
His bones, the columns that uphold his  
frame

Not yet cemented, shaft and capital,  
Mere fragments of the temple incomplete.  
At twoscore, threescore, is he then full  
grown?

Nay, still a child, and as the little maids  
Dress and undress their puppets, so he tries  
To dress a lifeless creed, as if it lived,  
And change its raiment when the world  
eries shame!

We smile to see our little ones at play  
So grave, so thoughtful, with maternal care

Nursing the wisps of rags they call their babes; —  
 Does He not smile who sees us with the toys  
 We call by sacred names, and idly feign  
 To be what we have called them? He is still  
 The Father of this helpless nursery-brood,  
 Whose second childhood joins so close its first,  
 That in the crowding, hurrying years between  
 We scarce have trained our senses to their task  
 Before the gathering mist has dimmed our eyes,  
 And with our hollowed palm we help our ear,  
 And trace with trembling hand our wrinkled names,  
 And then begin to tell our stories o'er,  
 And see — not hear — the whispering lips that say,  
 "You know — ? Your father knew him.  
 — This is he,  
 Tottering and leaning on the hireling's arm," —  
 And so, at length, disrobed of all that clad  
 The simple life we share with weed and worm,  
 Go to our cradles, naked as we came.

## XII

## LOVE

What if a soul redeemed, a spirit that loved  
 While yet on earth and was beloved in turn,  
 And still remembered every look and tone  
 Of that dear earthly sister who was left  
 Among the unwise virgins at the gate, —  
 Itself admitted with the bridegroom's train, —  
 What if this spirit redeemed, amid the host  
 Of chanting angels, in some transient lull  
 Of the eternal anthem, heard the cry  
 Of its lost darling, whom in evil hour  
 Some wilder pulse of nature led astray  
 And left an outcast in a world of fire,  
 Condemned to be the sport of cruel fiends,

Sleepless, unpitying, masters of the skill  
 To wring the maddest ecstasies of pain  
 From worn-out souls that only ask to die, —  
 Would it not long to leave the bliss of heaven, —  
 Bearing a little water in its hand  
 To moisten those poor lips that plead in vain  
 With Him we call our Father? Or is all  
 So changed in such as taste celestial joy  
 They hear unmoved the endless wail of woe;  
 The daughter in the same dear tones that hushed  
 Her cradle slumbers; she who once had held  
 A babe upon her bosom from its voice  
 Hoarse with its cry of anguish, yet the same?

No! not in ages when the Dreadful Bird  
 Stamped his huge footprints, and the Fearful Beast  
 Strode with the flesh about those fossil bones  
 We build to mimic life with pygmy hands, —  
 Not in those earliest days when men ran wild  
 And gashed each other with their knives of stone,  
 When their low foreheads bulged in ridgy brows  
 And their flat hands were callous in the palm  
 With walking in the fashion of their sires,  
 Grope as they might to find a cruel god  
 To work their will on such as human wrath  
 Had wrought its worst to torture, and had left  
 With rage unsated, white and stark and cold,  
 Could hate have shaped a demon more malign  
 Than him the dead men mummied in their creed  
 And taught their trembling children to adore!  
 Made in *his* image! Sweet and gracious souls  
 Dear to my heart by nature's fondest names,  
 Is not your memory still the precious mould  
 That lends its form to Him who hears my prayer?  
 Thus only I behold Him, like to them,

Long-suffering, gentle, ever slow to wrath,  
If wrath it be that only wounds to heal,  
Ready to meet the wanderer ere he reach  
The door he seeks, forgetful of his sin,  
Longing to clasp him in a father's arms,  
And seal his pardon with a pitying tear!

Four gospels tell their story to mankind,  
And none so full of soft, caressing words  
That bring the Maid of Bethlehem and her  
Babe

Before our tear-dimmed eyes, as his who  
learned

In the meek service of his gracious art  
The tones which, like the medicinal balsms  
That calm the sufferer's anguish, soothe  
our souls.

Oh that the loving woman, she who sat  
So long a listener at her Master's feet,  
Had left us Mary's Gospel, — all she heard  
Too sweet, too subtle for the ear of man!  
Mark how the tender-hearted mothers read  
The messages of love between the lines  
Of the same page that loads the bitter  
tongue

Of him who deals in terror as his trade  
With threatening words of wrath that  
scorch like flame!

They tell of angels whispering round the  
bed

Of the sweet infant smiling in its dream,  
Of lambs enfolded in the Shepherd's arms,  
Of Him who blessed the children; of the  
land

Where crystal rivers feed unfading flowers,  
Of cities golden-paved with streets of pearl,  
Of the white robes the winged creatures  
wear,

The crowns and harps from whose melodi-  
ous strings

One long, sweet anthem flows forever-  
more!

We too had human mothers, even as Thou,  
Whom we have learned to worship as  
remote

From mortal kindred, wast a cradled babe.  
The milk of woman filled our branching  
veins,

She lulled us with her tender nursery-  
song,

And folded round us her untiring arms,  
While the first unremembered twilight  
year

Shaped us to conscious being; still we feel

Her pulses in our own, — too faintly feel;  
Would that the heart of woman warmed  
our creeds!

Not from the sad-eyed hermit's lonely cell,  
Not from the conclave where the holy  
men

Glare on each other, as with angry eyes  
They battle for God's glory and their own,  
Till, sick of wordy strife, a show of hands  
Fixes the faith of ages yet unborn, —

Ah, not from these the listening soul can  
hear

The Father's voice that speaks itself  
divine!

Love must be still our Master; till we  
learn

What he can teach us of a woman's heart,  
We know not His whose love embraces all.

#### EPILOGUE TO THE BREAK- FAST-TABLE SERIES

AUTOCRAT — PROFESSOR — POET

AT A BOOKSTORE

*Anno Domini 1972*

A CRAZY bookcase, placed before  
A low-price dealer's open door;  
Therein arrayed in broken rows  
A ragged crew of rhyme and prose,  
The homeless vagrants, waifs, and strays  
Whose low estate this line betrays  
(Set forth the lesser birds to lime)  
YOUR CHOICE AMONG THESE BOOKS 1  
DIME!

Ho! dealer; for its motto's sake  
This scarecrow from the shelf I take;  
Three starveling volumes bound in one,  
Its covers warping in the sun.  
Methinks it hath a musty smell,  
I like its flavor none too well,  
But Yorick's brain was far from dull,  
Though Hamlet pah! 'd, and dropped his  
skull.

Why, here comes rain! The sky grows  
dark, —

Was that the roll of thunder? Hark!  
The shop affords a safe retreat,  
A chair extends its welcome seat,

The tradesman has a civil look  
 (I've paid, impromptu, for my book),  
 The clouds portend a sudden shower, —  
 I'll read my purchase for an hour.

What have I rescued from the shelf?  
 A Boswell, writing out himself!  
 For though he changes dress and name,  
 The man beneath is still the same,  
 Laughing or sad, by fits and starts,  
 One actor in a dozen parts,  
 And whatsoe'er the mask may be,  
 The voice assures us, *This is he.*

I say not this to cry him down;  
 I find my Shakespeare in his clown,  
 His rogues the selfsame parent own;  
 Nay! Satan talks in Milton's tone!  
 Where'er the ocean inlet strays,  
 The salt sea wave its source betrays;  
 Where'er the queen of summer blows,  
 She tells the zephyr, "I'm the rose!"

And his is not the playwright's page;  
 His table does not ape the stage;  
 What matter if the figures seen  
 Are only shadows on a screen,  
 He finds in them his lurking thought,  
 And on their lips the words he sought,  
 Like one who sits before the keys  
 And plays a tune himself to please.

And was he noted in his day?  
 Read, flattered, honored? Who shall say?

Poor wreck of time the wave has cast  
 To find a peaceful shore at last,  
 Once glorying in thy gilded name  
 And freighted deep with hopes of fame,  
 Thy leaf is moistened with a tear,  
 The first for many a long, long year!

For be it more or less of art  
 That veils the lowliest human heart  
 Where passion throbs, where friendship  
 glows,  
 Where pity's tender tribute flows,  
 Where love has lit its fragrant fire,  
 And sorrow quenched its vain desire,  
 For me the altar is divine,  
 Its flame, its ashes, — all are mine!

And thou, my brother, as I look  
 And see thee pictured in thy book,  
 Thy years on every page confessed  
 In shadows lengthening from the west,  
 Thy glance that wanders, as it sought  
 Some freshly opening flower of thought,  
 Thy hopeful nature, light and free,  
 I start to find myself in thee!

Come, vagrant, outcast, wretch forlorn  
 In leather jerkin stained and torn,  
 Whose talk has filled my idle hour  
 And made me half forget the shower,  
 I'll do at least as much for you,  
 Your coat I'll patch, your guilt renew,  
 Read you — perhaps — some other time.  
 Not bad, my bargain! Price one dime!



## SONGS OF MANY SEASONS

1862-1874

### OPENING THE WINDOW

Thus I lift the sash, so long  
Shut against the flight of song;  
All too late for vain excuse, —  
Lo, my captive rhymes are loose!

Rhymes that, flitting through my brain,  
Beat against my window-pane,  
Some with gayly colored wings,  
Some, alas! with venom'd stings.

Shall they bask in sunny rays?  
Shall they feed on sugared praise?  
Shall they stick with tangled feet  
On the critic's poisoned sheet?

Are the outside winds too rough?  
Is the world not wide enough?  
Go, my wing'd verse, and try, —  
Go, like Uncle Toby's fly!

### PROGRAMME

OCTOBER 7, 1874

READER — gentle — if so be  
Such still live, and live for me,  
Will it please you to be told  
What my tenseore pages hold?

Here are verses that in spite  
Of myself I needs must write,  
Like the wine that oozes first  
When the unsqueezed grapes have burst.

Here are angry lines, "too hard!"  
Says the soldier, battle-scarred.  
Could I smile his sears away  
I would blot the bitter lay,

Written with a knitted brow,  
Read with placid wonder now.

Throbb'd such passion in my heart?  
Did his wounds once really smart?

Here are varied strains that sing  
All the changes life can bring,  
Songs when joyous friends have met,  
Songs the mourner's tears have wet.

See the banquet's dead bouquet,  
Fair and fragrant in its day;  
Do they read the selfsame lines, —  
He that fasts and he that dines?

Year by year, like milestones placed,  
Mark the record Friendship traced.  
Prisoned in the walls of time  
Life has notched itself in rhyme:

As its seasons slid along,  
Every year a notch of song,  
From the June of long ago,  
When the rose was full in blow,

Till the scarlet sage has come  
And the cold chrysanthemum.  
Read, but not to praise or blame;  
Are not all our hearts the same?

For the rest, they take their chance, —  
Some may pay a passing glance;  
Others, — well, they served a turn, —  
Wherefore written, would you learn?

Not for glory, not for pelf,  
Not, be sure, to please myself,  
Not for any meaner ends, —  
Always "by request of friends."

Here's the cousin of a king, —  
Would I do the civil thing?  
Here's the first-born of a queen:  
Here's a slant-eyed Mandarin.

*Would I polish off Japan ?  
Would I greet this famous man,  
Prince or Prelate, Sheik or Shah ? —  
Figaro çì and Figaro là !*

*Would I just this once comply ? —  
So they teased and teased till I  
(Be the truth at once confessed)  
Wavered — yielded — did my best.*

*Turn my pages, — never mind  
If you like not all you find;  
Think not all the grains are gold  
Sacramento's sand-banks hold.*

*Every kernel has its shell,  
Every chime its harshest bell,  
Every face its weariest look,  
Every shelf its emptiest book,*

*Every field its leanest sheaf,  
Every book its dullest leaf,  
Every leaf its weakest line, —  
Shall it not be so with mine ?*

*Best for worst shall make amends,  
Find us, keep us, leave us friends  
Till, perchance, we meet again.  
Benedicite. — Amen!*

## IN THE QUIET DAYS

### AN OLD-YEAR SONG

*As through the forest, disarrayed  
By chill November, late I strayed,  
A lonely minstrel of the wood  
Was singing to the solitude:  
I loved thy music, thus I said,  
When o'er thy perch the leaves were  
spread;*

*Sweet was thy song, but sweeter now  
Thy carol on the leafless bough.  
Sing, little bird ! thy note shall cheer  
The sadness of the dying year.*

*When violets pranked the turf with blue  
And morning filled their cups with dew,  
Thy slender voice with rippling trill  
The budding April bowers would fill,  
Nor passed its joyous tones away  
When April rounded into May:  
Thy life shall hail no second dawn, —  
Sing, little bird ! the spring is gone.*

*And I remember — welladay ! —  
Thy full-blown summer roundelay,  
As when behind a brodered screen  
Some holy maiden sings unseen:  
With answering notes the woodland rung,  
And every treetop found a tongue.  
How deep the shade ! the groves how  
fair !  
Sing, little bird ! the woods are bare.*

*The summer's throbbing chant is done  
And mute the choral antiphon;  
The birds have left the shivering pines*

*To fit among the trellised vines,  
Or fan the air with scented plumes  
Amid the love-sick orange-blooms,  
And thou art here alone, — alone, —  
Sing, little bird ! the rest have flown.*

*The snow has capped yon distant hill,  
At morn the running brook was still,  
From driven herds the clouds that rise  
Are like the smoke of sacrifice;  
Erelong the frozen sod shall mock  
The ploughshare, changed to stubborn  
rock,  
The brawling streams shall soon be  
dumb, —  
Sing, little bird ! the frosts have come.*

*Fast, fast the lengthening shadows creep,  
The songless fowls are half asleep,  
The air grows chill, the setting sun  
May leave thee ere thy song is done,  
The pulse that warms thy breast grow cold,  
Thy secret die with thee, untold:  
The lingering sunset still is bright, —  
Sing, little bird ! 't will soon be night.*

### DOROTHY Q.

#### A FAMILY PORTRAIT

*I cannot tell the story of Dorothy Q. more  
simply in prose than I have told it in verse,  
but I can add something to it.*

*Dorothy was the daughter of Judge Edmund  
Quincy, and the niece of Josiah Quincy, junior,  
the young patriot and orator who died just  
before the American Revolution, of which he*

was one of the most eloquent and effective promoters. The son of the latter, Josiah Quincy, the first mayor of Boston bearing that name, lived to a great age, one of the most useful and honored citizens of his time.

The canvas of the painting was so much decayed that it had to be replaced by a new one, in doing which the rapier thrust was of course filled up.

GRANDMOTHER'S mother: her age, I guess,  
Thirteen summers, or something less;  
Girlish bust, but womanly air;  
Smooth, square forehead with uprolled  
hair;  
Lips that lover has never kissed;  
Taper fingers and slender wrist;  
Hanging sleeves of stiff brocade;  
So they painted the little maid.

On her hand a parrot green  
Sits unmoving and broods serene.  
Hold up the canvas full in view, —  
Look! there's a rent the light shines  
through,  
Dark with a century's fringe of dust, —  
That was a Red-Coat's rapier-thrust!  
Such is the tale the lady old,  
Dorothy's daughter's daughter, told.

Who the painter was none may tell, —  
One whose best was not over well;  
Hard and dry, it must be confessed,  
Flat as a rose that has long been pressed;  
Yet in her cheek the hues are bright,  
Dainty colors of red and white,  
And in her slender shape are seen  
Hint and promise of stately mien.

Look not on her with eyes of scorn, —  
Dorothy Q. was a lady born!  
Ay! since the galloping Normans came,  
England's annals have known her name;  
And still to the three-hilled rebel town  
Dear is that ancient name's renown,  
For many a civic wreath they won,  
The youthful sire and the gray-haired son.

O Damsel Dorothy! Dorothy Q.!  
Strange is the gift that I owe to you;  
Such a gift as never a king  
Save to daughter or son might bring, —  
All my tenure of heart and hand,  
All my title to house and land;  
Mother and sister and child and wife  
And joy and sorrow and death and life!

What if a hundred years ago  
Those close-shut lips had answered No,  
When forth the tremulous question came  
That cost the maiden her Norman name,  
And under the folds that look so still  
The bodice swelled with the bosom's thrill?  
Should I be I, or would it be  
One tenth another, to nine tenths me?

Soft is the breath of a maiden's YES:  
Not the light gossamer stirs with less;  
But never a cable that holds so fast  
Through all the battles of wave and blast,  
And never an echo of speech or song  
That lives in the babbling air so long!  
There were tones in the voice that whis-  
pered then  
You may hear to-day in a hundred men.

O lady and lover, how faint and far  
Your images hover, — and here we are,  
Solid and stirring in flesh and bone, —  
Edward's and Dorothy's — all their own, —  
A goodly record for Time to show  
Of a syllable spoken so long ago! —  
Shall I bless you, Dorothy, or forgive  
For the tender whisper that bade me  
live?

It shall be a blessing, my little maid!  
I will heal the stab of the Red-Coat's  
blade,  
And freshen the gold of the tarnished  
frame,  
And gild with a rhyme your household  
name;  
So you shall smile on us brave and bright  
As first you greeted the morning's light,  
And live untroubled by woes and fears  
Through a second youth of a hundred  
years.

## THE ORGAN-BLOWER

DEVOUTEST of my Sunday friends,  
The patient Organ-blower bends;  
I see his figure sink and rise,  
(Forgive me, Heaven, my wandering  
eyes!)  
A moment lost, the next half seen,  
His head above the scanty screen,  
Still measuring out his deep salaams  
Through quivering hymns and panting  
psalms.

No priest that prays in gilded stole,  
To save a rich man's mortgaged soul;  
No sister, fresh from holy vows,  
So humbly stoops, so meekly bows;  
His large obeisance puts to shame  
The proudest genuflecting dame,  
Whose Easter bonnet low descends  
With all the grace devotion lends.

O brother with the supple spine,  
How much we owe those bows of thine !  
Without thine arm to lend the breeze,  
How vain the finger on the keys !  
Though all unmatched the player's skill,  
Those thousand throats were dumb and  
still:

Another's art may shape the tone,  
The breath that fills it is thine own.

Six days the silent Memnon waits  
Behind his temple's folded gates;  
But when the seventh day's sunshine falls  
Through rainbowed windows on the walls,  
He breathes, he sings, he shouts, he fills  
The quivering air with rapturous thrills;  
The roof resounds, the pillars shake,  
And all the slumbering echoes wake !

The Preacher from the Bible-text  
With weary words my soul has vexed  
(Some stranger, fumbling far astray  
To find the lesson for the day);  
He tells us truths too plainly true,  
And reads the service all askew, —  
Why, why the — mischief — can't he look  
Beforehand in the service-book ?

But thou, with decent mien and face,  
Art always ready in thy place;  
Thy strenuous blast, whate'er the tune,  
As steady as the strong monsoon;  
Thy only dread a leathery creak,  
Or small residual extra squeak,  
To send along the shadowy aisles  
A sunlit wave of dimpled smiles.

Not all the preaching, O my friend,  
Comes from the church's pulpit end !  
Not all that bend the knee and bow  
Yield service half so true as thou !  
One simple task performed aright,  
With slender skill, but all thy might,  
Where honest labor does its best,  
And leaves the player all the rest.

This many-diapasoned maze,  
Through which the breath of being strays,  
Whose music makes our earth divine,  
Has work for mortal hands like mine.  
My duty lies before me. Lo,  
The lever there ! Take hold and blow !  
And He whose hand is on the keys  
Will play the tune as He shall please.

#### AFTER THE FIRE

[The great Boston fire occurred November  
9-10, 1872.]

WHILE far along the eastern sky  
I saw the flags of Havoc fly,  
As if his forces would assault  
The sovereign of the starry vault  
And hurl Him back the burning rain  
That seared the cities of the plain,  
I read as on a crimson page  
The words of Israel's sceptred sage: —

*For riches make them wings, and they  
Do as an eagle fly away.*

O vision of that sleepless night,  
What hue shall paint the mocking light  
That burned and stained the orient skies  
Where peaceful morning loves to rise,  
As if the sun had lost his way  
And dawned to make a second day, —  
Above how red with fiery glow,  
How dark to those it woke below !

On roof and wall, on dome and spire,  
Flashed the false jewels of the fire;  
Girt with her belt of glittering panes,  
And crowned with starry-gleaming vanes,  
Our northern queen in glory shone  
With new-born splendors not her own,  
And stood, transfigured in our eyes,  
A victim decked for sacrifice !

The cloud still hovers overhead,  
And still the midnight sky is red;  
As the lost wanderer strays alone  
To seek the place he called his own,  
His devious footprints sadly tell  
How changed the pathways known so  
well;

The scene, how new ! The tale, how old  
Ere yet the ashes have grown cold !

Again I read the words that came  
Writ in the rubric of the flame:  
Howe'er we trust to mortal things,  
Each hath its pair of folded wings;  
Though long their terrors rest unspread  
Their fatal plumes are never shed;  
At last, at last, they stretch in flight,  
And blot the day and blast the night!

Hope, only Hope, of all that clings  
Around us, never spreads her wings;  
Love, though he break his earthly chain,  
Still whispers he will come again;  
But Faith that soars to seek the sky  
Shall teach our half-fledged souls to fly,  
And find, beyond the smoke and flame,  
The cloudless azure whence they came!

## AT THE PANTOMIME

18—: REWRITTEN 1874

THE house was crammed from roof to floor,  
Heads piled on heads at every door;  
Half dead with August's seething heat  
I crowded on and found my seat,  
My patience slightly out of joint,  
My temper short of boiling-point,  
Not quite at *Hate mankind as such*,  
Nor yet at *Love them overmuch*.

Amidst the throng the pageant drew  
Were gathered Hebrews not a few,  
Black-bearded, swarthy, — at their side  
Dark, jewelled women, orient-eyed:  
If scarce a Christian hopes for grace  
Who crowds one in his narrow place,  
What will the savage victim do  
Whose ribs are kneaded by a Jew?

Next on my left a breathing form  
Wedge'd up against me, close and warm;  
The beak that crown'd the bistro'd face  
Betrayed the mould of Abraham's race, —  
That coal-black hair, that smoke-brown  
hue, —  
Ah, cursèd, unbelieving Jew!  
I started, shuddering, to the right,  
And squeezed — a second Israelite!

Then woke the evil brood of rage  
That slumber, tongueless, in their cage;  
I stabbed in turn with silent oaths  
The hook-nosed kite of carrion clothes,  
The snaky usurer, him that crawls  
And cheats beneath the golden balls,

Moses and Levi, all the horde,  
Spawn of the race that slew its Lord.

Up came their murderous deeds of old,  
The grisly story Chaucer told,  
And many an ugly tale beside  
Of children caught and crucified;  
I heard the ducat-sweating thieves  
Beneath the Ghetto's slouching caves,  
And, thrust beyond the tented green,  
The lepers cry, "Unclean! Unclean!"

The show went on, but, ill at ease,  
My sullen eye it could not please,  
In vain my conscience whispered, "Shame!  
Who but their Maker is to blame?"  
I thought of Judas and his bribe,  
And steeled my soul against their tribe:  
My neighbors stirred; I looked again  
Full on the younger of the twain.

A fresh young cheek whose olive hue  
The mantling blood shows faintly through;  
Locks dark as midnight, that divide  
And shade the neck on either side;  
Soft, gentle, loving eyes that gleam  
Clear as a starlit mountain stream; —  
So looked that other child of Schem,  
The Maiden's Boy of Bethlehem!

And thou couldst scorn the peerless blood  
That flows unmingled from the Flood, —  
Thy scutecheon spotted with the stains  
Of Norman thieves and pirate Danes!  
The New World's founding, in thy pride  
Scowl on the Hebrew at thy side,  
And lo! the very semblance there  
The Lord of Glory deigned to wear!

I see that radiant image rise,  
The flowing hair, the pitying eyes,  
The faintly crimsoned cheek that shows  
The blush of Sharon's opening rose, —  
Thy hands would clasp his hallowed feet  
Whose brethren soil thy Christian seat,  
Thy lips would press his garment's hem  
That curl in wrathful scorn for them!

A sudden mist, a watery screen,  
Dropped like a veil before the scene;  
The shadow floated from my soul,  
And to my lips a whisper stole, —  
"Thy prophets caught the Spirit's flame,  
From thee the Son of Mary came,  
With thee the Father deigned to dwell, —  
Peace be upon thee, Israel!"

### A BALLAD OF THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY

The tax on tea, which was considered so odious and led to the act on which *A Ballad of the Boston Tea Party* is founded, was but a small matter, only twopence in the pound. But it involved a principle of taxation, to which the Colonies would not submit. Their objection was not to the amount, but the claim. The East India Company, however, sent out a number of tea-ships to different American ports, three of them to Boston.

The inhabitants tried to send them back, but in vain. The captains of the ships had consented, if permitted, to return with their cargoes to England, but the consignees refused to discharge them from their obligations, the custom house to give them a clearance for their return, and the governor to grant them a passport for going by the fort. It was easily seen that the tea would be gradually landed from the ships lying so near the town, and that if landed it would be disposed of, and the purpose of establishing the monopoly and raising a revenue effected. To prevent the dreaded consequence, a number of armed men, disguised like Indians, boarded the ships and threw their whole cargoes of tea into the dock. About seventeen persons boarded the ships in Boston harbor, and emptied three hundred and forty-two chests of tea. Among these "Indians" was Major Thomas Melville, the same who suggested to me the poem, *The Last Leaf*.

Read at a meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society in 1874.

No! never such a draught was poured  
 Since Hebe served with nectar  
 The bright Olympians and their Lord,  
 Her over-kind protector, —  
 Since Father Noah squeezed the grape  
 And took to such behaving  
 As would have shamed our grandsire ape  
 Before the days of shaving, —  
 No! ne'er was mingled such a draught  
 In palace, hall, or arbor,  
 As freemen brewed and tyrants quaffed  
 That night in Boston Harbor!  
 It kept King George so long awake  
 His brain at last got addled,  
 It made the nerves of Britain shake,  
 With sevenscore millions saddled;  
 Before that bitter cup was drained,  
 Amid the roar of cannon,  
 The Western war-cloud's crimson stained  
 The Thames, the Clyde, the Shannon;

Full many a six-foot grenadier  
 The flattened grass had measured,  
 And many a mother many a year  
 Her tearful memories treasured;  
 Fast spread the tempest's darkening pall,  
 The mighty realms were troubled,  
 The storm broke loose, but first of all  
 The Boston teapot bubbled!

An evening party, — only that,  
 No formal invitation,  
 No gold-laced coat, no stiff cravat,  
 No feast in contemplation,  
 No silk-robed dames, no fiddling band,  
 No flowers, no songs, no dancing, —  
 A tribe of red men, axe in hand, —  
 Behold the guests advancing!  
 How fast the stragglers join the throng,  
 From stall and workshop gathered!  
 The lively barber skips along  
 And leaves a chin half-lathered;  
 The smith has flung his hammer down, —  
 The horseshoe still is glowing;  
 The truant tapster at the Crown  
 Has left a beer-cask flowing;  
 The cooper's boys have dropped the adze,  
 And trot behind their master;  
 Up run the tarry ship-yard lads, —  
 The crowd is hurrying faster, —  
 Out from the Millpond's purlieus gush  
 The streams of white-faced millers,  
 And down their slippery alleys rush  
 The lusty young Fort-Hillers;  
 The ropewalk lends its 'prentice crew, —  
 The tories seize the omen:  
 "Ay, boys, you'll soon have work to do  
 For England's rebel foemen,  
 'King Hancock,' Adams, and their gang,  
 That fire the mob with treason, —  
 When these we shoot and those we hang  
 The town will come to reason."

On — on to where the tea-ships ride!  
 And now their ranks are forming, —  
 A rush, and up the Dartmouth's side  
 The Mohawk band is swarming!  
 See the fierce natives! What a glimpse  
 Of paint and fur and feather,  
 As all at once the full-grown imps  
 Light on the deck together!  
 A scarf the pigtail's secret keeps,  
 A blanket hides the breeches, —  
 And out the cursed cargo leaps,  
 And overboard it pitches!

O woman, at the evening board  
 So gracious, sweet, and purring,  
 So happy while the tea is poured, -  
 So blest while spoons are stirring,  
 What martyr can compare with thee,  
 The mother, wife, or daughter,  
 That night, instead of best Bohea,  
 Condemned to milk and water !

Ab, little dreams the quiet dame  
 Who plies with rock and spindle  
 The patient flax, how great a flame  
 Yon little spark shall kindle !  
 The lurid morning shall reveal  
 A fire no king can smother  
 Where British flint and Boston steel  
 Have clashed against each other !  
 Old charters shrivel in its track,  
 His Worship's bench has crumbled,  
 It climbs and clasps the union-jack,  
 Its blazoned pomp is humbled,  
 The flags go down on land and sea  
 Like corn before the reapers ;  
 So burned the fire that brewed the tea  
 That Boston served her keepers !

The waves that wrought a century's wreck  
 Have rolled o'er whig and tory ;  
 The Mohawks on the Dartmouth's deck  
 Still live in song and story ;  
 The waters in the rebel bay  
 Have kept the tea-leaf savor ;  
 Our old North-Enders in their spray  
 Still taste a Hyson flavor ;

And Freedom's teacup still o'erflows  
 With ever fresh libations,  
 To cheat of slumber all her foes  
 And cheer the wakening nations !

## NEARING THE SNOW-LINE

1870

SLOW toiling upward from the misty vale,  
 I leave the bright enamelled zones be-  
 low ;  
 No more for me their beauteous bloom  
 shall glow,  
 Their lingering sweetness load the morning  
 gale ;  
 Few are the slender flowerets, scentless,  
 pale,  
 That on their ice-clad stems all trembling  
 blow  
 Along the margin of unmelting snow ;  
 Yet with unsaddened voice thy verge I hail,  
 White realm of peace above the flower-  
 ing line ;  
 Welcome thy frozen domes, thy rocky  
 spires !  
 O'er thee undimmed the moon-girt  
 planets shine,  
 On thy majestic altars fade the fires  
 That filled the air with smoke of vain de-  
 sires,  
 And all the unclouded blue of heaven is  
 thine !

## IN WAR TIME

## TO CANAAN

## A PURITAN WAR-SONG

AUGUST 12, 1862

This poem, published anonymously in the Boston *Evening Transcript*, was claimed by several persons, three, if I remember correctly, whose names I have or have had, but never thought it worth while to publish.

WHERE are you going, soldiers,  
 With banner, gun, and sword ?  
 We're marching South to Canaan  
 To battle for the Lord !

What Captain leads your armies  
 Along the rebel coasts ?  
 The Mighty One of Israel,  
 His name is Lord of Hosts !  
 To Canaan, to Canaan  
 The Lord has led us forth,  
 To blow before the heathen walls  
 The trumpets of the North !

What flag is this you carry  
 Along the sea and shore ?  
 The same our grandsires lifted up, —  
 The same our fathers bore !  
 In many a battle's tempest  
 It shed the crimson rain, —

What God has woven in his loom  
 Let no man rend in twain !  
 To Canaan, to Canaan  
 The Lord has led us forth,  
 To plant upon the rebel towers  
 The banners of the North !

What troop is this that follows,  
 All armed with picks and spades ?  
 These are the swarthy bondsmen, —  
 The iron-skin brigades !  
 They 'll pile up Freedom's breastwork,  
 They 'll scoop out rebels' graves;  
 Who then will be their owner  
 And march them off for slaves ?  
 To Canaan, to Canaan  
 The Lord has led us forth,  
 To strike upon the captive's chain  
 The hammers of the North !

What song is this you 're singing ?  
 The same that Israel sung  
 When Moses led the mighty choir,  
 And Miriam's timbrel rung !  
 To Canaan ! To Canaan !  
 The priests and maidens cried:  
 To Canaan ! To Canaan !  
 The people's voice replied.  
 To Canaan, to Canaan  
 The Lord has led us forth,  
 To thunder through its adder dens  
 The anthems of the North !

When Canaan's hosts are scattered,  
 And all her walls lie flat,  
 What follows next in order ?  
 The Lord will see to that !  
 We 'll break the tyrant's sceptre, —  
 We 'll build the people's throne, —  
 When half the world is Freedom's,  
 Then all the world 's our own !  
 To Canaan, to Canaan  
 The Lord has led us forth,  
 To sweep the rebel threshing-floors,  
 A whirlwind from the North !

“ THUS SAITH THE LORD, I OF-  
 FER THEE THREE THINGS ”

1862

IN poisonous dens, where traitors hide  
 Like bats that fear the day,  
 While all the land our charters claim

Is sweating blood and breathing flame,  
 Dead to their country's woe and shame,  
 The recreants whisper STAY !

In peaceful homes, where patriot fires  
 On Love's own altars glow,  
 The mother hides her trembling fear,  
 The wife, the sister, checks a tear,  
 To breathe the parting word of cheer,  
 Soldier of Freedom, Go !

In halls where Luxury lies at ease,  
 And Mammon keeps his state,  
 Where flatterers fawn and menials crouch,  
 The dreamer, startled from his couch,  
 Wrings a few counters from his pouch,  
 And murmurs faintly WAIT !

In weary camps, on trampled plains  
 That ring with fife and drum,  
 The battling host, whose harness gleams  
 Along the crimson-flowing streams,  
 Calls, like a warning voice in dreams,  
 We want you, Brother ! COME !

Choose ye whose bidding ye will do, —  
 To go, to wait, to stay !  
 Sons of the Freedom-loving town,  
 Heirs of the Fathers' old renown,  
 The servile yoke, the civic crown,  
 Await your choice TO-DAY !

The stake is laid ! O gallant youth  
 With yet unsilvered brow,  
 If Heaven should lose and Hell should  
 win,  
 On whom shall lie the mortal sin,  
 That cries aloud, *It might have been ?*  
 God calls you — answer NOW.

NEVER OR NOW

AN APPEAL

1862

LISTEN, young heroes ! your country is  
 calling !  
 Time strikes the hour for the brave and  
 the true !  
 Now, while the foremost are fighting and  
 falling,  
 Fill up the ranks that have opened for  
 you !



You whom the fathers made free and defended,  
Stain not the scroll that emblazons their fame!

You whose fair heritage spotless descended,  
Leave not your children a birthright of shame!

Stay not for questions while Freedom stands gasping!

Wait not till Honor lies wrapped in his pall!

Brief the lips' meeting be, swift the hands' clasping, —

“Off for the wars!” is enough for them all!

Break from the arms that would fondly caress you!

Hark! 'tis the bugle-blast, sabres are drawn!

Mothers shall pray for you, fathers shall bless you,

Maidens shall weep for you when you are gone!

Never or now! cries the blood of a nation,  
Poured on the turf where the red rose should bloom;

Now is the day and the hour of salvation, —

Never or now! peals the trumpet of doom!

Never or now! roars the hoarse-throated cannon

Through the black canopy blotting the skies;

Never or now! flaps the shell-blasted pennon

O'er the deep ooze where the Cumberland lies!

From the foul dens where our brothers are dying,

Aliens and foes in the land of their birth, —

From the rank swamps where our martyrs are lying

Pleading in vain for a handful of earth, —

From the hot plains where they perish outnumbered,

Furrowed and ridged by the battle-field's plough,

Comes the loud summons; too long you have slumbered,

Hear the last Angel-trump, — Never or Now!

## HYMN

WRITTEN FOR THE GREAT CENTRAL FAIR  
IN PHILADELPHIA, 1864

[This hymn was to have been sung at the Inaugural Ceremonies June 7, but an accident to the singers' platform prevented its use in that form.]

FATHER, send on Earth again  
Peace and good-will to men;  
Yet, while the weary track of life  
Leads thy people through storm and strife,  
Help us to walk therein.

Guide us through the perilous path;  
Teach us love that tempers wrath;  
Let the fountain of mercy flow  
Alike for helpless friend and foe,  
Children all of Thine.

God of grace, hear our call;  
Bless our gifts, Giver of all;  
The wounded heal, the captive restore,  
And make us a nation evermore  
Faithful to Freedom and Thee.

## ONE COUNTRY

1865

ONE country! Treason's writhing asp  
Struck madly at her girdle's clasp,  
And Hatred wrenched with might and main  
To rend its welded links in twain,  
While Mammon hugged his golden calf  
Content to take one broken half,  
While thankless churls stood idly by  
And heard unmoved a nation's cry!

One country! “Nay,” — the tyrant crew  
Shrieked from their dens, — “it shall be  
two!

Ill bodes to us this monstrous birth,  
That sowls on all the thrones of earth,  
Too broad yon starry cluster shines,  
Too proudly tower the New-World pines,  
Tear down the ‘banner of the free,’  
And eleave their land from sea to sea!”

One country still, though foe and "friend"  
 Our seamless empire strove to rend;  
 Safe! safe! though all the fiends of hell  
 Join the red murderers' battle-yell!  
 What though the lifted sabres gleam,  
 The cannons frown by shore and stream,—  
 The sabres clash, the cannons thrill,  
 In wild accord, One country still!

One country! in her stress and strain  
 We heard the breaking of a chain!  
 Look where the conquering Nation swings  
 Her iron flail,— its shivered rings!  
 Forged by the rebels' crimson hand,  
 That bolt of wrath shall scourge the land  
 Till Peace proclaims on sea and shore  
 One Country now and evermore!

GOD SAVE THE FLAG!

1865

WASHED in the blood of the brave and the  
 blooming,  
 Snatched from the altars of insolent foes,  
 Burning with star-fires, but never consuming,  
 Flash its broad ribbons of lily and rose.

Vainly the prophets of Baal would rend it,  
 Vainly his worshippers pray for its fall;  
 Thousands have died for it, millions defend  
 it,  
 Emblem of justice and mercy to all:

Justice that reddens the sky with her terrors,  
 Mercy that comes with her white-handed  
 train,  
 Soothing all passions, redeeming all errors,  
 Sheathing the sabre and breaking the  
 chain.

Borne on the deluge of old usurpations,  
 Drifted our Ark o'er the desolate seas,  
 Bearing the rainbow of hope to the nations,  
 Torn from the storm-cloud and flung to  
 the breeze!

God bless the Flag and its loyal defenders,  
 While its broad folds o'er the battle-field  
 wave,  
 Till the dim star-wreath rekindle its splen-  
 dors,  
 Washed from its stains in the blood of  
 the brave!

HYMN

AFTER THE EMANCIPATION PROCLAMA-  
 TION

1865

GIVER of all that crowns our days,  
 With grateful hearts we sing thy praise;  
 Through deep and desert led by Thee,  
 Our promised land at last we see.

Ruler of Nations, judge our cause!  
 If we have kept thy holy laws,  
 The sons of Belial curse in vain  
 The day that rends the captive's chain.

Thou God of vengeance! Israel's Lord!  
 Break in their grasp the shield and sword,  
 And make thy righteous judgments known  
 Till all thy foes are overthrown!

Then, Father, lay thy healing hand  
 In mercy on our stricken land;  
 Lead all its wanderers to the fold,  
 And be their Shepherd as of old.

So shall one Nation's song ascend  
 To Thee, our Ruler, Father, Friend,  
 While Heaven's wide arch resounds again  
 With Peace on earth, good-will to men!

HYMN

FOR THE FAIR AT CHICAGO

1865

O GOD! in danger's darkest hour,  
 In battle's deadliest field,  
 Thy name has been our Nation's tower,  
 Thy truth her help and shield.

Our lips should fill the air with praise,  
 Nor pay the debt we owe,  
 So high above the songs we raise  
 The floods of mercy flow.

Yet Thou wilt hear the prayer we speak,  
 The song of praise we sing,—  
 Thy children, who thine altar seek  
 Their grateful gifts to bring.

Thine altar is the sufferer's bed,  
The home of woe and pain,  
The soldier's turfy pillow, red  
With battle's crimson rain.

No smoke of burning stains the air,  
No incense-clouds arise;  
Thy peaceful servants, Lord, prepare  
A bloodless sacrifice.

Lo! for our wounded brothers' need,  
We bear the wine and oil;  
For us they faint, for us they bleed,  
For them our gracious toil!

O Father, bless the gifts we bring!  
Cause Thou thy face to shine,  
Till every nation owns her King,  
And all the earth is thine.

UNDER THE WASHINGTON ELM,  
CAMBRIDGE

APRIL 27, 1861

EIGHTY years have passed, and more,  
Since under the brave old tree  
Our fathers gathered in arms, and swore  
They would follow the sign their banners  
bore,  
And fight till the land was free.

Half of their work was done,  
Half is left to do, —  
Cambridge, and Concord, and Lexington!  
When the battle is fought and won,  
What shall be told of you?

Hark! — 't is the south-wind moans, —  
Who are the martyrs down?  
Ah, the marrow was true in your children's  
bones  
That sprinkled with blood the cursèd stones  
Of the murder-haunted town!

What if the storm-clouds blow?  
What if the green leaves fall?  
Better the crashing tempest's throe  
Than the army of worms that gnawed be-  
low;  
Trample them one and all!

Then, when the battle is won,  
And the land from traitors free,  
Our children shall tell of the strife begun  
When Liberty's second April sun  
Was bright on our brave old tree!

FREEDOM, OUR QUEEN

LAND where the banners wave last in the  
sun,  
Blazoned with star-clusters, many in one,  
Floating o'er prairie and mountain and sea;  
Hark! 't is the voice of thy children to  
thee!

Here at thine altar our vows we renew  
Still in thy cause to be loyal and true, —  
True to thy flag on the field and the wave,  
Living to honor it, dying to save!

Mother of heroes! if perfidy's blight  
Fall on a star in thy garland of light,  
Sound but one bugle-blast! Lo! at the  
sign  
Armies all panoplied wheel into line!

Hope of the world! thou hast broken its  
chains, —  
Wear thy bright arms while a tyrant re-  
mains,  
Stand for the right till the nations shall  
own  
Freedom their sovereign, with Law for her  
throne!

Freedom! sweet Freedom! our voices re-  
sound,  
Queen by God's blessing, unseptrèd, un-  
crowned!  
Freedom, sweet Freedom, our pulses re-  
peat,  
Warm with her life-blood, as long as they  
beat!

Fold the broad banner-stripes over her  
breast, —  
Crown her with star-jewels Queen of the  
West!  
Earth for her heritage, God for her friend,  
She shall reign over us, world without  
end!

## ARMY HYMN

"OLD HUNDRED"

O LORD of Hosts ! Almighty King !  
Behold the sacrifice we bring !  
To every arm thy strength impart,  
Thy spirit shed through every heart !

Wake in our breasts the living fires,  
The holy faith that warmed our sires ;  
Thy hand hath made our Nation free ;  
To die for her is serving Thee.

Be Thou a pillared flame to show  
The midnight snare, the silent foe ;  
And when the battle thunders loud,  
Still guide us in its moving cloud.

God of all Nations ! Sovereign Lord !  
In thy dread name we draw the sword,  
We lift the starry flag on high  
That fills with light our stormy sky.

From treason's rent, from murder's stain,  
Guard Thou its folds till Peace shall  
reign, —  
Till fort and field, till shore and sea,  
Join our loud anthem, PRAISE TO THEE !

## PARTING HYMN

"DUNDEE"

FATHER of Mercies, Heavenly Friend,  
We seek thy gracious throne ;  
To Thee our faltering prayers ascend,  
Our fainting hearts are known !

From blasts that chill, from suns that  
smite,

From every plague that harms ;  
In camp and march, in siege and fight,  
Protect our men-at-arms !

Though from our darkened lives they take  
What makes our life most dear,  
We yield them for their country's sake  
With no relenting tear.

Our blood their flowing veins will shed,  
Their wounds our breasts will share ;  
Oh, save us from the woes we dread,  
Or grant us strength to bear !

Let each unhallowed cause that brings  
The stern destroyer cease,  
Thy flaming angel fold his wings,  
And seraphs whisper Peace !

Thine are the sceptre and the sword,  
Stretch forth thy mighty hand, —  
Reign Thou our kingless nation's Lord,  
Rule Thou our throneless land !

## THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY

WHAT flower is this that greets the morn,  
Its hues from Heaven so freshly born ?  
With burning star and flaming band  
It kindles all the sunset land :  
Oh tell us what its name may be, —  
Is this the Flower of Liberty ?  
It is the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty !

In savage Nature's far abode  
Its tender seed our fathers sowed ;  
The storm-winds rocked its swelling bud,  
Its opening leaves were streaked with  
blood,  
Till lo ! earth's tyrants shook to see  
The full-blown Flower of Liberty !  
Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty !

Behold its streaming rays unite,  
One mingling flood of braided light, —  
The red that fires the Southern rose,  
With spotless white from Northern snows,  
And, spangled o'er its azure, see  
The sister Stars of Liberty !  
Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty !

The blades of heroes fence it round,  
Where'er it springs is holy ground ;  
From tower and dome its glories spread ;  
It waves where lonely sentries tread ;  
It makes the land as ocean free,  
And plants an empire on the sea !  
Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry Flower of Liberty !

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,  
Shall ever float on dome and tower,  
To all their heavenly colors true,  
In blackening frost or crimson dew, —

And God love us as we love thee,  
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!  
Then hail the banner of the free,  
The starry FLOWER OF LIBERTY!

## THE SWEET LITTLE MAN

DEDICATED TO THE STAY-AT-HOME  
RANGERS

Now, while our soldiers are fighting our  
battles,

Each at his post to do all that he can,  
Down among rebels and contraband chat-  
tels,

What are you doing, my sweet little man?

All the brave boys under canvas are sleep-  
ing,

All of them pressing to march with the  
van,

Far from the home where their sweethearts  
are weeping;

What are you waiting for, sweet little  
man?

You with the terrible warlike mustaches,  
Fit for a colonel or chief of a clan,

You with the waist made for sword-belts  
and sashes,

Where are your shoulder-straps, sweet  
little man?

Bring him the buttonless garment of  
woman!

Cover his face lest it freckle and tan;  
Mustering the Apron-String Guards on the  
Common,

That is the corps for the sweet little  
man!

Give him for escort a file of young misses,  
Each of them armed with a deadly rattan;

They shall defend him from laughter and  
hisses,

Aimed by low boys at the sweet little  
man.

All the fair maidens about him shall cluster,  
Pluck the white feathers from bonnet  
and fan,

Make him a plume like a turkey-wing  
duster,—

That is the crest for the sweet little man!

Oh, but the Apron-String Guards are the  
fellows!

Drilling each day since our troubles be-  
gan,—

“Handle your walking-sticks!” “Shoulder  
umbrellas!”

That is the style for the sweet little man!

Have we a nation to save? In the first  
place

Saving ourselves is the sensible plan.—  
Surely the spot where there's shooting's  
the worst place

Where I can stand, says the sweet little  
man.

Catch me confiding my person with stran-  
gers!

Think how the cowardly Bull-Runners  
ran!

In the brigade of the Stay-at-Home Rangers  
Marches my corps, says the sweet little  
man.

Such was the stuff of the Malakoff-takers.

Such were the soldiers that scaled the  
Redan;

Trueulent housemaids and bloodthirsty  
Quakers,

Brave not the wrath of the sweet little  
man!

Yield him the sidewalk, ye nursery maid-  
ens!

*Sauve qui peut!* Bridget, and right  
about! Ann;—

Fierce as a shark in a school of menhadens,  
See him advancing, the sweet little man!

When the red flails of the battle-field's  
threshers

Beat out the continent's wheat from its  
bran.

While the wind scatters the chaffy seeeshers,  
What will become of our sweet little  
man?

When the brown soldiers come back from  
the borders,

How will he look while his features they  
scan?

How will he feel when he gets marching  
orders,

Signed by his lady love? sweet little  
man!

Fear not for him, though the rebels expect  
him, —

Life is too precious to shorten its span;  
Woman her broomstick shall raise to protect  
him,

Will she not fight for the sweet little  
man ?

Now then, nine cheers for the Stay-at-Home  
Ranger !

Blow the great fish-horn and beat the  
big pan !

First in the field that is farthest from  
danger,

Take your white-feather plume, sweet  
little man !

### UNION AND LIBERTY

FLAG of the heroes who left us their glory,  
Borne through their battle-fields' thunder  
and flame,

Blazoned in song and illumined in story,  
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame !

Up with our banner bright,  
Sprinkled with starry light,

Spread its fair emblems from mountain  
to shore,

While through the sounding sky  
Loud rings the Nation's cry, —

UNION AND LIBERTY ! ONE EVERMORE !

Light of our firmament, guide of our Na-  
tion,

Pride of her children, and honored afar,

Let the wide beams of thy full constellation  
Scatter each cloud that would darken  
a star !

Up with our banner bright, etc.

Empire unseptr'd ! what foe shall assail  
thee,

Bearing the standard of Liberty's van ?  
Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail  
thee,

Striving with men for the birthright of  
man !

Up with our banner bright, etc.

Yet if, by madness and treachery blighted,  
Dawns the dark hour when the sword  
thou must draw,

Then with the arms of thy millions united,  
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and  
Law !

Up with our banner bright, etc.

Lord of the Universe ! shield us and guide  
us,

Trusting Thee always, through shadow  
and sun !

Thou hast united us, who shall divide us ?

Keep us, oh keep us the MANY IN ONE !

Up with our banner bright,  
Sprinkled with starry light,

Spread its fair emblems from mountain  
to shore,

While through the sounding sky  
Loud rings the Nation's cry, —

UNION AND LIBERTY ! ONE EVERMORE !

## SONGS OF WELCOME AND FAREWELL

### AMERICA TO RUSSIA

AUGUST 5, 1866

Read by Hon. G. V. Fox at a dinner given to  
the Mission from the United States, St. Peter-  
burg.

THOUGH watery deserts hold apart  
The worlds of East and West,  
Still beats the selfsame human heart  
In each proud Nation's breast.

Our floating turret tempts the main  
And dares the howling blast

To clasp more close the golden chain  
That long has bound them fast.

In vain the gales of ocean sweep,  
In vain the billows roar  
That chafe the wild and stormy steep  
Of storied Elsinore.

She comes ! She comes ! her banners dip  
In Neva's flashing tide,  
With greetings on her cannon's lip,  
The storm-god's iron bride !

Peace garlands with the olive-bough  
Her thunder-bearing tower,

And plants before her cleaving prow  
The sea-foam's milk-white flower.

No prairies heaped their garnered store  
To fill her sunless hold,  
Not rich Nevada's gleaming ore  
Its hidden caves infold,

But lightly as the sea-bird swings  
She floats the depths above,  
A breath of flame to lend her wings,  
Her freight a people's love!

When darkness hid the starry skies  
In war's long winter night,  
One ray still cheered our straining eyes,  
The far-off Northern light!

And now the friendly rays return  
From lights that glow afar,  
Those clustered lumps of Heaven that  
burn  
Around the Western Star.

A nation's love in tears and smiles  
We bear across the sea,  
O Neva of the banded isles,  
We moor our hearts in thee!

WELCOME TO THE GRAND  
DUKE ALEXIS

MUSIC HALL, DECEMBER 6, 1871

Sung to the Russian national air by the children of the public schools.

SHADOWED so long by the storm-cloud of  
danger,  
Thou whom the prayers of an empire  
defend,  
Welcome, thrice welcome! but not as a  
stranger,  
Come to the nation that calls thee its  
friend!

Bleak are our shores with the blasts of  
December,  
Fettered and chill is the rivulet's flow;  
Throbbing and warm are the hearts that  
remember  
Who was our friend when the world was  
our foe.

Look on the lips that are smiling to greet  
thee,  
See the fresh flowers that a people has  
strewn:  
Count them thy sisters and brothers that  
meet thee;  
Guest of the Nation, her heart is thine  
own!

Fires of the North, in eternal communion,  
Blend your broad flashes with evening's  
bright star!  
God bless the Empire that loves the Great  
Union;  
Strength to her people! Long life to  
the Czar!

AT THE BANQUET TO THE  
GRAND DUKE ALEXIS

DECEMBER 9, 1871

ONE word to the guest we have gathered  
to greet!  
The echoes are longing that word to re-  
peat,—  
It springs to the lips that are waiting to part,  
For its syllables spell themselves first in  
the heart.

Its accents may vary, its sound may be  
strange,  
But it bears a kind message that nothing  
can change;  
The dwellers by Neva its meaning can tell,  
For the smile, its interpreter, shows it full  
well.

That word! How it gladdened the Pilgrim  
of yore  
As he stood in the snow on the desolate  
shore!  
When the shout of the sagamore startled  
his ear  
In the phrase of the Saxou, 't was music  
to hear!

Ah, little could Samoset offer our sire, —  
The cabin, the corn-cake, the seat by the  
fire;  
He had nothing to give, — the poor lord  
of the land, —  
But he gave him a WELCOME, — his heart  
in his hand!

The tribe of the sachem has melted away,  
 But the word that he spoke is remembered  
 to-day,  
 And the page that is red with the record  
 of shame  
 The tear-drops have whitened round Samo-  
 set's name.

The word that he spoke to the Pilgrim of  
 old -  
 May sound like a tale that has often been  
 told;  
 But the welcome we speak is as fresh as  
 the dew, —  
 As the kiss of a lover, that always is new !

Ay, Guest of the Nation ! each roof is  
 thine own  
 Through all the broad continent's star-ban-  
 nered zone;  
 From the shore where the curtain of morn  
 is uprolled,  
 To the billows that flow through the gate-  
 way of gold.

The snow-crested mountains are calling  
 aloud;  
 Nevada to Ural speaks out of the cloud,  
 And Shasta shouts forth, from his throne  
 in the sky,  
 To the storm-splintered summits, the peaks  
 of Altai !

You must leave him, they say, till the sum-  
 mer is green !  
 Both shores are his home, though the  
 waves roll between;  
 And then we 'll return him, with thanks  
 for the same,  
 As fresh and as smiling and tall as he  
 came.

But ours is the region of arctic delight;  
 We can show him auroras and pole-stars  
 by night;  
 There's a Muscovy sting in the ice-tem-  
 pered air,  
 And our firesides are warm and our maid-  
 ens are fair.

The flowers are full-blown in the garlanded  
 hall, —  
 They will bloom round his footsteps wher-  
 ever they fall;

For the splendors of youth and the sun-  
 shine they bring  
 Make the roses believe 't is the summons  
 of Spring.

One word of our language he needs must  
 know well,  
 But another remains that is harder to  
 spell ;  
 We shall speak it so ill, if he wishes to  
 learn  
 How we utter *Farewell*, he will have to  
 return !

#### AT THE BANQUET TO THE CHINESE EMBASSY

AUGUST 21, 1868

BROTHERS, whom we may not reach  
 Through the veil of alien speech,  
 Welcome ! welcome ! eyes can tell  
 What the lips in vain would spell, —  
 Words that hearts can understand,  
 Brothers from the Flowery Land !

We, the evening's latest born,  
 Hail the children of the moru !  
 We, the new creation's birth,  
 Greet the lords of ancient earth,  
 From their storied walls and towers  
 Wandering to these tents of ours !

Land of wonders, fair Cathay,  
 Who long hast shunned the staring day,  
 Hid in mists of poet's dreams  
 By thy blue and yellow streams, —  
 Let us thy shadowed form behold, —  
 Teach us as thou didst of old.

Knowledge dwells with length of days;  
 Wisdom walks in ancient ways:  
 Thine the compass that could guide  
 A nation o'er the stormy tide,  
 Scourged by passions, doubts, and fears,  
 Safe through thrice a thousand years !

Looking from thy turrets gray  
 Thou hast seen the world's decay, —  
 Egypt drowning in her sands, —  
 Athens rent by robbers' hands, —  
 Rome, the wild barbarian's prey,  
 Like a storm-cloud swept away:



Looking from thy turrets gray  
 Still we see thee. Where are they?  
 And lo! a new-born nation waits,  
 Sitting at the golden gates  
 That glitter by the sunset sea, —  
 Waits with outspread arms for thee!

Open wide, ye gates of gold,  
 To the Dragon's banner-fold!  
 Builders of the mighty wall,  
 Bid your mountain barriers fall!  
 So may the girdle of the sun  
 Bind the East and West in one,

Till Mount Shasta's breezes fan  
 The snowy peaks of Ta Siene-Shan, —  
 Till Erie blends its waters blue  
 With the waves of Tung-Ting-Hu, —  
 Till deep Missouri lends its flow  
 To swell the rushing Hoang-Ho!

AT THE BANQUET TO THE  
 JAPANESE EMBASSY

AUGUST 2, 1872

WE welcome you, Lords of the Land of  
 the Sun!  
 The voice of the many sounds feebly  
 through one;  
 Ah! would't were a voice of more musical  
 tone,  
 But the dog-star is here, and the song-  
 birds have flown.

And what shall I sing that can cheat you  
 of smiles,  
 Ye heralds of peace from the Orient isles?  
 If only the Jubilee — Why did you wait?  
 You are welcome, but oh! you're a little  
 too late!

We have greeted our brothers of Ireland  
 and France,  
 Round the fiddle of Strauss we have joined  
 in the dance,  
 We have laged Herr Saro, that fine-  
 looking man,  
 And glorified Godfrey, whose name it is  
 Dan.

What a pity! we've missed it and you've  
 missed it too,  
 We had a day ready and waiting for you;

We'd have shown you — provided, of  
 course, you had come —  
 You'd have heard — no, you would n't,  
 because it was dumb.

And then the great organ! The chorus's  
 shout!  
 Like the mixture teetotalers call "Cold  
 without" —  
 A mingling of elements, strong, but not  
 sweet;  
 And the drum, just referred to, that "could  
 n't be beat."

The shrines of our pilgrims are not like  
 your own,  
 Where white Fusiyama lifts proudly its cone,  
 (The snow-mantled mountain we see on  
 the fan  
 That cools our hot cheeks with a breeze  
 from Japan.)

But ours the wide temple where worship is  
 free  
 As the wind of the prairie, the wave of the  
 sea;  
 You may build your own altar wherever  
 you will,  
 For the roof of that temple is over you still.

One dome overarches the star-bannered  
 shore;  
 You may enter the Pope's or the Puritan's  
 door,  
 Or pass with the Buddhist his gateway of  
 bronze,  
 For a priest is but Man, be he bishop or  
 bonze.

And the lesson we teach with the sword  
 and the pen  
 Is to all of God's children, "We also are  
 men!"  
 If you wrong us we smart, if you prick us  
 we bleed,  
 If you love us, no quarrel with color or  
 creed!"

You'll find us a well-meaning, free-spoken  
 crowd,  
 Good-natured enough, but a little too  
 loud, —  
 To be sure, there is always a bit of a row  
 When we choose our Tycoon, and especially  
 now.

You'll take it all calmly, — we want you  
to see  
What a peaceable fight such a contest can  
be,  
And of one thing be certain, however it  
ends,  
You will find that our voters have chosen  
your friends.

If the horse that stands saddled is first in  
the race,  
You will greet your old friend with the  
weed in his face;  
And if the white hat and the White House  
agree,  
You'll find H. G. really as loving as he.

But oh, what a pity — once more I must  
say —  
That we could not have joined in a "Japan-  
ese day"!  
Such greeting we give you to-night as we  
can;  
Long life to our brothers and friends of  
Japan!

The Lord of the mountain looks down from  
his crest  
As the banner of morning unfurls in the  
West;  
The Eagle was always the friend of the  
Sun;  
You are welcome! — The song of the cage-  
bird is done.

#### BRYANT'S SEVENTIETH BIRTH- DAY

NOVEMBER 3, 1864

O EVEN-HANDED Nature! we confess  
This life that men so honor, love, and bless  
Has filled thine olden measure. Not the  
less

We count the precious seasons that remain;  
Strike not the level of the golden grain,  
But heap it high with years, that earth  
may gain

What heaven can lose, — for heaven is rich  
in song:  
Do not all poets, dying, still prolong  
Their broken chants amid the seraph throng,

Where, blind no more, Ionia's bard is seen,  
And England's heavenly minstrel sits be-  
tween  
The Mantuan and the wan-cheeked Floren-  
tine?

This was the first sweet singer in the  
cage  
Of our close-woven life. A new-born age  
Claims in his vesper song its heritage:

Spare us, oh spare us long our heart's de-  
sire!  
Moloch, who calls our children through the  
fire,  
Leaves us the gentle master of the lyre.

We count not on the dial of the sun  
The hours, the minutes, that his sands have  
run;  
Rather, as on those flowers that one by  
one

From earliest dawn their ordered bloom  
display  
Till evening's planet with her guiding ray  
Leads in the blind old mother of the day,

We reckon by his songs, each song a  
flower,  
The long, long daylight, numbering hour  
by hour,  
Each breathing sweetness like a bridal  
bower.

His morning glory shall we e'er forget?  
His noontide's full-blown lily coronet?  
His evening primrose has not opened yet;

Nay, even if creeping Time should hide the  
skies  
In midnight from his century-laden eyes,  
Darkened like his who sang of Paradise,

Would not some hidden song-bud open  
bright  
As the resplendent cactus of the night  
That floods the gloom with fragrance and  
with light?

How can we praise the verse whose music  
flows  
With solemn cadence and majestic close,  
Pure as the dew that filters through the  
rose?

How shall we thank him that in evil days  
 He faltered never, — nor for blame, nor  
 praise,  
 Nor hire, nor party, shamed his earlier  
 lays ?

But as his boyhood was of manliest hue,  
 So to his youth his manly years were true,  
 All dyed in royal purple through and  
 through !

He for whose touch the lyre of Heaven is  
 strung  
 Needs not the flattering toil of mortal  
 tongue:  
 Let not the singer grieve to die unsung !

Marbles forget their message to mankind:  
 In his own verse the poet still we find,  
 In his own page his memory lives enshrined,

As in their amber sweets the smothered  
 bees, —  
 As the fair cedar, fallen before the breeze,  
 Lies self-embalmed amidst the mouldering  
 trees.

Poets, like youngest children, never grow  
 Out of their mother's fondness. Nature  
 so  
 Holds their soft hands, and will not let  
 them go,

Till at the last they track with even feet  
 Her rhythmic footsteps, and their pulses  
 beat  
 Twinned with her pulses, and their lips re-  
 peat

The secrets she has told them, as their  
 own:  
 Thus is the inmost soul of Nature known,  
 And the rapt minstrel shares her awful  
 throne !

O lover of her mountains and her woods,  
 Her bridal chamber's leafy solitudes,  
 Where Love himself with tremulous step  
 intrudes,

Her snows fall harmless on thy sacred  
 fire:  
 Far be the day that claims thy sounding  
 lyre  
 To join the music of the angel choir !

Yet, since life's amplest measure must be  
 filled,  
 Since throbbing hearts must be forever  
 stilled,  
 And all must fade that evening sunsets gild,

Grant, Father, ere he close the mortal eyes  
 That see a Nation's reeking sacrifice,  
 Its smoke may vanish from these blackened  
 skies !

Then, when his summons comes, since come  
 it must,  
 And, looking heavenward with unfaltering  
 trust,  
 He wraps his drapery round him for the  
 dust,

His last fond glance will show him o'er his  
 head  
 The Northern fires beyond the zenith  
 spread  
 In lambent glory, blue and white and  
 red, —

The Southern cross without its bleeding  
 load,  
 The milky way of peace all freshly strowed,  
 And every white-throned star fixed in its  
 lost abode !

## A FAREWELL TO AGASSIZ

[Written on the eve of Agassiz's journey to  
 Brazil in 1865.]

How the mountains talked together,  
 Looking down upon the weather,  
 When they heard our friend had planned his  
 Little trip among the Andes !  
 How they 'll bare their snowy scalps  
 To the climber of the Alps  
 When the cry goes through their passes,  
 "Here comes the great Agassiz !"  
 "Yes, I'm tall," says Chimborazo,  
 "But I wait for him to say so. —  
 That's the only thing that lacks, — he  
 Must see me, Cotopaxi !"  
 "Ay ! ay !" the fire-peak thunders,  
 "And he must view my wonders !  
 I'm but a lonely crater  
 Till I have him for spectator !"  
 The mountain hearts are yearning,  
 The lava-torches burning,  
 The rivers bend to meet him,

The forests bow to greet him,  
 It thrills the spinal column  
 Of fossil fishes solemn,  
 And glaciers crawl the faster  
 To the feet of their old master !  
 Heaven keep him well and hearty,  
 Both him and all his party !  
 From the sun that broils and smites,  
 From the centipede that bites,  
 From the hail-storm and the thunder,  
 From the vampire and the condor,  
 From the gust upon the river,  
 From the sudden earthquake shiver,  
 From the trip of mule or donkey,  
 From the midnight howling monkey,  
 From the stroke of knife or dagger,  
 From the puma and the jaguar,  
 From the horrid boa-constrictor  
 That has scared us in the pictur',  
 From the Indians of the Pampas  
 Who would dine upon their grampas,  
 From every beast and vermin  
 That to think of sets us squirming',  
 From every snake that tries on  
 The traveller his p'ison,  
 From every pest of Natur',  
 Likewise the alligator,  
 And from two things left behind him, —  
 (Be sure they'll try to find him,)  
 The tax-bill and assessor, —  
 Heaven keep the great Professor !  
 May he find, with his apostles,  
 That the land is full of fossils,  
 That the waters swarm with fishes  
 Shaped according to his wishes,  
 That every pool is fertile  
 In fancy kinds of turtle,  
 New birds around him singing,  
 New insects, never stinging,  
 With a million novel data  
 About the articulata,  
 And facts that strip off all husks  
 From the history of mollusks.

And when, with loud Te Deum,  
 He returns to his Museum,  
 May he find the monstrous reptile  
 That so long the land has kept ill  
 By Grant and Sherman throttled,  
 And by Father Abraham bottled,  
 (All specked and streaked and mottled  
 With the scars of murderous battles,  
 Where he clashed the iron rattles  
 That gods and men he shook at,)  
 For all the world to look at !

God bless the great Professor !  
 And Madam, too, God bless her !  
 Bless him and all his band,  
 On the sea and on the land,  
 Bless them head and heart and hand,  
 Till their glorious raid is o'er,  
 And they touch our ransomed shore !  
 Then the welcome of a nation,  
 With its shout of exultation,  
 Shall awake the dumb creation,  
 And the shapes of buried æons  
 Join the living creature's pæans,  
 Till the fossil echoes roar ;  
 While the mighty megalosaurus  
 Leads the palæozoic chorus, —  
 God bless the great Professor,  
 And the land his proud possessor, —  
 Bless them now and evermore !

AT A DINNER TO ADMIRAL  
 FARRAGUT

JULY 6, 1865

Now, smiling friends and shipmates all,  
 Since half our battle's won,  
 A broadside for our Admiral !  
 Load every crystal gun !  
 Stand ready till I give the word, —  
 You won't have time to tire, —  
 And when that glorious name is heard,  
 Then hip ! hurrah ! and fire !

Bow foremost sinks the rebel craft, —  
 Our eyes not sadly turn  
 And see the pirates huddling aft  
 To drop their raft astern ;  
 Soon o'er the sea-worm's destined prey  
 The lifted wave shall close, —  
 So perish from the face of day  
 All Freedom's banded foes !

But ah ! what splendors fire the sky !  
 What glories greet the morn !  
 The storm-tost banner streams on high,  
 Its heavenly hues new-born !  
 Its red fresh dyed in heroes' blood,  
 Its peaceful white more pure,  
 To float unstained o'er field and flood  
 While earth and seas endure !

All shapes before the driving blast  
 Must glide from mortal view ;

Black roll the billows of the past  
 Behind the present's blue,  
 Fast, fast, are lessening in the light  
 The names of high renown, —  
 Van Tromp's proud besom fades from  
 sight,  
 And Nelson's half hull down!

Scaree one tall frigate walks the sea  
 Or skirts the safer shores  
 Of all that bore to victory  
 Our stout old commodores;  
 Hull, Bainbridge, Porter, — where are  
 they?  
 The waves their answer roll,  
 "Still bright in memory's sunset ray, —  
 God rest each gallant soul!"

A brighter name must dim their light  
 With more than noontide ray,  
 The Sea-King of the "River Fight,"  
 The Conqueror of the Bay, —  
 Now then the broadside! cheer on cheer  
 To greet him safe on shore!  
 Health, peace, and many a bloodless year  
 To fight his battles o'er!

AT A DINNER TO GENERAL  
 GRANT

JULY 31. 1865

WHEN treason first began the strife  
 That crimsoned sea and shore,  
 The Nation poured her hoarded life  
 On Freedom's threshing-floor;  
 From field and prairie, east and west,  
 From coast and hill and plain,  
 The sheaves of ripening manhood pressed  
 Thick as the bearded grain.

Rich was the harvest; souls as true  
 As ever battle tried;  
 But fiercer still the conflict grew,  
 The floor of death more wide;  
 Ah, who forgets that dreadful day  
 Whose blot of grief and shame  
 Four bitter years scaree wash away  
 In seas of blood and flame?

Vain, vain the Nation's lofty boasts,  
 Vain all her sacrifice!  
 "Give me a man to lead my hosts,  
 O God in heaven!" she cries.

While Battle whirls his crushing flail,  
 And plies his winnowing fan, —  
 Thick flies the chaff on every gale, —  
 She cannot find her man!

Bravely they fought who failed to win, —  
 Our leaders battle-scarred, —  
 Fighting the hosts of hell and sin,  
 But devils die always hard!  
 Blame not the broken tools of God  
 That helped our sorest needs;  
 Through paths that martyr feet have trod  
 The conqueror's steps He leads.

But now the heavens grow black with  
 doubt,  
 The ravens fill the sky,  
 "Friends" plot within, foes storm with-  
 out,  
 Hark, — that despairing cry,  
 "Where is the heart, the hand, the brain  
 To dare, to do, to plan?"  
 The bleeding Nation shrieks in vain, —  
 She has not found her man!

A little echo stirs the air, —  
 Some tale, whate'er it be,  
 Of rebels routed in their lair  
 Along the Tennessee.  
 The little echo spreads and grows,  
 And soon the tramp of Fame  
 Has taught the Nation's friends and foes  
 The "man on horseback" 's name.

So well his warlike wooing sped,  
 No fortress might resist  
 His billets-doux of lisp'ing lead,  
 The bayonets in his fist, —  
 With kisses from his cannons' mouth  
 He made his passion known  
 Till Vicksburg, vestal of the South,  
 Unbound her virgin zone.

And still where'er his banners led  
 He conquered as he came,  
 The trembling hosts of treason fled  
 Before his breath of flame,  
 And Fame's still gathering echoes grew  
 Till high o'er Richmond's towers  
 The starry fold of Freedom flew,  
 And all the land was ours.

Welcome from fields where valor fought  
 To feasts where pleasure waits;

A Nation gives you smiles unbought  
 At all her opening gates!  
 Forgive us when we press your hand,—  
 Your war-worn features scan,—  
 God sent you to a bleeding land;  
 Our Nation found its man!

TO H. W. LONGFELLOW

BEFORE HIS DEPARTURE FOR EUROPE,  
 MAY 27, 1868

OUR Poet, who has taught the Western  
 breeze  
 To waft his songs before him o'er the  
 seas,  
 Will find them wheresoe'er his wander-  
 ings reach  
 Borne on the spreading tide of English  
 speech  
 Twin with the rhythmic waves that kiss the  
 farthest beach.

Where shall the singing bird a stranger  
 be  
 That finds a nest for him in every  
 tree?  
 How shall he travel who can never go  
 Where his own voice the echoes do not  
 know,  
 Where his own garden flowers no longer  
 learn to grow?

Ah! gentlest soul! how gracious, how  
 benign  
 Breathes through our troubled life that  
 voice of thine,  
 Filled with a sweetness born of happier  
 spheres,  
 That wins and warms, that kindles, soft-  
 ens, cheers,  
 That calms the wildest woe and stays the  
 bitterest tears!

Forgive the simple words that sound  
 like praise;  
 The mist before me dims my gilded  
 phrase;  
 Our speech at best is half alive and cold,  
 And save that tenderer moments make  
 us bold  
 Our whitening lips would close, their tru-  
 est truth untold.

We who behold our autumn sun be-  
 low  
 The Scorpion's sign, against the Archer's  
 bow,  
 Know well what parting means of friend  
 from friend;  
 After the snows no freshening dews de-  
 scend,  
 And what the frost has marred, the sun-  
 shine will not mend.

So we all count the months, the weeks,  
 the days,  
 That keep thee from us in unwonted  
 ways,  
 Grudging to alien hearths our widowed  
 time;  
 And one has shaped a breath in artless  
 rhyme  
 That sighs, "We track thee still through  
 each remotest clime."

What wishes, longings, blessings, prayers  
 shall be  
 The more than golden freight that floats  
 with thee!  
 And know, whatever welcome thou shalt  
 find,—  
 Thou who hast won the hearts of half  
 mankind,—  
 The proudest, fondest love thou leavest  
 still behind!

TO CHRISTIAN GOTTFRIED  
 EHRENBERG

FOR HIS "JUBILÆUM" AT BERLIN, NO-  
 VEMBER 5, 1868

This poem was written at the suggestion of  
 Mr. George Bancroft, the historian.

THOU who hast taught the teachers of man-  
 kind  
 How from the least of things the might-  
 iest grow,  
 What marvel jealous Nature made thee  
 blind,  
 Lest man should learn what angels long  
 to know?  
 Thou in the flinty rock, the river's flow,  
 In the thick-moted sunbeam's sifted  
 light

Hast trained thy downward-pointed tube  
to show  
Worlds within worlds unveiled to mortal  
sight,  
Even as the patient watchers of the  
night, —  
The cyclope gleaners of the fruitful  
skies, —  
Show the wide misty way where heaven is  
white  
All paved with suns that daze our wonder-  
ing eyes.

Far o'er the stormy deep an empire lies.  
Beyond the storied islands of the blest,  
That waits to see the lingering day-star  
rise;  
The forest-cinctured Eden of the West;  
Whose queen, fair Freedom, twines her  
iron crest  
With leaves from every wreath that mortals  
wear,  
But loves the sober garland ever best  
That science lends the sage's silvered  
hair; —

Science, who makes life's heritage more  
fair,  
Forging for every lock its mastering  
key,  
Filling with life and hope the stagnant  
air,  
Pouring the light of Heaven o'er land  
and sea!  
From her unsceptred realm we come to  
thee,

Bearing our slender tribute in our hands;  
Deem it not worthless, humble though it  
be,

Set by the larger gifts of older lands:  
The smallest fibres weave the strongest  
bands, —

In narrowest tubes the sovereign nerves  
are spun, —

A little cord along the deep sea-sands  
Makes the live thought of severed na-  
tions one:

Thy fame has journeyed westering with  
the sun,  
Prairies and lone sierras know thy name

And the long day of service nobly done  
That crowns thy darkened evening with  
its flame!

One with the grateful world, we own thy  
claim, —

Nay, rather claim our right to join the  
troung

Who come with varied tongues, but hearts  
the same,

To hail thy festal morn with smiles and  
song;

Ah, happy they to whom the joys belong  
Of peaceful triumphs that can never die  
From History's record, — not of gilded  
wrong,

But golden truths that, while the world  
goes by

With all its empty pageant, blazoned high  
Around the Master's name forever shine!  
So shines thy name illumined in the sky, —  
Such joys, such triumphs, such remem-  
brance thine!

## A TOAST TO WILKIE COLLINS

FEBRUARY 16, 1874

THE painter's and the poet's fame  
Shed their twinned lustre round his name,  
To gild our story-teller's art,  
Where each in turn must play his part.

What scenes from Wilkie's pencil sprung,  
The minstrel saw but left unsung!  
What shapes the pen of Collins drew,  
No painter clad in living hue!

But on our artist's shadowy screen  
A stranger miracle is seen  
Than priest unveils or pilgrim seeks, —  
The poem breathes, the picture speaks!

And so his double name comes true,  
They christened better than they knew,  
And Art proclaims him twice her son, —  
Painter and poet, both in one!

## MEMORIAL VERSES

FOR THE SERVICES IN MEMORY  
OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

CITY OF BOSTON, JUNE 1, 1865

CHORAL: "LUTHER'S JUDGMENT HYMN"

O THOU of soul and sense and breath  
The ever-present Giver,  
Unto thy mighty Angel, Death,  
All flesh thou dost deliver;  
What most we cherish we resign,  
For life and death alike are thine,  
Who reignest Lord forever!

Our hearts lie buried in the dust  
With him so true and tender,  
The patriot's stay, the people's trust,  
The shield of the offender;  
Yet every murmuring voice is still,  
As, bowing to thy sovereign will,  
Our best-loved we surrender.

Dear Lord, with pitying eye behold  
This martyr generation,  
Which thou, through trials manifold,  
Art showing thy salvation!  
Oh let the blood by murder spilt  
Wash out thy stricken children's guilt  
And sanctify our nation!

Be thou thy orphaned Israel's friend,  
Forsake thy people never,  
In One our broken Many blend,  
That none again may sever!  
Hear us, O Father, while we raise  
With trembling lips our song of praise,  
And bless thy name forever!

FOR THE COMMEMORATION  
SERVICES

CAMBRIDGE, JULY 21, 1865

FOUR summers coined their golden light in  
leaves,  
Four wasteful autumns flung them to  
the gale,

Four winters wore the shroud the tempest  
weaves,  
The fourth wan April weeps o'er hill  
and vale;

And still the war-clouds scowl on sea and  
land,  
With the red gleams of battle staining  
through,  
When lo! as parted by an angel's hand,  
They open, and the heavens again are  
blue!

Which is the dream, the present or the  
past?  
The night of anguish or the joyous morn?  
The long, long years with horrors overcast,  
Or the sweet promise of the day new-  
born?

Tell us, O father, as thine arms infold  
Thy belted first-born in their fast em-  
brace,  
Murmuring the prayer the patriarch  
breathed of old,—  
"Now let me die, for I have seen thy  
face!"

Tell us, O mother,—nay, thou canst not  
speak,  
But thy fond eyes shall answer, brimmed  
with joy,—  
Press thy mute lips against the sunbrowned  
cheek,  
Is this a phantom,—thy returning boy?

Tell us, O maiden,—ah, what canst thou  
tell  
That Nature's record is not first to  
teach,—  
The open volume all can read so well,  
With its twin rose-hued pages full of  
speech?

And ye who mourn your dead,—how  
sternly true  
The crushing hour that wrenched their  
lives away,  
Shadowed with sorrow's midnight veil for  
you,  
For them the dawning of immortal day!



Dream-like these years of conflict, not a dream !

Death, ruin, ashes tell the awful tale,  
Read by the flaming war-track's lurid gleam :

No dream, but truth that turns the nations pale !

For on the pillar raised by martyr hands  
Burns the rekindled beacon of the right,  
Sowing its seeds of fire o'er all the lands, —  
Thrones look a century older in its light !

Rome had her triumphs; round the conqueror's car  
The ensigns waved, the brazen clarions blew,  
And o'er the reeking spoils of bandit war  
With outspread wings the cruel eagles flew;

Arms, treasures, captives, kings in clanking chains  
Urged on by trampling cohorts bronzed and scarred,  
And wild-eyed wonders snared on Libyan plains,  
Lion and ostrich and camelopard.

Vain all that prætors clutched, that consuls brought  
When Rome's returning legions crowned their lord;  
Less than the least brave deed these hands have wrought,  
We clasp, unflinching from the bloody sword.

Theirs was the mighty work that seers foretold;  
They know not half their glorious toil has won,  
For this is Heaven's same battle, — joined of old  
When Athens fought for us at Marathon !

Behold a vision none hath understood !  
The breaking of the Apocalyptic seal;  
Twice rings the summons. — Hail and fire and blood !  
Then the third angel blows his trumpet-peal.

Loud wail the dwellers on the myrtled coasts,  
The green savannas swell the maddened cry,  
And with a yell from all the demon hosts  
Falls the great star called Wormwood from the sky !

Bitter it mingles with the poisoned flow  
Of the warm rivers winding to the shore,  
Thousands must drink the waves of death and woe,  
But the star Wormwood stains the heavens no more !

Peace smiles at last; the Nation calls her sons  
To sheathe the sword; her battle-flag she furls,  
Speaks in glad thunders from unshotted guns,  
No terror shrouded in the smoke-wreath's curls.

O ye that fought for Freedom, living, dead,  
One sacred host of God's anointed Queen,  
For every holy drop your veins have shed  
We breathe a welcome to our bowers of green !

Welcome, ye living ! from the foe's man's gripe  
Your country's banner it was yours to wrest, —  
Ah, many a forehead shows the banner-stripe,  
And stars, once crimson, hallow many a breast.

And ye, pale heroes, who from glory's bed  
Mark when your old battalions form in line,  
Move in their marching ranks with noiseless tread,  
And shape unheard the evening counter-sign,

Come with your comrades, the returning brave;  
Shoulder to shoulder they await you here;  
These lent the life their martyr-brothers gave, —  
Living and dead alike forever dear !

EDWARD EVERETT

"OUR FIRST CITIZEN"

Read at the meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, January 30, 1865.

WINTER'S cold drift lies glistening o'er his breast ;

For him no spring shall bid the leaf unfold :

What Love could speak, by sudden grief oppressed,

What swiftly summoned Memory tell, is told.

Even as the bells, in one consenting chime,  
Filled with their sweet vibrations all the air,

So joined all voices, in that mournful time,  
His genius, wisdom, virtues, to declare.

What place is left for words of measured praise,

Till calm-eyed History, with her iron pen,

Grooves in the unchanging rock the final phrase

That shapes his image in the souls of men ?

Yet while the echoes still repeat his name,  
While countless tongues his full-orbed life rehearse,

Love, by his beating pulses taught, will claim

The breath of song, the tuneful throb of verse, —

Verse that, in ever-changing ebb and flow,  
Moves, like the laboring heart, with rush and rest,

Or swings in solemn cadence, sad and slow,

Like the tired heaving of a grief-worn breast.

This was a mind so rounded, so complete,  
No partial gift of Nature in excess,

That, like a single stream where many meet,

Each separate talent counted something less.

A little hillock, if it lonely stand,  
Holds o'er the fields an undisputed reign ;

While the broad summit of the table-land  
Seems with its belt of clouds a level plain.

Servant of all his powers, that faithful slave,

Unsleeping Memory, strengthening with his toils,

To every ruder task his shoulder gave,  
And loaded every day with golden spoils.

Order, the law of Heaven, was throned supreme

O'er action, instinct, impulse, feeling, thought ;

True as the dial's shadow to the beam,  
Each hour was equal to the charge it brought.

Too large his compass for the nicer skill  
That weighs the world of science grain by grain ;

All realms of knowledge owned the mastering will

That claimed the franchise of its whole domain.

Earth, air, sea, sky, the elemental fire,  
Art, history, song, — what meanings lie in each

Found in his cunning hand a stringless lyre,  
And poured their mingling music through his speech.

Thence flowed those anthems of our festal days,

Whose ravishing division held apart  
The lips of listening throngs in sweet amaze,

Moved in all breasts the selfsame human heart.

Subdued his accents, as of one who tries  
To press some care, some haunting sadness down ;

His smile half shadow ; and to stranger eyes

The kingly forehead wore an iron crown.

He was not armed to wrestle with the storm,

He was not armed to wrestle with the storm,

To fight for homely truth with vulgar  
power;  
Grace looked from every feature, shaped  
his form, —

The rose of Academe, — the perfect  
flower !

Such was the stately scholar whom we  
knew

In those ill days of soul-enslaving calm,  
Before the blast of Northern vengeance  
blew

Her snow-wreathed pine against the  
Southern palm.

Ah, God forgive us ! did we hold too cheap  
The heart we might have known, but  
would not see,

And look to find the nation's friend asleep  
Through the dread hour of her Geth-  
semane ?

That wrong is past ; we gave him up to  
Death

With all a hero's honors round his name ;  
As martyrs coin their blood, he coined his  
breath,

And dimmed the scholar's in the pa-  
triot's fame.

So shall we blazon on the shaft we raise, —  
Telling our grief, our pride, to unborn  
years, —

“ He who had lived the mark of all men's  
praise  
Died with the tribute of a Nation's tears.”

## SHAKESPEARE

## TERCENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

APRIL 23, 1864

“ WHO claims our Shakespeare from that  
realm unknown,

Beyond the storm-vexed islands of the  
deep,

Where Genoa's roving mariner was blown?  
Her twofold Saint's-day let our England  
keep ;

Shall warring aliens share her holy task ? ”  
The Old World echoes ask.

O land of Shakespeare ! ours with all thy  
past,

Till these last years that make the sea  
so wide,

Think not the jar of battle's trumpet-blast  
Has dulled our aching sense to joyous  
pride

In every noble word thy sons bequeathed  
The air our fathers breathed !

War-wasted, haggard, panting from the  
strife,

We turn to other days and far-off lands,  
Live o'er in dreams the Poet's faded life,

Come with fresh lilies in our fevered  
hands

To wreath his bust, and scatter purple  
flowers, —

Not his the need, but ours !

We call those poets who are first to mark  
Through earth's dull mist the coming of  
the dawn, —

Who see in twilight's gloom the first pale  
spark,

While others only note that day is gone ;  
For him the Lord of light the curtain rent  
That veils the firmament.

The greatest for its greatness is half known,  
Stretching beyond our narrow quadrant-  
lines, —

As in that world of Nature all outgrown  
Where Calaveras lifts his awful pines,  
And east from Mariposa's mountain-wall  
Nevada's cataracts fall.

Yet heaven's remotest orb is partly ours,  
Throbbing its radiance like a beating  
heart ;

In the wide compass of angelic powers  
The instinct of the blind worm has its part ;  
So in God's kingliest creature we behold  
The flower our buds unfold.

With no vain praise we mock the stone-  
carved name

Stamped once on dust that moved with  
pulse and breath,

As thinking to enlarge that amplest fame  
Whose undimmed glories gild the night  
of death :

We praise not star or sun ; in these we see  
Thee, Father, only thee !

Thy gifts are beauty, wisdom, power, and love:

We read, we reverence on this human soul, —

Earth's clearest mirror of the light above, —  
Plain as the record on thy prophet's scroll,  
When o'er his page the effluent splendors  
poured,  
Thine own "Thus saith the Lord!"

This player was a prophet from on high,  
Thine own elected. Statesman, poet,  
sage,

For him thy sovereign pleasure passed them  
by;

Sidney's fair youth, and Raleigh's ripened  
age,  
Spenser's chaste soul, and his imperial  
mind

Who taught and shamed mankind.

Therefore we bid our hearts' Te Deum  
rise,

Nor fear to make thy worship less divine,  
And hear the shouted choral shake the  
skies,

Counting all glory, power, and wisdom  
thine;

For thy great gift thy greater name adore,  
And praise thee evermore!

In this dread hour of Nature's utmost  
need,

Thanks for these unstained drops of  
freshening dew!

Oh, while our martyrs fall, our heroes bleed,  
Keep us to every sweet remembrance  
true,

Till from this blood-red sunset springs new-  
born

Our Nation's second morn!

#### IN MEMORY OF JOHN AND ROBERT WARE

Read at the annual meeting of the Massa-  
chusetts Medical Society, May 25, 1864.

No mystic charm, no mortal art,  
Can bid our loved companions stay;  
The bands that clasp them to our heart  
Snap in death's frost and fall apart;  
Like shadows fading with the day,  
They pass away.

The young are stricken in their pride,  
The old, long tottering, faint and fall;  
Master and scholar, side by side,  
Through the dark portals silent glide,  
That open in life's mouldering wall  
And close on all.

Our friend's, our teacher's task was done,  
When Mercy called him from on high;  
A little cloud had dimmed the sun,  
The saddening hours had just begun,  
And darker days were drawing nigh:  
'T was time to die.

A whiter soul, a fairer mind,  
A life with purer course and aim,  
A gentler eye, a voice more kind,  
We may not look on earth to find.  
The love that lingers o'er his name  
Is more than fame.

These blood-red summers ripen fast;  
The sons are older than the sires;  
Ere yet the tree to earth is cast,  
The sapling falls before the blast;  
Life's ashes keep their covered fires, —  
Its flame expires.

Struck by the noiseless, viewless foe,  
Whose deadlier breath than shot or shell  
Has laid the best and bravest low,  
His boy, all bright in morning's glow,  
That high-souled youth he loved so well,  
Untimely fell.

Yet still he wore his placid smile,  
And, trustful in the cheering creed  
That strives all sorrow to beguile,  
Walked calmly on his way awhile:  
Ah, breast that leans on breaking reed  
Must ever bleed!

So they both left us, sire and son,  
With opening leaf, with laden bough:  
The youth whose race was just begun,  
The wearied man whose course was run,  
Its record written on his brow,  
Are brothers now.

Brothers! — The music of the sound  
Breathes softly through my closing strain;  
The floor we tread is holy ground,  
Those gentle spirits hovering round,  
While our fair circle joins again  
Its broken chain.

## HUMBOLDT'S BIRTHDAY

CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION, SEPTEMBER  
14, 1869

BONAPARTE, AUGUST 15, 1769. — HUMBOLDT,  
SEPTEMBER 14, 1769

ERE yet the warning chimes of midnight  
sound,

Set back the flaming index of the year,  
Track the swift-shifting seasons in their  
round

Through fiveseore circles of the swinging  
sphere !

Lo, in yon islet of the midland sea

That cleaves the storm-cloud with its  
snowy crest,

The embryo-heir of Empires yet to be,

A month-old babe upon his mother's  
breast.

Those little hands that soon shall grow so  
strong

In their rude grasp great thrones shall  
rock and fall,

Press her soft bosom, while a nursery song

Holds the world's master in its slender  
thrall.

Look ! a new crescent bends its silver bow ;

A new-lit star has fired the eastern sky ;

Hark ! by the river where the lindens blow

A waiting household hears an infant's cry.

This, too, a conqueror ! His the vast do-  
main,

Wider than widest sceptre-shadowed  
lands ;

Earth and the weltering kingdom of the  
main

Laid their broad charters in his royal  
hands.

His was no taper lit in cloistered eage,

Its glimmer borrowed from the grove or  
porch ;

He read the record of the planet's page

By Etna's glare and Cotopaxi's torch.

He heard the voices of the pathless woods ;

On the salt steppes he saw the starlight  
shine ;

He sealed the mountain's windy solitudes,  
And trod the galleries of the breathless  
mine.

For him no fingering of the love-strung  
lyre,

No problem vague, by torturing school-  
men vexed ;

He fed no broken altar's dying fire,

Nor skulked and scowled behind a  
Rabbi's text.

For God's new truth he claimed the kingly  
robe

That priestly shoulders counted all their  
own,

Unrolled the gospel of the storied globe

And led young Science to her empty  
throne.

While the round planet on its axle spins

One fruitful year shall boast its double  
birth,

And show the cradles of its mighty twins,

Master and Servant of the sons of earth.

Which wears the garland that shall never  
fade,

Sweet with fair memories that can never  
die ?

Ask not the marbles where their bones are  
laid.

But bow thine ear to hear thy brothers'  
cry : —

“ Tear up the despot's laurels by the root,  
Like mandrakes, shrieking as they quit  
the soil !

Feed us no more upon the blood-red fruit  
That sucks its crimson from the heart of  
Toil !

“ We claim the food that fixed our mortal  
fate, —

Bend to our reach the long-forbidden  
tree !

The angel frowned at Eden's eastern  
gate, —

Its western portal is forever free !

“ Bring the white blossoms of the waning  
year,

Heap with full hands the peaceful con-  
queror's shrine

Whose bloodless triumphs cost no sufferer's  
tear!  
Hero of knowledge, be our tribute  
thine!"

## POEM

AT THE DEDICATION OF THE HALLECK  
MONUMENT, JULY 8, 1869

SAY not the Poet dies!  
Though in the dust he lies,  
He cannot forfeit his melodious breath,  
Unsphered by envious death!  
Life drops the voiceless myriads from its  
roll;  
Their fate he cannot share,  
Who, in the enchanted air  
Sweet with the lingering strains that  
Echo stole,  
Has left his dearer self, the music of his  
soul!

We o'er his turf may raise  
Our notes of feeble praise,  
And carve with pious care for after eyes  
The stone with "Here he lies;"  
He for himself has built a nobler shrine,  
Whose walls of stately rhyme  
Roll back the tides of time,  
While o'er their gates the gleaming tab-  
lets shine  
That wear his name inwrought with many  
a golden line!

Call not our Poet dead,  
Though on his turf we tread!  
Green is the wreath their brows so long  
have worn,—  
The minstrels of the morn,  
Who, while the Orient burned with new-  
born flame,  
Caught that celestial fire  
And struck a Nation's lyre!  
These taught the western winds the  
poet's name;  
Theirs the first opening buds, the maiden  
flowers of fame!

Count not our Poet dead!  
The stars shall watch his bed,  
The rose of June its fragrant life re-  
new  
His blushing mound to strew,

And all the tuneful throats of summer  
swell  
With trills as crystal-clear  
As when he wooed the ear  
Of the young muse that haunts each  
wooded dell,  
With songs of that "rough land" he loved  
so long and well!

He sleeps; he cannot die!  
As evening's long-drawn sigh,  
Lifting the rose-leaves on his peaceful  
mound,  
Spreads all their sweets around,  
So, laden with his song, the breezes blow  
From where the rustling sedge  
Frets our rude ocean's edge  
To the smooth sea beyond the peaks of  
snow.  
His soul the air enshrines and leaves but  
dust below!

## HYMN

FOR THE CELEBRATION AT THE LAYING  
OF THE CORNER-STONE OF HARVARD  
MEMORIAL HALL, CAMBRIDGE, OCTO-  
BER 6, 1870

NOT with the anguish of hearts that are  
breaking  
Come we as mourners to weep for our  
dead;  
Grief in our breasts has grown weary of  
aching,  
Green is the turf where our tears we  
have shed.

While o'er their marbles the mosses are  
creeping,  
Stealing each name and its legend away,  
Give their proud story to Memory's keep-  
ing,  
Shrined in the temple we hallow to-day.

Hushed are their battle-fields, ended their  
marches,  
Deaf are their ears to the drum-beat of  
morn,—  
Rise from the sod, ye fair columns and  
arches!  
Tell their bright deeds to the ages un-  
born!

Emblem and legend may fade from the  
portal,  
Keystone may crumble and pillar may  
fall;  
They were the builders whose work is im-  
mortal,  
Crowned with the dome that is over us  
all!

## HYMN

FOR THE DEDICATION OF MEMORIAL HALL  
AT CAMBRIDGE, JUNE 23, 1874

WHERE, girt around by savage foes,  
Our nurturing Mother's shelter rose,  
Behold, the lofty temple stands,  
Reared by her children's grateful hands!

Firm are the pillars that defy  
The volleyed thunders of the sky;  
Sweet are the summer wreaths that twine  
With bud and flower our martyrs' shrine.

The hues their tattered colors bore  
Fall mingling on the sunlit floor  
Till evening spreads her spangled pall,  
And wraps in shade the storied hall.

Firm were their hearts in danger's hour,  
Sweet was their manhood's morning flower,  
Their hopes with rainbow hues were  
bright,—  
How swiftly winged the sudden night!

O Mother! on thy marble page  
Thy children read, from age to age,  
The mighty word that upward leads  
Through noble thought to nobler deeds.

TRUTH, heaven-born TRUTH, their fearless  
guide,  
Thy saints have lived, thy heroes died;  
Our love has reared their earthly shrine,  
Their glory be forever thine!

## HYMN

AT THE FUNERAL SERVICES OF CHARLES  
SUMNER, APRIL 29, 1874

SUNG BY MALE VOICES TO A NATIONAL AIR  
OF HOLLAND

ONCE more, ye sacred towers,  
Your solemn dirges sound;  
Strew, loving hands, the April flowers,  
Once more to deck his mound.  
A nation mourns its dead,  
Its sorrowing voices one,  
As Israel's monarch bowed his head  
And cried, "My son! My son!"

Why mourn for him? — For him  
The welcome angel came  
Ere yet his eye with age was dim  
Or bent his stately frame;  
His weapon still was bright,  
His shield was lifted high  
To slay the wrong, to save the right, —  
What happier hour to die?

Thou orderest all things well;  
Thy servant's work was done;  
He lived to hear Oppression's knell,  
The shouts for Freedom won.  
Hark! from the opening skies  
The anthem's echoing swell, —  
"O mourning Land, lift up thine eyes!  
God reigneth. All is well!"

## RHYMES OF AN HOUR

## AN IMPROMPTU

AT THE WALCKER DINNER UPON THE  
COMPLETION OF THE GREAT ORGAN  
FOR BOSTON MUSIC HALL IN 1863

I ASKED three little maidens who heard the  
organ play,  
Where all the music came from that stole  
our hearts away:

"I know," — said fair-haired Edith, — "it  
was the autumn breeze  
That whistled through the hollows of all  
those silver trees."

"No, child!" — said keen-eyed Clara, —  
"it is a lion's cage, —  
They woke him out of slumber, — I heard  
him roar and rage."

"Nay," — answered soft-voiced Anna, —  
 " 't was thunder that you heard,  
 And after that came sunshine and singing  
 of a bird."

"Hush, hush, you little children, for all of  
 you are wrong,"  
 I said, "my pretty darlings, — it was no  
 earthly song;  
 A band of blessed angels has left the  
 heavenly choirs,  
 And what you heard last evening were  
 seraph lips and lyres!"

### ADDRESS

FOR THE OPENING OF THE FIFTH AV-  
 ENUE THEATRE, NEW YORK, DECEM-  
 BER 3, 1873

HANG out our banners on the stately  
 tower!  
 It dawns at last — the long-expected hour!  
 The steep is climbed, the star-lit summit  
 won,  
 The builder's task, the artist's labor done;  
 Before the finished work the herald stands,  
 And asks the verdict of your lips and  
 hands!

Shall rosy daybreak make us all forget  
 The golden sun that yester-evening set?  
 Fair was the fabric doomed to pass away  
 Ere the last headaches born of New Year's  
 Day;  
 With blasting breath the fierce destroyer  
 came  
 And wrapped the victim in his robes of  
 flame;  
 The pictured sky with redder morning  
 blushed,  
 With scorching streams the naiad's foun-  
 tain gushed,  
 With kindling mountains glowed the fune-  
 ral pyre,  
 Forests ablaze and rivers all on fire, —  
 The scenes dissolved, the shriveling curtain  
 fell, —  
 Art spread her wings and sighed a long  
 farewell!

Mourn o'er the Player's melancholy  
 plight, —  
 Falstaff in tears, Othello deadly white, —

Poor Romeo reckoning what his doublet  
 cost,  
 And Juliet whimpering for her dresses  
 lost, —  
 Their wardrobes burned, their salaries all  
 undrawn,  
 Their cues cut short, their occupation  
 gone!

"Lie there in dust," the red-winged de-  
 mon cried,  
 "Wreck of the lordly city's hope and  
 pride!"  
 Silent they stand, and stare with vacant  
 gaze,  
 While o'er the embers leaps the fitful  
 blaze;  
 When, lo! a hand, before the startled  
 train,  
 Writes in the ashes, "It shall rise again, —  
 Rise and confront its elemental foes!"  
 The word was spoken, and the walls arose,  
 And ere the seasons round their brief ca-  
 reer  
 The new-born temple waits the unborn  
 year.

Ours was the toil of many a weary day  
 Your smiles, your plaudits, only can repay;  
 We are the monarchs of the painted  
 scenes,  
 You, you alone the real Kings and Queens!  
 Lords of the little kingdom where we  
 meet,  
 We lay our gilded sceptres at your feet,  
 Place in your grasp our portal's silvered  
 keys  
 With one brief utterance: *We have tried  
 to please.*  
 Tell us, ye sovereigns of the new domain,  
 Are you content — or have we toiled in  
 vain?

With no irreverent glances look around  
 The realm you rule, for this is haunted  
 ground!  
 Here stalks the Sorcerer, here the Fairy  
 trips,  
 Here limps the Witch with malice-work-  
 ing lips,  
 The Graces here their snowy arms entwine,  
 Here dwell the fairest sisters of the  
 Nine, —  
 She who, with jocund voice and twinkling  
 eye,



Laughs at the brood of follies as they fly;  
She of the dagger and the deadly bowl,  
Whose charming horrors thrill the trem-  
bling soul;

She who, a truant from celestial spheres,  
In mortal semblance now and then appears,  
Stealing the fairest earthly shape she  
can —

Sontag or Nilsson, Lind or Malibran;  
With these the spangled houri of the  
dance, —

What shaft so dangerous as her melting  
glance,

As poised in air she spurns the earth below,  
And points aloft her heavenly-minded toe!

What were our life, with all its rents and  
seams,

Stripped of its purple robes, our waking  
dreams ?

The poet's song, the bright romancer's page,  
The tinselled shows that cheat us on the  
stage

Lead all our fancies captive at their will;  
Three years or threescore, we are children  
still.

The little listener on his father's knee,  
With wandering Sindbad ploughs the  
stormy sea,

With Gotham's sages hears the billows roll  
(Illustrious trio of the venturous bowl,  
Too early shipwrecked, for they died too  
soon

To see their offspring launch the great  
balloon) ;

Tracks the dark brigand to his mountain  
lair,

Slays the grim giant, saves the lady fair,  
Fights all his country's battles o'er again  
From Bunker's blazing height to Lundy's  
Lane;

Floats with the mighty eaptains as they  
sailed,

Before whose flag the flaming red-cross  
paled,

And claims the oft-told story of the scars  
Scarce yet grown white, that saved the  
stripes and stars !

Children of later growth, we love the  
PLAY,

We love its heroes, be they grave or gay.  
From squeaking, peppery, devil-defying  
Punch

To roaring Richard with his camel-hunch;  
Adore its heroines, those immortal dames,  
Time's only rivals, whom he never tames,  
Whose youth, unchanging, lives while  
thrones decay

(Age spares the Pyramids — and Dejazet);  
The saucy - aproned, razor - tongued sou-  
brette,

The blond-haired beauty with the eyes of  
jet,

The gorgeous Beings whom the viewless  
wires

Lift to the skies in strontian-erimsoned  
fires,

And all the wealth of splendor that awaits  
The throng that enters those Elysian gates.

See where the hurrying crowd impatient  
pours.

With noise of trampling feet and flapping  
doors,

Streams to the numbered seat each paste-  
board fits

And smooths its caudal plumage as it sits ;  
Waits while the slow musicians saunter  
in,

Till the bald leader taps his violin;  
Till the old overture we know so well,  
Zampa or Magic Flute or William Tell,  
Has done its worst — then hark ! the  
tinkling bell !

The crash is o'er — the crinkling curtain  
furled,

And lo ! the glories of that brighter world !

Behold the offspring of the Thespian  
cart,

This full-grown temple of the magic art,  
Where all the conjurers of illusion meet,  
And please us all the more, the more they  
cheat.

These are the wizards and the witches too  
Who win their honest bread by cheating  
you

With cheeks that drown in artificial tears  
And lying skull-caps white with seventy  
years,

Sweet-tempered matrons changed to scold-  
ing Kates,

Maids mild as moonbeams crazed with  
murderous hates,

Kind, simple souls that stab and slash and  
slay

And stick at nothing, if it 's in the play !

Would all the world told half as harmless lies !  
 Would all its real fools were half as wise  
 As he who blinks through dull Dundreary's eyes !  
 Would all the unhang'd bandits of the age  
 Were like the peaceful ruffians of the stage !  
 Would all the cankers wasting town and state,  
 The mob of rascals, little thieves and great,  
 Dealers in watered milk and watered stocks,  
 Who lead us lambs to pasture on the rocks, —  
 Shepherds — Jack Sheppards — of their city flocks, —  
 The rings of rogues that rob the luckless town,  
 Those evil angels creeping up and down  
 The Jacob's ladder of the treasury stairs, —  
 Not stage, but real Turpins and Maccaires, —  
 Could doff, like us, their knavery with their clothes,  
 And find it easy as forgetting oaths !

Welcome, thrice welcome to our virgin dome,  
 The Muses' shrine, the Drama's new-found home !  
 Here shall the Statesman rest his weary brain,  
 The worn-out Artist find his wits again;  
 Here Trade forget his ledger and his cares,  
 And sweet communion mingle Bulls and Bears;  
 Here shall the youthful Lover, nestling near  
 The shrinking maiden, her he holds most dear,  
 Gaze on the mimic moonlight as it falls  
 On painted groves, on sliding canvas walls,  
 And sigh, "My angel! What a life of bliss  
 We two could live in such a world as this!"  
 Here shall the timid pedants of the schools,  
 The gilded boors, the labor-scorning fools,  
 The grass-green rustic and the smoke-dried cit,  
 Feel each in turn the stinging lash of wit,  
 And as it tingles on some tender part  
 Each find a balsam in his neighbor's smart;

So every folly prove a fresh delight  
 As in the picture of our play to-night.

Farewell ! The Players wait the Prompter's call;  
 Friends, lovers, listeners ! Welcome one and all !

## A SEA DIALOGUE

NOVEMBER 10, 1864

*Cabin Passenger*                      *Man at Wheel*

CABIN PASSENGER

FRIEND, you seem thoughtful. I not wonder much  
 That he who sails the ocean should be sad.  
 I am myself reflective. When I think  
 Of all this wallowing beast, the Sea, has sucked  
 Between his sharp thin lips, the wedgy waves,  
 What heaps of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls;  
 What piles of shekels, talents, ducats, crowns,  
 What bales of Tyrian mantles, Indian shawls,  
 Of laces that have blanked the weavers' eyes,  
 Of silken tissues, wrought by worm and man,  
 The half-starved workman, and the well-fed worm;  
 What marbles, bronzes, pictures, parchments, books;  
 What many-lobuled, thought-engendering brains;  
 Lie with the gaping sea-shells in his maw, —  
 I, too, am silent; for all language seems  
 A mockery, and the speech of man is vain.  
 O mariner, we look upon the waves  
 And they rebuke our babbling. "Peace!" they say, —  
 "Mortal, be still!" My noisy tongue is hushed,  
 And with my trembling finger on my lips  
 My soul exclaims in ecstasy —

MAN AT WHEEL

Belay !

## CABIN PASSENGER

Ah yes! "Delay," — it calls, "nor haste to break  
The charm of stillness with an idle word!"  
O mariner, I love thee, for thy thought  
Strides even with my own, nay, flies before.

Thou art a brother to the wind and wave;  
Have they not music for thine ear as mine,

When the wild tempest makes thy ship his lyre,

Smiting a cavernous basso from the shrouds

And climbing up his gamut through the stays,

Through hantlines, bowlines, ratlines, till it shrills

An alto keener than the locust sings,  
And all the great Æolian orchestra  
Storms out its mad sonata in the gale?  
Is not the scene a wondrous and —

## MAN AT WHEEL

Avast!

## CABIN PASSENGER

Ah yes, a vast, a vast and wondrous scene!  
I see thy soul is open as the day  
That holds the sunshine in its azure bowl  
To all the solemn glories of the deep.  
Tell me, O mariner, dost thou never feel  
The grandeur of thine office, — to control  
The keel that cuts the ocean like a knife  
And leaves a wake behind it like a seam  
In the great shining garment of the world?

## MAN AT WHEEL

Belay y'r jaw, y' swab! y' hoss-marine!

(*To the Captain.*)

Ay, ay, Sir! Stiddy, Sir! Sou'wes' b'sou'!

## CHANSON WITHOUT MUSIC

BY THE PROFESSOR EMERITUS OF DEAD  
AND LIVE LANGUAGES

PHI BETA KAPPA. — CAMBRIDGE, 1867

You bid me sing, — can I forget  
The classic ode of days gone by, —

How belle Fifine and jeune Lisette  
Exclaimed, "Anacreon, geron ei"?

"Regardez done," those ladies said, —  
"You're getting bald and wrinkled too:  
When summer's roses all are shed,  
Love's mullum ite, voyez-vous!"

In vain ee brave Anacreon's cry,  
"Of Love alone my banjo sings"

(Erōta mounon). "Etiam si, —  
Eh b'en?" replied the saucy things, —

"Go find a maid whose hair is gray,  
And strike your lyre, — we sha'n't complain;

But parce nobis, s'il vous plaît, —  
Voilà Adolphe! Voilà Eugène!"

Ah, jeune Lisette! Ah, belle Fifine!  
Anacreon's lesson all must learn;

O kairos oxūs; Spring is green,  
But Aeer Hyems waits his turn!

I hear you whispering from the dust,  
"Tiens, mon cher, c'est toujours so, —  
The brightest blade grows dim with rust,  
The fairest meadow white with snow!"

You do not mean it! *Not encore?*

*Another* string of playday rhymes?  
You've heard me — nonne est? — before,

Multoties, — more than twenty times;  
Non possum, — vraiment, — pas du tout,  
I cannot! I am loath to shirk;

But who will listen if I do,  
My memory makes such shocking work?

Ginōsko. Seio. Yes, I'm told  
Some ancients like my rusty lay,  
As Grandpa Noah loved the old  
Red-sandstone march of Jubal's day.

I used to carol like the birds,  
But time my wits has quite unfixed,

Et quoad verba, — for my words, —  
Ciel! Ehen! Whe-ew! — how they're  
mixed!

Mehercle! Zen! Diable! how  
My thoughts were dressed when I was  
young,

But tempus fugit! see them now  
Half clad in rags of every tongue!

O philoi, fratres, ehrs amis!  
I dare not court the youthful Muse,

For fear her sharp response should be,  
"Papa Anacreon, please excuse!"

Adieu ! I've trod my annual track  
 How long !— let others count the miles,—  
 And peddled out my rhyming pack  
 To friends who always paid in smiles.  
 So, laissez-moi ! some youthful wit  
 No doubt has wares he wants to show ;  
 And I am asking, " Let me sit,"  
 Dum ille clamat, " Dos pou sto !"

#### FOR THE CENTENNIAL DINNER

OF THE PROPRIETORS OF BOSTON PIER,  
 OR THE LONG WHARF, APRIL 16, 1873

DEAR friends, we are strangers; we never  
 before  
 Have suspected what love to each other we  
 bore;  
 But each of us all to his neighbor is dear,  
 Whose heart has a throb for our time-  
 honored pier.

As I look on each brother proprietor's  
 face,  
 I could open my arms in a loving em-  
 brace;  
 What wonder that feelings, undreamed of  
 so long,  
 Should burst all at once in a blossom of  
 song !

While I turn my fond glance on the mon-  
 arch of piers,  
 Whose throne has stood firm through his  
 eightscore of years,  
 My thought travels backward and reaches  
 the day  
 When they drove the first pile on the edge  
 of the bay.

See ! The joiner, the shipwright, the smith  
 from his forge,  
 The redcoat, who shoulders his gun for  
 King George,  
 The shopman, the 'prentice, the boys from  
 the lane,  
 The parson, the doctor with gold-headed  
 cane,

Come trooping down King Street, where  
 now may be seen  
 The pulleys and ropes of a mighty ma-  
 chine;

The weight rises slowly; it drops with a  
 thud;  
 And, lo ! the great timber sinks deep in  
 the mud !

They are gone, the stout craftsmen that  
 hammered the piles,  
 And the square-toed old boys in the three-  
 cornered tiles;  
 The breeches, the buckles, have faded  
 from view,  
 And the parson's white wig and the ribbon-  
 tied queue.

The redcoats have vanished; the last gren-  
 adier  
 Stepped into the boat from the end of our  
 pier;  
 They found that our hills were not easy to  
 climb,  
 And the order came, " Countermarch,  
 double-quick time !"

They are gone, friend and foe, — anchored  
 fast at the pier,  
 Whence no vessel brings back its pale  
 passengers here;  
 But our wharf, like a lily, still floats on the  
 flood,  
 Its breast in the sunshine, its roots in the  
 mud.

Who — who that has loved it so long and  
 so well —  
 The flower of his birthright would barter  
 or sell ?  
 No: pride of the bay, while its ripples shall  
 run,  
 You shall pass, as an heirloom, from father  
 to son !

Let me part with the acres my grandfather  
 bought,  
 With the bonds that my uncle's kind leg-  
 acy brought,  
 With my bank-shares, — old " Union,"  
 whose ten per cent stock  
 Stands stiff through the storms as the Ed-  
 dystone rock;

With my rights (or my wrongs) in the  
 " Erie," — alas !  
 With my claims on the mournful and  
 " Mutual Mass.;"

With my "Phil. Wil. and Balt.," with my  
 "C. B. and Q.;"  
 But I never, no never, will sell out of  
 you.

We drink to thy past and thy future to-  
 day,  
 Strong right arm of Boston, stretched out  
 o'er the bay.  
 May the winds waft the wealth of all na-  
 tions to thee,  
 And thy dividends flow like the waves of  
 the sea !

## A POEM SERVED TO ORDER

PHI BETA KAPPA, JUNE 26, 1873

THE Caliph ordered up his cook,  
 And, scowling with a fearful look  
 That meant, — We stand no gammon, —  
 "To-morrow, just at two," he said,  
 "Hassan, our cook, will lose his head,  
 Or serve us up a salmon."

"Great sire," the trembling *chef* replied,  
 "Lord of the Earth and all beside,  
 Sun, Moon, and Stars, and so on" —  
 (Look in Eothen, — there you'll find  
 A list of titles. Never mind;  
 I have n't time to go on.)

"Great sire," and so forth, thus he spoke,  
 "Your Highness must intend a joke;  
 It does n't stand to reason  
 For one to order salmon brought,  
 Unless that fish is sometimes caught,  
 And also is in season.

"Our luck of late is shocking bad,  
 In fact, the latest catch we had  
 (We kept the matter shady),  
 But, hauling in our nets, — alack !  
 We found no salmon, but a sack  
 That held your honored Lady !"

"Allah is great !" the Caliph said,  
 "My poor Zuleika, you are dead,  
 I once took interest in you."  
 "Perhaps, my Lord, you'd like to know  
 We eat the lines and let her go."  
 "Allah be praised ! Continue."

"It is n't hard one's hook to bait,  
 And, squatting down, to watch and wait,  
 To see the cork go under;  
 At last suppose you've got your bite,  
 You twitch away with all your might, —  
 You've hooked an eel, by thunder !"

The Caliph patted Hassan's head :  
 "Slave, thou hast spoken well," he said,  
 "And won thy master's favor.  
 Yes; since what happened t' other morn  
 The salmon of the Golden Horn  
 Might have a doubtful flavor.

"That last remark about the eel  
 Has also justice that we feel  
 Quite to our satisfaction.  
 To-morrow we dispense with fish,  
 And, for the present, if you wish,  
 You'll keep your bulbous fraction."

"Thanks ! thanks !" the grateful *chef* re-  
 plied,  
 His nutrient feature showing wide  
 The gleam of arches dental:  
 "To eat my head off' would n't pay,  
 I find it useful every day,  
 As well as ornamental."

Brothers, I hope you will not fail  
 To see the moral of my tale  
 And kindly to receive it.  
 You know your anniversary pie  
 Must have its crust, though hard and  
 dry,  
 And some prefer to leave it.

How oft before these youths were born  
 I've fished in Faney's Golden Horn  
 For what the Muse might send me !  
 How gayly then I cast the line,  
 When all the morning sky was mine,  
 And Hope her flies would lend me !

And now I hear our despot's eall,  
 And come, like Hassan, to the hall, —  
 If there's a slave, I am one, —  
 My bait no longer flies, but worms !  
 I've caught — Lord bless me ! how he  
 squirms !  
 An eel, and not a salmon !

## THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH

READ AT THE MEETING OF THE HAR-  
VARD ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, JUNE 25,  
1873

THE fount the Spaniard sought in vain  
Through all the land of flowers  
Leaps glittering from the sandy plain  
Our classic grove embowers;  
Here youth, unchanging, blooms and smiles,  
Here dwells eternal spring,  
And warm from Hope's elysian isles  
The winds their perfume bring.

Here every leaf is in the bud,  
Each singing throat in tune,  
And bright o'er evening's silver flood  
Shines the young crescent moon.  
What wonder Age forgets his staff  
And lays his glasses down  
And gray-haired grandsires look and laugh  
As when their locks were brown!

With ears grown dull and eyes grown dim  
They greet the joyous day  
That calls them to the fountain's brim  
To wash their years away.  
What change has clothed the ancient sire  
In sudden youth? For, lo!  
The Judge, the Doctor, and the Squire  
Are Jack and Bill and Joe!

And be his titles what they will,  
In spite of manhood's claim  
The graybeard is a school-boy still  
And loves his school-boy name;  
It calms the ruler's stormy breast  
Whom hurrying care pursues,  
And brings a sense of peace and rest,  
Like slippers after shoes.

And what are all the prizes won  
To youth's enchanted view?  
And what is all the man has done  
To what the boy may do?  
O blessed fount, whose waters flow  
Alike for sire and son,  
That melts our winter's frost and snow  
And makes all ages one!

I pledge the sparkling fountain's tide,  
That flings its golden shower  
With age to fill and youth to guide,  
Still fresh in morning flower!

Flow on with ever-widening stream,  
In ever-brightening morn,—  
Our story's pride, our future's dream,  
The hope of times unborn!

## NO TIME LIKE THE OLD TIME

1865

THERE is no time like the old time, when  
you and I were young,  
When the buds of April blossomed, and the  
birds of spring-time sung!  
The garden's brightest glories by summer  
suns are nursed,  
But oh, the sweet, sweet violets, the flowers  
that opened first!

There is no place like the old place, where  
you and I were born,  
Where we lifted first our eyelids on the  
splendors of the morn  
From the milk-white breast that warmed  
us, from the clinging arms that bore,  
Where the dear eyes glistened o'er us that  
will look on us no more!

There is no friend like the old friend, who  
has shared our morning days,  
No greeting like his welcome, no homage  
like his praise:  
Fame is the scentless sunflower, with gaudy  
crown of gold;  
But friendship is the breathing rose, with  
sweets in every fold.

There is no love like the old love, that we  
courted in our pride;  
Though our leaves are falling, falling, and  
we're fading side by side,  
There are blossoms all around us with the  
colors of our dawn,  
And we live in borrowed sunshine when the  
day-star is withdrawn.

There are no times like the old times,—  
they shall never be forgot!  
There is no place like the old place,— keep  
green the dear old spot!  
There are no friends like our old friends,—  
may Heaven prolong their lives!  
There are no loves like our old loves,—  
God bless our loving wives!

## A HYMN OF PEACE

SUNG AT THE "JUBILEE," JUNE 15, 1869,  
TO THE MUSIC OF KELLER'S "AMERICAN HYMN"

ANGEL of Peace, thou hast wandered too long!

Spread thy white wings to the sunshine of love!

Come while our voices are blended in song,—

Fly to our ark like the storm-beaten dove!

Fly to our ark on the wings of the dove,—  
Speed o'er the far-sounding billows of song,

Crowned with thine olive-leaf garland of love,—

Angel of Peace, thou hast waited too long!

Joyous we meet, on this altar of thine  
Mingling the gifts we have gathered for thee,

Sweet with the odors of myrtle and pine,  
Breeze of the prairie and breath of the sea,—

Meadow and mountain and forest and sea!

Sweet is the fragrance of myrtle and pine,

Sweeter the incense we offer to thee,

Brothers, once more round this altar of thine!

Angels of Bethlehem, answer the strain!

Hark! a new birth-song is filling the sky!—

Loud as the storm-wind that tumbles the main

Bid the full breath of the organ reply,—

Let the loud tempest of voices reply,—

Roll its long surge like the earth-shaking main!

Swell the vast song till it mounts to the sky!—

Angels of Bethlehem, echo the strain!

## BUNKER-HILL BATTLE AND OTHER POEMS

1874-1877

### GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER-HILL BATTLE

AS SHE SAW IT FROM THE BELFRY

The story of Bunker Hill battle is told as literally in accordance with the best authorities as it would have been if it had been written in prose instead of in verse. I have often been asked what steeple it was from which the little group I speak of looked upon the conflict. To this I answer that I am not prepared to speak authoritatively, but that the reader may take his choice among all the steeples standing at that time in the northern part of the city. Christ Church in Salem Street is the one I always think of, but I do not insist upon its claim. As to the personages who made up the small company that followed the old corporal, it would be hard to identify them, but by ascertaining where the portrait by Copley is now to be found, some light may be thrown on their personality.

Daniel Malcolm's gravestone, splintered by British bullets, may be seen in the Copp's Hill burial-ground.

'T is like stirring living embers when, at eighty, one remembers  
All the aching and the quakings of "the times that tried men's souls;"  
When I talk of *Whig* and *Tory*, when I tell the *Rebel* story,  
To you the words are ashes, but to me they 're burning coals.

I had heard the muskets' rattle of the April running battle;  
Lord Percy's hunted soldiers, I can see their red coats still;  
But a deadly chill comes o'er me, as the day looms up before me,  
When a thousand men lay bleeding on the slopes of Bunker's Hill.

'T was a peaceful summer's morning,  
when the first thing gave us warning

Was the booming of the cannon from the river and the shore:

"Child," says grandma, "what's the matter, what is all this noise and clatter?"

Have those scalping Indian devils come to murder us once more?"

Poor old soul! my sides were shaking in the midst of all my quaking,

To hear her talk of Indians when the guns began to roar:

She had seen the burning village, and the slaughter and the pillage,

When the Mohawks killed her father with their bullets through his door.

Then I said, "Now, dear old granny, don't you fret and worry any,

For I'll soon come back and tell you whether this is work or play;

There can't be mischief in it, so I won't be gone a minute" —

For a minute then I started. I was gone the livelong day.

No time for bodice-lacing or for looking-glass grimacing;

Down my hair went as I hurried, tumbling half-way to my heels;

God forbid your ever knowing, when there's blood around her flowing,

How the lonely, helpless daughter of a quiet household feels!

In the street I heard a thumping; and I knew it was the stumping

Of the Corporal, our old neighbor, on that wooden leg he wore,



With a knot of women round him, — it was  
 lucky I had found him,  
 So I followed with the others, and the Cor-  
 poral marched before.

They were making for the steeple, — the  
 old soldier and his people;  
 The pigeons circled round us as we climbed  
 the creaking stair.  
 Just across the narrow river — oh, so close  
 it made me shiver! —  
 Stood a fortress on the hill-top that but  
 yesterday was bare.

Not slow our eyes to find it; well we knew  
 who stood behind it,  
 Though the earthwork hid them from us,  
 and the stubborn walls were dumb:  
 Here were sister, wife, and mother, looking  
 wild upon each other,  
 And their lips were white with terror as  
 they said, **THE HOUR HAS COME!**

The morning slowly wasted, not a morsel  
 had we tasted,  
 And our heads were almost splitting with  
 the cannons' deafening thrill,  
 When a figure tall and stately round the  
 rampart strode sedately;  
 It was **PRESCOTT**, one since told me; he  
 commanded on the hill.

Every woman's heart grew bigger when  
 we saw his manly figure,  
 With the banyan buckled round it, stand-  
 ing up so straight and tall;  
 Like a gentleman of leisure who is stroll-  
 ing out for pleasure.  
 Through the storm of shells and cannon-  
 shot he walked around the wall.

At eleven the streets were swarming, for  
 the redcoats' ranks were forming;  
 At noon in marching order they were  
 moving to the piers;  
 How the bayonets gleamed and glistened,  
 as we looked far down, and listened  
 To the trampling and the drum-beat of the  
 belted grenadiers!

At length the men have started, with a  
 cheer (it seemed faint-hearted),  
 In their scarlet regimentals, with their  
 knapsacks on their backs,

And the reddening, rippling water, as after  
 a sea-fight's slaughter,  
 Round the barges gliding onward blushed  
 like blood along their tracks.

So they crossed to the other border, and  
 again they formed in order;  
 And the boats came back for soldiers, came  
 for soldiers, soldiers still:  
 The time seemed everlasting to us women  
 faint and fasting, —  
 At last they 're moving, marching, marching  
 proudly up the hill.

We can see the bright steel glancing all  
 along the lines advancing, —  
 Now the front rank fires a volley, — they  
 have thrown away their shot;  
 For behind their earthwork lying, all the  
 balls above them flying,  
 Our people need not hurry; so they wait  
 and answer not.

Then the Corporal, our old cripple (he would  
 swear sometimes and tittle), —  
 He had heard the bullets whistle (in the  
 old French war) before, —  
 Calls out in words of jeering, just as if they  
 all were hearing, —  
 And his wooden leg thumps fiercely on the  
 dusty belfry floor: —

“Oh! fire away, ye villains, and earn King  
 George's shillin's,  
 But ye'll waste a ton of powder afore a  
 'rebel' falls;  
 You may bang the dirt and welcome, they're  
 as safe as Dan'l Malcolm  
 Ten foot beneath the gravestone that you've  
 splintered with your balls!”

In the hush of expectation, in the awe and  
 trepidation  
 Of the dread approaching moment, we are  
 well-nigh breathless all;  
 Though the rotten bars are falling on the  
 rickety belfry railing,  
 We are crowding up against them like the  
 waves against a wall.

Just a glimpse (the air is clearer), they are  
 nearer, — nearer, — nearer,  
 When a flash — a curling smoke-wreath —  
 then a crash — the steeple shakes —

The deadly truce is ended; the tempest's  
shroud is rended;  
Like a morning mist it gathered, like a  
thundercloud it breaks!

Oh the sight our eyes discover as the blue-  
black smoke blows over!  
The red-coats stretched in windrows as a  
mower rakes his hay;  
Here a scarlet heap is lying, there a head-  
long crowd is flying  
Like a billow that has broken and is shiv-  
ered into spray.

Then we cried, "The troops are routed!  
they are beat — it can't be doubted!  
God be thanked, the fight is over!" — Ah!  
the grim old soldier's smile!  
"Tell us, tell us why you look so?" (we  
could hardly speak, we shook so), —  
"Are they beaten? Are they beaten?  
ARE they beaten?" — "Wait a  
while."

Oh the trembling and the terror! for too  
soon we saw our error:  
They are baffled, not defeated; we have  
driven them back in vain;  
And the columns that were scattered, round  
the colors that were tattered,  
Toward the sullen, silent fortress turn their  
belted breasts again.

All at once, as we are gazing, lo the roofs  
of Charlestown blazing!  
They have fired the harmless village; in an  
hour it will be down!  
The Lord in heaven confound them, rain  
his fire and brimstone round them, —  
The robbing, murdering red-coats, that  
would burn a peaceful town!

They are marching, stern and solemn; we  
can see each massive column  
As they near the naked earth-mound with  
the slanting walls so steep.  
Have our soldiers got faint-hearted, and in  
noiseless haste departed?  
Are they panic-struck and helpless? Are  
they palsied or asleep?

Now! the walls they're almost under!  
scarce a rod the foes asunder!  
Not a firelock flashed against them! up  
the earthwork they will swarm!

But the words have scarce been spoken,  
when the ominous calm is broken,  
And a bellowing crash has emptied all the  
vengeance of the storm!

So again, with murderous slaughter, pelted  
backwards to the water,  
Fly Pigot's running heroes and the  
frightened braves of Howe;  
And we shout, "At last they're done for,  
it's their barges they have run for:  
They are beaten, beaten, beaten; and the  
battle's over now!"

And we looked, poor timid creatures, on  
the rough old soldier's features,  
Our lips afraid to question, but he knew  
what we would ask:  
"Not sure," he said; "keep quiet, — once  
more, I guess, they'll try it —  
Here's damnation to the cut-throats!" —  
then he handed me his flask,

Saying, "Gal, you're looking shaky; have  
a drop of old Jamaiky;  
I'm afeard there'll be more trouble afore  
the job is done;"  
So I took one scorching swallow; dreadful  
faint I felt and hollow,  
Standing there from early morning when  
the firing was begun.

All through those hours of trial I had  
watched a calm clock dial,  
As the hands kept creeping, creeping, —  
they were creeping round to four,  
When the old man said, "They're forming  
with their bagonets fixed for storm-  
ing:  
It's the death-grip that's a-coming, — they  
will try the works once more."

With brazen trumpets blaring, the flames  
behind them glaring,  
The deadly wall before them, in close array  
they come;  
Still onward, upward toiling, like a dragon's  
fold uncoiling, —  
Like the rattlesnake's shrill warning the  
reverberating drum!

Over heaps all torn and gory — shall I tell  
the fearful story,  
How they surged above the breastwork, as  
a sea breaks over a deck;

How, driven, yet scarce defeated, our worn-  
out men retreated,  
With their powder-horns all emptied, like  
the swimmers from a wreck ?

It has all been told and painted; as for me,  
they say I fainted,  
And the wooden-legged old Corporal  
stumped with me down the stair:  
When I woke from dreams affrighted the  
evening lamps were lighted, —  
On the floor a youth was lying; his bleeding  
breast was bare.

And I heard through all the flurry, "Send  
for WARREN! hurry! hurry!  
Tell him here's a soldier bleeding, and  
he'll come and dress his wound!"  
Ah, we knew not till the morrow told its  
tale of death and sorrow,  
How the starlight found him stiffened on  
the dark and bloody ground.

Who the youth was, what his name was,  
where the place from which he came  
was,  
Who had brought him from the battle, and  
had left him at our door,  
He could not speak to tell us; but 't was  
one of our brave fellows,  
As the homespun plainly showed us which  
the dying soldier wore.

For they all thought he was dying, as they  
gathered round him erving; —  
And they said, "Oh, how they'll miss him!"  
and, "What *will* his mother do?"  
Then, his eyelids just unclosing like a child's  
that has been dozing,  
He faintly murmured, "Mother!" — and  
— I saw his eyes were blue.

"Why, grandma, how you're winking!"  
Ah, my child, it sets me thinking  
Of a story not like this one. Well, he  
somehow lived along;  
So we came to know each other, and I  
nursed him like a — mother,  
Till at last he stood before me, tall, and  
rosy-checked, and strong.

And we sometimes walked together in the  
pleasant summer weather, —  
"Please to tell us what his name was?"  
Just your own, my little dear, —

There's his picture Copley painted: we be-  
came so well acquainted,  
That — in short, that's why I'm grandma,  
and you children all are here!

## AT THE "ATLANTIC" DINNER

DECEMBER 15, 1874

I SUPPOSE it's myself that you're making  
allusion to  
And bringing the sense of dismay and con-  
fusion to.  
Of course *some* must speak, — they are al-  
ways selected to,  
But pray what's the reason that I am ex-  
pected to?  
I'm not fond of wasting my breath as those  
fellows do  
That want to be blowing forever as bellows  
do;  
*Their* legs are uneasy, but why will you jog  
any  
That long to stay quiet beneath the mahog-  
any?

Why, why call *me* up with your battery of  
flatteries?  
You say "He writes poetry," — that's what  
the matter is!  
"It costs him no trouble — a pen full of  
ink or two  
And the poem is done in the time of a  
wink or two;  
As for thoughts — never mind — take the  
ones that lie uppermost,  
And the rhymes used by Milton and Byron  
and Tupper most;  
The lines come so easy! at one end he jin-  
gles 'em,  
At the other with capital letters he shingles  
'em, —  
Why, the thing writes itself, and before  
he's half done with it  
He hates to stop writing, he has such good  
fun with it!"

Ah, that is the way in which simple ones  
go about  
And draw a fine picture of things they  
don't know about!  
We all know a kitten, but come to a cata-  
mount  
The beast is a stranger when grown up to  
that amount,

(A stranger we rather prefer should n't  
visit us,  
A *felis* whose advent is far from felici-  
tous.)  
The boy who can boast that his trap has  
just got a mouse  
Must n't draw it and write underneath  
"hippopotamus;"  
Or say unveraciously, "This is an ele-  
phant," —  
Don't think, let me beg, these examples  
irrelevant, —  
What they mean is just this — that a thing  
to be painted well  
Should always be something with which  
we're acquainted well.

You call on your victim for "things he has  
plenty of, —  
Those copies of verses no doubt at least  
twenty of;  
His desk is crammed full, for he always  
keeps writing 'em  
And reading to friends as his way of de-  
lighting 'em!"  
I tell you this writing of verses means busi-  
ness, —  
It makes the brain whirl in a vortex of  
dizziness:  
You think they are scrawled in the languor  
of laziness —  
I tell you they're squeezed by a spasm of  
craziness,  
A fit half as bad as the staggering vertigos  
That seize a poor fellow and down in the  
dirt he goes!

And therefore it chimes with the word's  
etymology  
That the sons of Apollo are great on apol-  
ogy,  
For the writing of verse is a struggle mys-  
terious  
And the gayest of rhymes is a matter that's  
serious.  
For myself, I'm relied on by friends in ex-  
tremities,  
And I don't mind so much if a comfort to  
them it is;  
'Tis a pleasure to please, and the straw  
that can tickle us  
Is a source of enjoyment though slightly  
ridiculous.  
I am up for a — something — and since  
I've begun with it,

I must give you a toast now before I have  
done with it.  
Let me pump at my wits as they pumped  
the Cochituate  
That moistened — it may be — the very  
last bit you ate:  
Success to our publishers, authors and  
editors,  
To our debtors good luck, — pleasant  
dreams to our creditors;  
May the monthly grow yearly, till all we  
are groping for  
Has reached the fulfilment we're all of us  
hoping for;  
Till the bore through the tunnel — it makes  
me let off a sigh  
To think it may possibly ruin my pro-  
phesy —  
Has been punned on so often 't will never  
provoke again  
One mild adolescent to make the old joke  
again;  
Till abstinence, all-go-to-meeting society  
Has forgotten the sense of the word ine-  
briety;  
Till the work that poor Hannah and Bridget  
and Phillis do  
The humanized, civilized female gorillas do;  
Till the roughs, as we call them, grown  
loving and dutiful,  
Shall worship the true and the pure and  
the beautiful,  
And, preying no longer as tiger and vulture  
do,  
All read the "Atlantic" as persons of cul-  
ture do!

### "LUCY"

FOR HER GOLDEN WEDDING, OCTOBER  
18, 1875

[The subject of this poem was a familiar fig-  
ure in the household of Dr. Holmes's father, and  
was married while living there to a farmer.]

"Lucy." — The old familiar name  
Is now, as always, pleasant,  
Its liquid melody the same  
Alike in past or present;  
Let others call you what they will,  
I know you'll let me use it;  
To me your name is Lucy still,  
I cannot bear to lose it.

What visions of the past return  
With Lucy's image blended!

What memories from the silent urn  
Of gentle lives long ended !  
What dreams of childhood's fleeting morn,  
What starry aspirations,  
That filled the misty days unborn  
With fancy's coruscations !

Ah, Lucy, life has swiftly sped  
From April to November;  
The summer blossoms all are shed  
That you and I remember;  
But while the vanished years we share  
With mingling recollections,  
How all their shadowy features wear  
The hue of old affections !

Love called you. He who stole your heart  
Of sunshine half bereft us;  
Our household's garland fell apart  
The morning that you left us;  
The tears of tender girlhood streamed  
Through sorrow's opening sluices;  
Less sweet our garden's roses seemed,  
Less blue its flower-de-luces.

That old regret is turned to smiles,  
That parting sigh to greeting;  
I send my heart-throb fifty miles,  
Through every line 't is beating;  
God grant you many and happy years,  
Till when the last has crowned you  
The dawn of endless day appears,  
And heaven is shining round you !

## HYMN

FOR THE INAUGURATION OF THE  
STATUE OF GOVERNOR ANDREW,  
HINGHAM, OCTOBER 7, 1875

BEHOLD the shape our eyes have known !  
It lives once more in changeless stone;  
So looked in mortal face and form  
Our guide through peril's deadly storm.

But hushed the beating heart we knew,  
That heart so tender, brave, and true,  
Firm as the rooted mountain rock,  
Pure as the quarry's whitest block !

Not his beneath the blood-red star  
To win the soldier's envied spear,  
Unarmed he battled for the right,  
In Duty's never-ending fight.

Unconquered will, unslumbering eye,  
Faith such as bids the martyr die,  
The prophet's glance, the master's hand  
To mould the work his foresight planned,

These were his gifts; what Heaven had  
lent

For justice, mercy, truth, he spent,  
First to avenge the traitorous blow,  
And first to lift the vanquished foe.

Lo, thus he stood; in danger's strait  
The pilot of the Pilgrim State !  
Too large his fame for her alone, —  
A nation claims him as her own !

## A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE

READ AT THE MEETING HELD AT MUSIC  
HALL, FEBRUARY 8, 1876, IN MEMORY  
OF DR. SAMUEL G. HOWE

## I

LEADER of armies, Israel's God,  
Thy soldier's fight is won !  
Master, whose lowly path he trod,  
Thy servant's work is done !

No voice is heard from Sinai's steep  
Our wandering feet to guide;  
From Horeb's rock no waters leap;  
No Jordan's waves divide;

No prophet cleaves our western sky  
On wheels of whirling fire;  
No shepherds hear the song on high  
Of heaven's angelic choir:

Yet here as to the patriarch's tent  
God's angel comes a guest;  
He comes on heaven's high errand sent,  
In earth's poor raiment drest.

We see no halo round his brow  
Till love its own recalls,  
And, like a leaf that quits the bough,  
The mortal vesture falls.

In autumn's chill declining day,  
Ere winter's killing frost,  
The message came; so passed away  
The friend our earth has lost.

Still, Father, in thy love we trust;  
 Forgive us if we mourn  
 The saddening hour that laid in dust  
 His robe of flesh outworn.

## II

How long the wreck-strewn journey seems  
 To reach the far-off past  
 That woke his youth from peaceful dreams  
 With Freedom's trumpet-blast!

Along her classic hillsides rung  
 The Paynim's battle-cry,  
 And like a red-cross knight he sprung  
 For her to live or die.

No trustier service claimed the wreath  
 For Sparta's bravest son;  
 No truer soldier sleeps beneath  
 The mound of Marathon;

Yet not for him the warrior's grave  
 In front of angry foes;  
 To lift, to shield, to help, to save,  
 The holier task he chose.

He touched the eyelids of the blind,  
 And lo! the veil withdrawn,  
 As o'er the midnight of the mind  
 He led the light of dawn.

He asked not whence the fountains roll  
 No traveller's foot has found,  
 But mapped the desert of the soul  
 Untracked by sight or sound.

What prayers have reached the sapphire  
 throne,  
 By silent fingers spelt,  
 For him who first through depths unknown  
 His doubtful pathway felt,

Who sought the slumbering sense that lay  
 Close shut with bolt and bar,  
 And showed awakening thought the ray  
 Of reason's morning star!

Where'er he moved, his shadowy form  
 The sightless orbs would seek,  
 And smiles of welcome light and warm  
 The lips that could not speak.

No labored line, no sculptor's art,  
 Such hallowed memory needs;

His tablet is the human heart,  
 His record loving deeds.

## III

The rest that earth denied is thine, —  
 Ah, is it rest? we ask,  
 Or, traced by knowledge more divine,  
 Some larger, nobler task?

Had but those boundless fields of blue  
 One darkened sphere like this;  
 But what has heaven for thee to do  
 In realms of perfect bliss?

No cloud to lift, no mind to clear,  
 No rugged path to smooth,  
 No struggling soul to help and cheer,  
 No mortal grief to soothe!

Enough; is there a world of love,  
 No more we ask to know;  
 The hand will guide thy ways above  
 That shaped thy task below.

JOSEPH WARREN, M. D.

1875

TRAINED in the holy art whose lifted shield  
 Wards off the darts a never-slumbering  
 foe,  
 By hearth and wayside lurking, waits to  
 throw,  
 Oppression taught his helpful arm to wield  
 The slayer's weapon: on the murderous field  
 The fiery bolt he challenged laid him low,  
 Seeking its noblest victim. Even so  
 The charter of a nation must be sealed!  
 The healer's brow the hero's honors  
 crowned,  
 From lowliest duty called to loftiest deed.  
 Living, the oak-leaf wreath his temples  
 bound;  
 Dying, the conqueror's laurel was his meed,  
 Last on the broken ramparts' turf to bleed  
 Where Freedom's victory in defeat was  
 found.

OLD CAMBRIDGE

JULY 3, 1875

[Upon the occasion of the Centennial celebration of Washington taking command of

the American army. It was on this occasion that Lowell read his ode, *Under the Old Elm.*]

AND can it be you've found a place  
 Within this consecrated space,  
 That makes so fine a show,  
 For one of Rip Van Winkle's race?  
 And is it really so?  
 Who wants an old receipted bill?  
 Who fishes in the Frog-pond still?  
 Who digs last year's potato hill? —  
 That's what he'd like to know!

And were it any spot on earth  
 Save this dear home that gave him birth  
 Some scores of years ago,  
 He had not come to spoil your mirth  
 And chill your festive glow;  
 But round his baby-nest he strays,  
 With tearful eye the scene surveys,  
 His heart unchanged by changing days, —  
 That's what he'd have you know.

Can you whose eyes not yet are dim  
 Live o'er the buried past with him,  
 And see the roses blow  
 When white-haired men were Joe and Jim  
 Untouched by winter's snow?  
 Or roll the years back one by one  
 As Judah's monarch backed the sun,  
 And see the century just begun? —  
 That's what he'd like to know!

I come, but as the swallow dips,  
 Just touching with her feather-tips  
 The shining wave below,  
 To sit with pleasure-murmuring lips  
 And listen to the flow  
 Of Elmwood's sparkling Hippoerene,  
 To tread once more my native green,  
 To sigh unheard, to smile unseen, —  
 That's what I'd have you know.

But since the common lot I've shared  
 (We all are sitting "unprepared,"  
 Like culprits in a row,  
 Whose heads are down, whose necks are  
 bared  
 To wait the headman's blow),  
 I'd like to shift my task to you,  
 By asking just a thing or two  
 About the good old times I knew, —  
 Here's what I want to know:

The yellow meetin' house — can you tell  
 Just where it stood before it fell  
 Prey of the vandal foe, —  
 Our dear old temple, loved so well,  
 By ruthless hands laid low?  
 Where, tell me, was the Deacon's pew?  
 Whose hair was braided in a queue?  
 (For there were pig-tails not a few,) —  
 That's what I'd like to know.

The bell — can you recall its clang?  
 And how the seats would slam and bang?  
 The voices high and low?  
 The basso's trump before he sang?  
 The viol and its bow?  
 Where was it old Judge Winthrop sat?  
 Who wore the last three-cornered hat?  
 Was Israel Porter lean or fat? —  
 That's what I'd like to know.

Tell where the market used to be  
 That stood beside the murdered tree?  
 Whose dog to church would go?  
 Old Marcus Reemie, who was he?  
 Who wore the brothers Snow?  
 Does not your memory slightly fail  
 About that great September gale? —  
 Whereof one told a moving tale,  
 As Cambridge boys should know.

When Cambridge was a simple town,  
 Say just when Deacon William Brown  
 (Last door in yonder row),  
 For honest silver counted down,  
 His groceries would bestow? —  
 For those were days when money meant  
 Something that jingled as you went, —  
 No hybrid like the nickel cent,  
 I'd have you all to know,

But quarter, ninepence, pistareen,  
 And fourpence hapennies in between,  
 All metal fit to show,  
 Instead of rags in stagnant green,  
 The scum of debts we owe;  
 How sad to think such stuff should be  
 Our Wendell's cure-all recipe, —  
 Not Wendell H., but Wendell P., —  
 The one you all must know!

I question — but you answer not —  
 Dear me! and have I quite forgot  
 How fivescore years ago,

Just on this very blessed spot,  
 The summer leaves below,  
 Before his homespun ranks arrayed  
 In green New England's elm-bough shade  
 The great Virginian drew the blade  
 King George full soon should know !

O George the Third ! you found it true  
 Our George was more than *double you*,  
 For nature made him so.  
 Not much an empire's crown can do  
 If brains are scant and slow, —  
 Ah, not like that his laurel crown  
 Whose presence gilded with renown  
 Our brave old Academic town,  
 As all her children know !

So here we meet with loud acclaim  
 To tell mankind that here he came,  
 With hearts that throb and glow;  
 Ours is a portion of his fame  
 Our trumpets needs must blow !  
 On yonder hill the Lion fell,  
 But here was chipped the eagle's shell, —  
 That little hatchet did it well,  
 As all the world shall know !

## WELCOME TO THE NATIONS

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 4, 1876

BRIGHT on the banners of lily and rose  
 Lo! the last sun of our century sets !  
 Wreathe the black cannon that scowled on  
 our foes,  
 All but her friendships the nation for-  
 gets !  
 All but her friends and their welcome  
 forgets !  
 These are around her; but where are her  
 foes ?  
 Lo, while the sun of her century sets,  
 Peace with her garlands of lily and rose !

Welcome ! a shout like the war trumpet's  
 swell  
 Wakes the wild echoes that slumber  
 around !  
 Welcome! it quivers from Liberty's bell;  
 Welcome! the walls of her temple re-  
 sound !  
 Hark! the gray walls of her temple re-  
 sound !  
 Fade the far voices o'er hillside and dell;

Welcome ! still whisper the echoes  
 around;  
 Welcome ! still trembles on Liberty's bell !  
 Thrones of the continent ! isles of the  
 sea !  
 Yours are the garlands of peace we en-  
 twine;  
 Welcome, once more, to the land of the  
 free,  
 Shadowed alike by the palm and the  
 pine;  
 Softly they murmur, the palm and the  
 pine,  
 "Hushed is our strife, in the land of the  
 free ;"  
 Over your children their branches en-  
 twine,  
 Thrones of the continents ! isles of the sea !

## A FAMILIAR LETTER

TO SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS

YES, write, if you want to, there's nothing  
 like trying;  
 Who knows what a treasure your casket  
 may hold ?  
 I'll show you that rhyming's as easy as  
 lying,  
 If you'll listen to me while the art I un-  
 fold.  
 Here's a book full of words; one can  
 choose as he fancies,  
 As a painter his tint, as a workman his  
 tool;  
 Just think ! all the poems and plays and  
 romances  
 Were drawn out of this, like the fish  
 from a pool !  
 You can wander at will through its sylla-  
 bled mazes,  
 And take all you want, — not a copper  
 they cost, —  
 What is there to hinder your picking out  
 phrases  
 For an epic as clever as "Paradise  
 Lost" ?  
 Don't mind if the index of sense is at zero,  
 Use words that run smoothly, whatever  
 they mean;



Leander and Lilian and Lillibullero  
Are much the same thing in the rhyming  
machine.

There are words so delicious their sweet-  
ness will smother

That boarding-school flavor of which  
we're afraid, —

There is "lush" is a good one, and "swirl"  
is another, —

Put both in one stanza, its fortune is  
made.

With musical murmurs and rhythmical  
closes

You can cheat us of smiles when you've  
nothing to tell;

You hand us a nosegay of milliner's roses,  
And we cry with delight, "Oh, how  
sweet they *do* smell!"

Perhaps you will answer all needful condi-  
tions

For winning the laurels to which you  
aspire,

By docking the tails of the two preposi-  
tions

If the style o' the bards you so greatly  
admire.

As for subjects of verse, they are only too  
plenty

For ringing the changes on metrical  
chimes;

A maiden, a moonbeam, a lover of twenty  
Have filled that great basket with bush-  
els of rhymes.

Let me show you a picture — 't is far from  
irrelevant —

By a famous old hand in the arts of de-  
sign;

'T is only a photographed sketch of an  
elephant, —

The name of the draughtsman was Rem-  
brandt of Rhine.

How easy! no troublesome colors to lay  
on,

It can't have fatigued him, — no, not in  
the least, —

A dash here and there with a hap-hazard  
crayon,

And there stands the wrinkled-skinned,  
baggy-limbed beast.

Just so with your verse, — 't is as easy as  
sketching, —

You can reel off a song without knitting  
your brow,

As lightly as Rembrandt a drawing or  
etching;

It is nothing at all, if you only know how.

Well; imagine you've printed your volume  
of verses:

Your forehead is wreathed with the gar-  
land of fame,

Your poems the eloquent school-boy re-  
hearses,

Her album the school-girl presents for  
your name;

Each morning the post brings you auto-  
graph letters;

You'll answer them promptly, — an  
hour is n't much

For the honor of sharing a page with your  
betters,

With magistrates, members of Congress,  
and such.

Of course you're delighted to serve the  
committees

That come with requests from the coun-  
try all round,

You would grace the occasion with poems  
and ditties

When they've got a new schoolhouse,  
or poorhouse, or pound.

With a hymn for the saints and a song for  
the sinners,

You go and are welcome wherever you  
please;

You're a privileged guest at all manner of  
dinners,

You've a seat on the platform among  
the grantees.

At length your mere presence becomes a  
sensation,

Your cup of enjoyment is filled to its brim  
With the pleasure Horatian of digitmon-  
stration,

As the whisper runs round of "That's  
he!" or "That's him!"

But remember, O dealer in phrases sono-  
rous,

So daintily chosen, so tunelessly matched,

Though you soar with the wings of the  
cherubim o'er us,  
The *ovum* was human from which you  
were hatched.

No will of your own with its puny compul-  
sion  
Can summon the spirit that quickens the  
lyre;  
It comes, if at all, like the Sibyl's convul-  
sion  
And touches the brain with a finger of  
fire.

So perhaps, after all, it's as well to be  
quiet  
If you've nothing you think is worth  
saying in prose,  
As to furnish a meal of their cannibal diet  
To the critics, by publishing, as you pro-  
pose.

But it's all of no use, and I'm sorry I've  
written, —  
I shall see your thin volume some day  
on my shelf;  
For the rhyming tarantula surely has bit-  
ten,  
And music must cure you, so pipe it  
yourself.

#### UNSATISFIED

"ONLY a housemaid!" She looked from  
the kitchen, —  
Neat was the kitchen and tidy was she;  
There at her window a sempstress sat  
stitching;  
"Were I a sempstress, how happy I'd  
be!"

"Only a Queen!" She looked over the  
waters, —  
Fair was her kingdom and mighty was  
she;  
There sat an Empress, with Queens for  
her daughters;  
"Were I an Empress, how happy I'd  
be!"

Still the old frailty they all of them trip in!  
Eve in her daughters is ever the same;  
Give her all Eden, she sighs for a pippin;  
Give her an Empire, she pines for a  
name!

#### HOW THE OLD HORSE WON THE BET

DEDICATED BY A CONTRIBUTOR TO THE  
COLLEGIAN, 1830, TO THE EDITORS  
OF THE HARVARD ADVOCATE, 1876

Unquestionably there is something a little  
like extravagance in *How the Old Horse won  
the Bet*, which taxes the credulity of experi-  
enced horsemen. Still there have been a good  
many surprises in the history of the turf and  
the trotting course.

The Godolphin Arabian was taken from igno-  
ble drudgery to become the patriarch of the  
English racing stock.

Old Dutchman was transferred from between  
the shafts of a cart to become a champion of  
the American trotters in his time.

"Old Blue," a famous Boston horse of the  
early decades of this century, was said to trot  
a mile in less than three minutes, but I do not  
find any exact record of his achievements.

Those who have followed the history of the  
American trotting horse are aware of the won-  
derful development of speed attained in these  
last years. The lowest time as yet recorded is  
by Maud S., in 2.08 $\frac{3}{4}$ .

"T WAS on the famous trotting-ground,  
The betting men were gathered round  
From far and near; the "cracks" were  
there

Whose deeds the sporting prints declare:  
The swift g. m., Old Hiram's nag,  
The fleet s. h., Dan Pfeiffer's brag,  
With these a third — and who is he  
That stands beside his fast b. g.?  
Budd Doble, whose catarrhal name  
So fills the nasal trump of fame.  
There too stood many a noted steed  
Of Messenger and Morgan breed;  
Green horses also, not a few;  
Unknown as yet what they could do;  
And all the hacks that know so well  
The scourgings of the Sunday swell.

Blue are the skies of opening day;  
The bordering turf is green with May;  
The sunshine's golden gleam is thrown  
On sorrel, chestnut, bay, and roan;  
The horses paw and prance and neigh,  
Fillies and colts like kittens play,  
And dance and toss their rippled manes  
Shining and soft as silken skeins;  
Wagons and gigs are ranged about,

And fashion flaunts her gay turn-out;  
Here stands — each youthful Jehu's  
dream —

The jointed tandem, ticklish team!  
And there in ampler breadth expand  
The splendors of the four-in-hand;  
On faultless ties and glossy tiles  
The lovely bonnets beam their smiles;  
(The style 's the man, so books avow;  
The style 's the woman, anyhow);  
From flounees frothed with creamy lace  
Peeps out the pug-dog's smutty face,  
Or spaniel rolls his liquid eye,  
Or stares the wiry pet of Skye, —  
O woman, in your hours of ease  
So shy with us, so free with these!

"Come on! I'll bet you two to one  
I'll make him do it!" "Will you?  
Done!"

What was it who was bound to do?  
I did not hear and can't tell you, —  
Pray listen till my story 's through.  
Scaree noticed, back behind the rest,  
By cart and wagon rudely prest,  
The parson's lean and bony bay  
Stood harnessed in his one-horse shay —  
Lent to his sexton for the day;  
(A funeral — so the sexton said;  
His mother's uncle's wife was dead.)

Like Lazarus bid to Dives' feast,  
So looked the poor forlorn old beast;  
His coat was rough, his tail was bare,  
The gray was sprinkled in his hair;  
Sportsmen and jockeys knew him not,  
And yet they say he once could trot  
Among the fleetest of the town,  
Till something cracked and broke him  
down, —

The steed's, the statesman's, common lot!  
"And are we then so soon forgot?"  
Ah me! I doubt if one of you  
Has ever heard the name "Old Blue,"  
Whose fame through all this region rung  
In those old days when I was young!

"Bring forth the horse!" Alas! he  
showed

Not like the one Mazeppa rode;  
Scant-maned, sharp-backed, and shaky-  
kneed,  
The wreck of what was once a steed,

Lips thin, eyes hollow, stiff in joints;  
Yet not without his knowing points.  
The sexton laughing in his sleeve,  
As if 't were all a make-believe,  
Led forth the horse, and as he laughed  
Unhitched the breeching from a shaft,  
Unelased the rusty belt beneath,  
Drew forth the snaffle from his teeth,  
Slipped off his head-stall, set him free  
From strap and rein, — a sight to see!

So worn, so lean in every limb,  
It can't be they are saddling him!  
It is! his back the pig-skin strides  
And flaps his lank, rheumatic sides;  
With look of mingled scorn and mirth  
They buckle round the saddle-girth;  
With horsey wink and saucy toss  
A youngster throws his leg across,  
And so, his rider on his back,  
They lead him, limping, to the track,  
Far up behind the starting-point,  
To limber out each stiffened joint.

As through the jeering crowd he past,  
One pitying look Old Hiram cast;  
"Go it, ye cripple, while ye can!"  
Cried out unsentimental Dan;  
"A Fast-Day dinner for the crows!"  
Budd Doble's scoffing shout arose.

Slowly, as when the walking-beam  
First feels the gathering head of steam,  
With warning cough and threatening  
wheeze  
The stiff old charger crooks his knees;  
At first with cautious step sedate,  
As if he dragged a coach of state;  
He 's not a colt; he knows full well  
That time is weight and sure to tell;  
No horse so sturdy but he fears  
The handicap of twenty years.

As through the throng on either hand  
The old horse nears the judges' stand,  
Beneath his jockey's feather-weight  
He warms a little to his gait,  
And now and then a step is tried  
That hints of something like a stride.

"Go!" — Through his ear the summons  
stung  
As if a battle-trump had rung;  
The slumbering instincts long unstirred

Start at the old familiar word;  
It thrills like flame through every limb, —  
What mean his twenty years to him ?  
The savage blow his rider dealt  
Fell on his hollow flanks unfelt;  
The spur that pricked his staring hide  
Unheeded tore his bleeding side;  
Alike to him are spur and rein, —  
He steps a five-year-old again !

Before the quarter pole was past,  
Old Hiram said, "He 's going fast."  
Long ere the quarter was a half,  
The chuckling crowd had ceased to laugh;  
Tighter his frightened jockey clung  
As in a mighty stride he swung,  
The gravel flying in his track,  
His neck stretched out, his ears laid back,  
His tail extended all the while  
Behind him like a rat-tail file !  
Off went a shoe, — away it spun,  
Shot like a bullet from a gun;  
The quaking jockey shapes a prayer  
From scraps of oaths he used to swear;  
He drops his whip, he drops his rein,  
He clutches fiercely for a mane;  
He 'll lose his hold — he sways and reels —  
He 'll slide beneath those trampling heels !  
The knees of many a horseman quake,  
The flowers on many a bonnet shake,  
And shouts arise from left and right,  
"Stick on ! Stick on !" "Hould tight !  
Hould tight !"  
"Cling round his neck and don't let go —  
That pace can't hold — there ! steady !  
whoa !"

But like the sable steed that bore  
The spectral lover of Lenore,  
His nostrils snorting foam and fire,  
No stretch his bony limbs can tire;  
And now the stand he rushes by,  
And "Stop him ! — stop him !" is the  
cry.  
Stand back ! he 's only just begun —  
He 's having out three heats in one !

"Don't rush in front ! he 'll smash your  
brains;

But follow up and grab the reins !"  
Old Hiram spoke. Dan Pfeiffer heard,  
And sprang impatient at the word;  
Budd Doble started on his bay,  
Old Hiram followed on his gray,  
And off they spring, and round they go,

The fast ones doing "all they know."  
Look ! twice they follow at his heels,  
As round the circling course he wheels,  
And whirls with him that clinging boy  
Like Hector round the walls of Troy;  
Still on, and on, the third time round !  
They 're tailing off ! they 're losing ground !  
Budd Doble's nag begins to fail !  
Dan Pfeiffer's sorrel whisks his tail !  
And see ! in spite of whip and shout,  
Old Hiram's mare is giving out !  
Now for the finish ! at the turn,  
The old horse — all the rest astern —  
Comes swinging in, with easy trot;  
By Jove ! he 's distanced all the lot !

That trot no mortal could explain;  
Some said, "Old Dutchman come again !"  
Some took his time, — at least they tried,  
But what it was was could none decide;  
One said he could n't understand  
What happened to his second hand;  
One said 2.10; *that* could n't be —  
More like two twenty-two or three;  
Old Hiram settled it at last;  
"The time was two — too dee-vel-ish fast !"

The parson's horse had won the bet;  
It cost him something of a sweat;  
Back in the one-horse shay he went;  
The parson wondered what it meant,  
And murmured, with a mild surprise  
And pleasant twinkle of the eyes,  
"That funeral must have been a trick,  
Or corpses drive at double-quick;  
I should n't wonder, I declare,  
If brother — Jehu — made the prayer !"

And this is all I have to say  
About that tough old trotting bay,  
Huddup ! Huddup ! G'lang ! Good day !

Moral for which this tale is told:  
A horse *can* trot, for all he 's old.

#### AN APPEAL FOR "THE OLD SOUTH"

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;  
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall."

[Written in the spirit of *Old Ironsides*.  
There was danger that the historic church in  
Boston would be destroyed, since it stood on

land very valuable for commercial purposes, and the congregation worshipping in it had built a new meeting-house in the dwelling-house part of the city. The building was saved almost wholly through the intervention of public-spirited women, headed by Mrs. Mary Hemmeway, who not only contributed most of the money needed, but afterward made the church the centre of important work in the teaching of history.]

FULL sevenscore years our city's pride —

The comely Southern spire —

Has cast its shadow, and defied

The storm, the foe, the fire;

Sad is the sight our eyes behold;

Woe to the three-hilled town,

When through the land the tale is told —

“The brave ‘Old South’ is down!”

Let darkness blot the starless dawn

That hears our children tell,

“Here rose the walls, now wrecked and gone,

Our fathers loved so well;

Here, while his brethren stood aloof,

The herald's blast was blown

That shook St. Stephen's pillared roof

And rocked King George's throne!

“The home-bound wanderer of the main

Looked from his deck afar,

To where the gilded, glittering vane

Shone like the evening star,

And pilgrim feet from every clime

The floor with reverence trod,

Where holy memories made sublime

The shrine of Freedom's God!”

The darkened skies, alas! have seen

Our monarch tree laid low,

And spread in ruins o'er the green,

But Nature struck the blow;

No scheming thrift its downfall planned,

It felt no edge of steel,

No soulless hireling raised his hand

The deadly stroke to deal.

In bridal garlands, pale and mute,

Still pleads the storied tower;

These are the blossoms, but the fruit

Awaits the golden shower;

The spire still greets the morning sun, —

Say, shall it stand or fall?

Help, ere the spoiler has begun!

Help, each, and God help all!

## THE FIRST FAN

READ AT A MEETING OF THE BOSTON  
BRIC-À-BRAC CLUB, FEBRUARY 21, 1877

WHEN rose the cry “Great Pan is dead!”

And Jove's high palace closed its portal,

The fallen gods, before they fled,

Sold out their frippery to a mortal.

“To whom?” you ask. I ask of you.

The answer hardly needs suggestion;

Of course it was the Wandering Jew, —

How could you put me such a question?

A purple robe, a little worn,

The Thunderer deigned himself to offer;

The bearded wanderer laughed in scorn, —

You know he always was a seoffer.

“Vife shillins! 't is a monstrous price;

Say two and six and further talk shun.”

“Take it,” cried Jove; “we can't be  
nice, —

'T would fetch twice that at Leonard's  
auction.”

The ice was broken; up they came,

All sharp for bargains, god and goddess,

Each ready with the price to name

For robe or head-dress, scarf or bodice.

First Juno, out of temper, too, —

Her queenly forehead somewhat cloudy;

Then Pallas in her stockings blue,

Imposing, but a little dowdy.

The scowling queen of heaven unrolled

Before the Jew a threadbare turban:

“Three shillings.” “One. 'T will suit  
some old

Terrific feminine suburban.”

But as for Pallas. — how to tell

In seemly phrase a fact so shocking?

She pointed, — pray excuse me, — well,

She pointed to her azure stocking.

And if the honest truth were told,

Its heel confessed the need of darning;

“Gods!” low-bred Vulcan cried, “be-  
hold!

There! that's what comes of too much  
darning!”

Pale Proserpine came groping round,  
Her pupils dreadfully dilated  
With too much living underground —  
A residence quite overrated;

“This kerchief’s what you want, I know, —  
Don’t cheat poor Venus of her cestus, —  
You’ll find it handy when you go  
To — you know where; it’s pure as-  
bestus.”

Then Phœbus of the silver bow,  
And Hebe, dimpled as a baby,  
And Dian with the breast of snow,  
Chaser and chased — and caught, it may  
be:

One took the quiver from her back,  
One held the cap he spent the night in,  
And one a bit of *bric-à-brac*,  
Such as the gods themselves delight in.

Then Mars, the foe of human kind,  
Strode up and showed his suit of armor;  
So none at last was left behind  
Save Venus, the celestial charmer.

Poor Venus! What had she to sell?  
For all she looked so fresh and jaunty,  
Her wardrobe, as I blush to tell,  
Already seemed but quite too scanty.

Her gems were sold, her sandals gone, —  
She always would be rash and flighty, —  
Her winter garments all in pawn,  
Alas for charming Aphrodite!

The lady of a thousand loves,  
The darling of the old religion,  
Had only left of all the doves  
That drew her car one fan-tailed pigeon.

How oft upon her finger-tips  
He perched, afraid of Cupid’s arrow,  
Or kissed her on the rosebud lips,  
Like Roman Lesbia’s loving sparrow!

“My bird, I want your train,” she cried;  
“Come, don’t let’s have a fuss about it;  
I’ll make it beauty’s pet and pride,  
And you’ll be better off without it.

“So vulgar! Have you noticed, pray,  
An earthly belle or dashing bride walk,

And how her flounces track her way,  
Like slimy serpents on the sidewalk?

“A lover’s heart it quickly cools;  
In mine it kindles up enough rage  
To wring their necks. How can such fools  
Ask men to vote for woman suffrage?”

The goddess spoke, and gently stripped  
Her bird of every caudal feather;  
A strand of gold-bright hair she clipped,  
And bound the glossy plumes together,

And lo, the Fan! for beauty’s hand,  
The lovely queen of beauty made it;  
The price she named was hard to stand,  
But Venus smiled: the Hebrew paid it.

Jove, Juno, Venus, where are you?  
Mars, Mercury, Phœbus, Neptune, Sat-  
urn?

But o’er the world the Wandering Jew  
Has borne the Fan’s celestial pattern.

So everywhere we find the Fan, —  
In lonely isles of the Pacific,  
In farthest China and Japan, —  
Wherever suns are sudorific.

Nay, even the oily Esquimaux  
In summer court its cooling breezes, —  
In fact, in every clime ’t is so,  
No matter if it fries or freezes.

And since from Aphrodite’s dove  
The pattern of the fan was given,  
No wonder that it breathes of love  
And wafts the perfumed gales of heaven!

Before this new Pandora’s gift  
In slavery woman’s tyrant kept her,  
But now he kneels her glove to lift, —  
The fan is mightier than the sceptre.

The tap it gives how arch and sly!  
The breath it wakes how fresh and  
grateful!  
Behind its shield how soft the sigh!  
The whispering tale of shame how fateful!

Its empire shadows every throne  
And every shore that man is tost on;  
It rules the lords of every zone,  
Nay, even the bluest blood of Boston!

But every one that swings to-night,  
Of fairest shape, from farthest region,  
May trace its pedigree aright  
To Aphrodite's fan-tailed pigeon.

TO RUTHERFORD BIRCHARD  
HAYES

AT THE DINNER TO THE PRESIDENT,  
BOSTON, JUNE 26, 1877

How to address him? awkward, it is true:  
Call him "Great Father," as the Red Men  
do?

Borrow some title? this is not the place  
That christens men Your Highness and  
Your Grace;

We tried such names as these awhile, you  
know,  
But left them off a century ago.

His Majesty? We've had enough of that:  
Besides, that needs a crown; he wears a  
hat.

What if, to make the nicer ears content,  
We say His Honesty, the President?

Sir, we believed you honest, truthful, brave,  
When to your hands their precious trust  
we gave,

And we have found you better than we knew,  
Braver, and not less honest, not less true!  
So every heart has opened, every hand  
Tingles with welcome, and through all the  
land

All voices greet you in one broad acclaim,  
Healer of strife! Has earth a nobler  
name?

What phrases mean you do not need to  
learn;

We must be civil, and they serve our turn:  
"Your most obedient humble" means —  
means what?

Something the well-bred signer just is not.  
Yet there are tokens, sir, you must believe;  
There is one language never can deceive:  
The lover knew it when the maiden smiled;  
The mother knows it when she clasps her  
child;

Voices may falter, trembling lips turn pale,  
Words grope and stumble; this will tell  
their tale

Shorn of all rhetoric, bare of all pretence,

But radiant, warm, with Nature's eloquence.  
Look in our eyes! Your welcome waits  
you there, —  
North, South, East, West, from all and  
everywhere!

THE SHIP OF STATE

A SENTIMENT

This "sentiment" was read on the same occasion as the *Family Record*, which immediately follows it. The latter poem is the dutiful tribute of a son to his father and his father's ancestors, residents of Woodstock [Connecticut] from its first settlement. [The occasion was the celebration of the Fourth of July, 1877, in accordance with a custom established at Woodstock by Mr. H. C. Bowen.]

THE Ship of State! above her skies are  
blue,

But still she rocks a little, it is true,  
And there *are* passengers whose faces white  
Show they don't feel as happy as they  
might;

Yet on the whole her crew are quite content,  
Since its wild fury the typhoon has spent,  
And willing, if her pilot thinks it best,  
To head a little nearer south by west.  
And this they feel: the ship came too near  
wreck,

In the long quarrel for the quarter-deck,  
Now when she glides serenely on her way, —  
The shallows past where dread explosives  
lay, —

The stiff obstructive's churlish game to try:  
Let sleeping dogs and still torpedoes lie!  
And so I give you all the Ship of State;  
Freedom's last venture is her priceless  
freight;

God speed her, keep her, bless her, while  
she steers

Amid the breakers of unsounded years;  
Lead her through danger's paths with even  
keel,  
And guide the honest hand that holds her  
wheel!

A FAMILY RECORD

NOT to myself this breath of vesper song,  
Not to these patient friends, this kindly  
through,  
Not to this hallowed morning, though it be

Our summer Christmas, Freedom's jubilee,  
 When every summit, topmast, steeple,  
 tower,  
 That owns her empire spreads her starry  
 flower,  
 Its blood-streaked leaves in heaven's be-  
 nignant dew  
 Washed clean from every crimson stain  
 they knew, —  
 No, not to these the passing thrills belong  
 That steal my breath to hush themselves  
 with song.

These moments all are memory's; I have  
 come  
 To speak with lips that rather should be  
 dumb;  
 For what are words? At every step I  
 tread  
 The dust that wore the footprints of the  
 dead  
 But for whose life my life had never known  
 This faded vesture which it calls its own.  
 Here sleeps my father's sire, and they who  
 gave  
 That earlier life here found their peaceful  
 grave.  
 In days gone by I sought the hallowed  
 ground;  
 Climbed yon long slope; the sacred spot I  
 found  
 Where all unsullied lies the winter snow,  
 Where all ungathered spring's pale violets  
 blow,  
 And tracked from stone to stone the  
 Saxon name  
 That marks the blood I need not blush to  
 claim,  
 Blood such as warmed the Pilgrim sons of  
 toil,  
 Who held from God the charter of the soil.  
 I come an alien to your hills and plains,  
 Yet feel your birthright tingling in my  
 veins;  
 Mine are this changing prospect's sun and  
 shade,  
 In full-blown summer's bridal pomp ar-  
 rayed;  
 Mine these fair hillsides and the vales be-  
 tween;  
 Mine the sweet streams that lend their  
 brightening green;  
 I breathed your air — the sunlit landscape  
 smiled;  
 I touch your soil — it knows its children's  
 child;

Throned in my heart your heritage is mine;  
 I claim it all by memory's right divine!  
 Waking, I dream. Before my vacant  
 eyes

In long procession shadowy forms arise;  
 Far through the vista of the silent years  
 I see a venturesome band; the pioneers,  
 Who let the sunlight through the forest's  
 gloom,  
 Who bade the harvest wave, the garden  
 bloom.  
 Hark! loud resounds the bare-armed set-  
 tler's axe, —  
 See where the stealthy panther left his  
 tracks!  
 As fierce, as stealthy creeps the skulking  
 foe  
 With stone-tipped shaft and sinew-corded  
 bow;  
 Soon shall he vanish from his ancient reign,  
 Leave his last cornfield to the coming train,  
 Quit the green margin of the wave he  
 drinks,  
 For haunts that hide the wild-cat and the  
 lynx.

But who the Youth his glistening axe  
 that swings  
 To smite the pine that shows a hundred  
 rings?  
 His features? — something in his look I  
 find  
 That calls the semblance of my race to  
 mind.  
 His name? — my own; and that which  
 goes before  
 The same that once the loved disciple bore.  
 Young, brave, discreet, the father of a line  
 Whose voiceless lives have found a voice  
 in mine;  
 Thinned by unnumbered currents though  
 they be,  
 Thanks for the ruddy drops I claim from  
 thee!

The seasons pass; the roses come and go;  
 Snows fall and melt; the waters freeze and  
 flow;  
 The boys are men; the girls, grown tall  
 and fair,  
 Have found their mates; a gravestone here  
 and there  
 Tells where the fathers lie; the silvered  
 hair  
 Of some bent patriarch yet recalls the time



That saw his feet the northern hillside  
climb,

A pilgrim from the pilgrims far away,  
The godly men, the dwellers by the bay.  
On many a hearthstone burns the cheerful  
fire;

The schoolhouse porch, the heavenward  
pointing spire

Proclaim in letters every eye can read,  
Knowledge and Faith, the new world's simple  
creed.

Hush! 't is the Sabbath's silence-stricken  
morn:

No feet must wander through the tasselled  
corn;

No merry children laugh around the door,  
No idle playthings strew the sanded floor;  
The law of Moses lays its awful ban  
On all that stirs; here comes the tithing-  
man!

At last the solemn hour of worship  
calls;

Slowly they gather in the sacred walls;  
Man in his strength and age with knotted  
staff,

And boyhood aching for its week-day  
laugh,

The toil-worn mother with the child she  
leads,

The maiden, lovely in her golden beads, —  
The popish symbols round her neck she  
wears,

But on them counts her lovers, not her  
prayers, —

Those youths in homespun suits and rib-  
boned quenes,

Whose hearts are beating in the high-  
backed pews.

The pastor rises; looks along the seats  
With searching eye; each wonted face he  
meets;

Asks heavenly guidance; finds the chapter's  
place

That tells some tale of Israel's stubborn  
race;

Gives out the sacred song; all voices join,  
For no *quartette* extorts their scanty coin;

Then while both hands their black-gloved  
palms display,

Lifts his gray head, and murmurs, "Let us  
pray!"

And pray he does! as one that never  
fears

To plead unanswered by the God that hears;  
What if he dwells on many a fact as though

Some things Heaven knew not which it  
ought to know, —

Thanks God for all his favors past, and yet,  
Tells Him there's something He must not  
forget;

Such are the prayers his people love to  
hear, —

See how the Deacon slants his listening ear!  
What! look once more! Nay, surely  
there I trace

The hinted outlines of a well-known face!  
Not those the lips for laughter to beguile,  
Yet round their corners lurks an embryo  
smile,

The same on other lips my childhood knew  
That scarce the Sabbath's mastery could  
subdue.

Him too my lineage gives me leave to  
claim, —

The good, grave man that bears the Psalm-  
ist's name.

And still in ceaseless round the seasons  
passed;

Spring piped her carol; Autumn blew his  
blast;

Babes waxed to manhood; manhood shrunk  
to age;

Life's worn-out players tottered off the  
stage;

The few are many; boys have grown to men  
Since Putnam dragged the wolf from Pom-  
fret's den;

Our new-old Woodstock is a thriving town;  
Brave are her children; faithful to the  
crown;

Her soldiers' steel the savage redskin  
knows;

Their blood has crimsoned his Canadian  
snows.

And now once more along the quiet vale  
Rings the dread call that turns the mothers  
pale;

Full well they know the valorous heat that  
runs

In every pulse-beat of their loyal sons;  
Who would not bleed in good King George's  
cause

When England's lion shows his teeth and  
claws?

With glittering firelocks on the village  
green

In proud array a martial band is seen;  
You know what names those ancient rosters  
hold, —

Whose belts were buckled when the drum-  
beat rolled, —

But mark their Captain! tell us, who is  
he ?

On his brown face that same old look I  
see!

Yes ! from the homestead's still retreat he  
came,

Whose peaceful owner bore the Psalmist's  
name;

The same his own. Well, Israel's glorious  
king

Who struck the harp could also whirl the  
sling, —

Breathe in his song a penitential sigh  
And smite the sons of Amalek hip and  
thigh:

These shared their task; one deaconed out  
the psalm,

One slashed the scalping hell-hounds of  
Montcalm;

The praying father's pious work is done,  
Now sword in hand steps forth the fighting  
son.

On many a field he fought in wilds afar;  
See on his swarthy cheek the bullet's scar !  
There hangs a murderous tomahawk; be-  
neath,

Without its blade, a knife's embroidered  
sheath;

Save for the stroke his trusty weapon dealt  
His scalp had dangled at their owner's  
belt;

But not for him such fate; he lived to see  
The bloodier strife that made our nation  
free,

To serve with willing toil, with skilful  
hand,

The war-worn saviors of the bleeding land.  
His wasting life to others' needs he gave, —  
Sought rest in home and found it in the  
grave.

See where the stones life's brief memorials  
keep,

The tablet telling where he "fell on  
sleep," —

Watched by a winged cherub's rayless  
eye, —

A scroll above that says we all must die, —  
Those saddening lines beneath, the "Night-  
Thoughts" lent:

So stands the Soldier's, Surgeon's monu-  
ment.

Ah! at a glance my filial eye divines  
The scholar son in those remembered lines.

The Scholar Son. His hand my foot-  
steps led.

No more the dim unreal past I tread.

O thou whose breathing form was once so  
dear,

Whose cheering voice was music to my ear,  
Art thou not with me as my feet pursue  
The village paths so well thy boyhood  
knew,

Along the tangled margin of the stream  
Whose murmurs blended with thine in-  
fant dream,

Or climb the hill, or thread the wooded vale,  
Or seek the wave where gleams yon dis-  
tant sail,

Or the old homestead's narrowed bounds  
explore,

Where sloped the roof that sheds the rains  
no more,

Where one last relic still remains to tell  
Here stood thy home, — the memory-haunt-  
ed well,

Whose waters quench a deeper thirst than  
thine,

Changed at my lips to sacramental wine, —  
Art thou not with me, as I fondly trace  
The scanty records of thine honored race,  
Call up the forms that earlier years have  
known,

And spell the legend of each slanted stone ?

With thoughts of thee my loving verse  
began,

Not for the critic's curious eye to scan,  
Not for the many listeners, but the few  
Whose fathers trod the paths my fathers  
knew;

Still in my heart thy loved remembrance  
burns;

Still to my lips thy cherished name returns;  
Could I but feel thy gracious presence near  
Amid the groves that once to thee were  
dear !

Could but my trembling lips with mortal  
speech

Thy listening ear for one brief moment  
reach !

How vain the dream ! The pallid voyager's  
track

No sign betrays; he sends no message back.  
No word from thee since evening's shadow  
fell

On thy cold forehead with my long fare-  
well, —

Now from the margin of the silent sea,  
Take my last offering ere I cross to thee !

## THE IRON GATE AND OTHER POEMS

1877-1881

### THE IRON GATE

[Read at the Breakfast given in honor of Dr. Holmes's Seventieth Birthday by the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly*, Boston, December 3, 1879.]

WHERE is this patriarch you are kindly greeting?

Not unfamiliar to my ear his name,  
Nor yet unknown to many a joyous meeting

In days long vanished, — is he still the same,

Or changed by years, forgotten and forgetting,

Dull-eared, dim-sighted, slow of speech  
and thought,  
Still o'er the sad, degenerate present fretting,

Where all goes wrong, and nothing as it ought?

Old age, the graybeard! Well, indeed, I know him, —

Shrunk, tottering, bent, of aches and ills  
the prey;

In sermon, story, fable, picture, poem,  
Oft have I met him from my earliest day:

In my old Æsop, toiling with his bundle, —  
His load of sticks, — politely asking  
Death,

Who comes when called for, — would he  
lug or trundle

His fagot for him? — he was scant of  
breath.

And sad "Ecclesiastes, or the Preacher," —  
Has he not stamped the image on my  
soul,

In that last chapter, where the worn-out  
Teacher  
Sighs o'er the loosened cord, the broken  
bowl?

Yes, long, indeed, I've known him at a  
distance,

And now my lifted door-latch shows him  
here;

I take his shrivelled hand without resist-  
ance,

And find him smiling as his step draws  
near.

What though of gilded baubles he bereaves  
us,

Dear to the heart of youth, to manhood's  
prime;

Think of the calm he brings, the wealth he  
leaves us,

The hoarded spoils, the legacies of time!

Altars once flaming, still with incense fra-  
grant,

Passion's uneasy nurslings rocked asleep,  
Hope's anchor faster, wild desire less va-  
grant,

Life's flow less noisy, but the stream  
how deep!

Still as the silver cord gets worn and  
slender,

Its lightened task-work tugs with lessen-  
ing strain,

Hands get more helpful, voices, grown  
more tender,

Soothe with their softened tones the  
slumberous brain.

Youth longs and manhood strives, but age  
remembers.

Sits by the raked-up ashes of the past,

Spreads its thin hands above the whitening  
embers  
That warm its creeping life-blood till  
the last.

Dear to its heart is every loving token  
That comes unbidden ere its pulse grows  
cold,  
Ere the last lingering ties of life are  
broken,  
Its labors ended and its story told.

Ah, while around us rosy youth rejoices,  
For us the sorrow-laden breezes sigh,  
And through the chorus of its jocund voices  
Throbs the sharp note of misery's hope-  
less cry.

As on the gauzy wings of fancy flying  
From some far orb I track our watery  
sphere,  
Home of the struggling, suffering, doubt-  
ing, dying,  
The silvered globule seems a glistening  
tear.

But Nature lends her mirror of illusion  
To win from saddening scenes our age-  
dimmed eyes,  
And misty day-dreams blend in sweet con-  
fusion  
The wintry landscape and the summer  
skies.

So when the iron portal shuts behind us,  
And life forgets us in its noise and whirl,  
Visions that shunned the glaring noonday  
find us,  
And glimmering starlight shows the  
gates of pearl.

I come not here your morning hour to sad-  
den,  
A limping pilgrim, leaning on his staff, —  
I, who have never deemed it sin to gladden  
This vale of sorrows with a wholesome  
laugh.

If word of mine another's gloom has  
brightened,  
Through my dumb lips the heaven-sent  
message came;  
If hand of mine another's task has lightened,  
It felt the guidance that it dares not  
claim.

But, O my gentle sisters, O my brothers,  
These thick-sown snow-flakes hint of  
toil's release;  
These feebler pulses bid me leave to others  
The tasks once welcome; evening asks  
for peace.

Time claims his tribute; silence now is  
golden;  
Let me not vex the too long suffering  
lyre;  
Though to your love untiring still beholden,  
The curfew tells me — cover up the fire.

And now with grateful smile and accents  
cheerful,  
And warmer heart than look or word  
can tell,  
In simplest phrase — these traitorous eyes  
are tearful —  
Thanks, Brothers, Sisters, — Children,  
— and farewell!

### VESTIGIA QUINQUE RETROR- SUM

AN ACADEMIC POEM

1829-1879

Read at the Commencement Dinner of the  
Alumni of Harvard University, June 25, 1879.

WHILE fond, sad memories all around  
us throng,  
Silence were sweeter than the sweetest song;  
Yet when the leaves are green and heaven  
is blue,  
The choral tribute of the grove is due,  
And when the lengthening nights have  
chilled the skies,  
We fain would hear the song-bird ere he  
flies,  
And greet with kindly welcome, even as  
now,  
The lonely minstrel on his leafless bough.

This is our golden year, — its golden  
day;  
Its bridal memories soon must pass away;  
Soon shall its dying music cease to ring,  
And every year must loose some silver  
string,

Till the last trembling chords no longer  
thrill, —  
Hands all at rest and hearts forever still.

A few gray heads have joined the form-  
ing line;  
We hear our summons, — “Class of  
"Twenty-Nine!”  
Close on the foremost, and, alas, how few!  
Are these “The Boys” our dear old Mother  
knew?  
Sixty brave swimmers. Twenty — some-  
thing more —  
Have passed the stream and reached this  
frosty shore!

How near the banks these fifty years di-  
vide  
When memory crosses with a single stride!  
’T is the first year of stern “Old Hick-  
ory”’s rule  
When our good Mother lets us out of  
school.  
Half glad, half sorrowing, it must be con-  
fessed,  
To leave her quiet lap, her bounteous breast.  
Armed with our dainty, ribbon-tied degrees,  
Pleased and yet pensive, exiles and A. B.’s.

Look back, O comrades, with your faded  
eyes,  
And see the phantoms as I bid them rise.  
Whose smile is that? Its pattern Nature  
gave,  
A sunbeam dancing in a dimpled wave;  
KIRKLAND alone such grace from Heaven  
could win,  
His features radiant as the soul within;  
That smile would let him through Saint  
Peter’s gate  
While sad-eyed martyrs had to stand and  
wait.  
Here flits mercurial *Farrar*; standing there.  
See mild, benignant, cautious, learned *Ware*,  
And sturdy, patient, faithful, honest *Hedge*,  
Whose grinding logic gave our wits their  
edge;  
*Ticknor*, with honeyed voice and courtly  
grace;  
And *Willard*, larynxed like a double bass;  
And *Channing*, with his bland, superior  
look,  
Cool as a moonbeam on a frozen brook,  
While the pale student, shivering in his  
shoes,

Sees from his theme the turgid rhetoric  
ooze;  
And the born soldier, fate decreed to wreak  
His martial manhood on a class in Greek,  
*Popkin!* How that explosive name recalls  
The grand old Busby of our ancient halls!  
Such faces looked from Skippon’s grim  
platoons,  
Such figures rode with Ireton’s stout dra-  
goons;  
He gave his strength to learning’s gentle  
charms,  
But every accent sounded “Shoulder  
arms!”

Names, — empty names! Save only  
here and there  
Some white-haired listener, dozing in his  
chair,  
Starts at the sound he often used to hear,  
And upward slants his Sunday-sermon ear.

And we — our blooming manhood we re-  
gain;  
Smiling we join the long Commencement  
train,  
One point first battled in discussion hot, —  
*Shall we wear gowns?* and settled: *We will  
not.*

How strange the scene, — that noisy boy-  
debate  
Where embryo-speakers learn to rule the  
State!  
This broad-browed youth, sedate and sober-  
eyed,  
Shall wear the ermined robe at Taney’s  
side;  
And he, the stripling, smooth of face and  
slight,  
Whose slender form scarce intercepts the  
light,  
Shall rule the Bench where Parsons gave  
the law,  
And sphinx-like sat uncouth, majestic  
Shaw!  
Ah, many a star has shed its fatal ray  
On names we loved — our brothers —  
where are they?  
Nor these alone; our hearts in silence  
claim  
Names not less dear, unsyllabled by fame.

How brief the space! and yet it sweeps  
us back  
Far, far along our new-born history’s track!

Five strides like this;—the sachem rules  
the land;  
The Indian wigwams cluster where we  
stand.

The second. Lo! a scene of deadly  
strife —

A nation struggling into infant life;  
Not yet the fatal game at Yorktown won  
Where failing Empire fired its sunset gun.  
LANGDON sits restless in the ancient chair,—  
Harvard's grave Head,—these echoes  
heard his prayer  
When from yon mausion, dear to memory  
still,  
The banded yeomen marched for Bunker's  
Hill.  
Count on the grave triennial's thick-starred  
roll  
What names were numbered on the length-  
ening scroll,—  
Not unfamiliar in our ears they ring,—  
Winthrop, Hale, Eliot, Everett, Dexter,  
Tyng.

Another stride. Once more at 'twenty-  
nine,—

GOD SAVE KING GEORGE, the Second of his  
line!  
And is *Sir Isaac* living? Nay, not so,—  
He followed *Flamsteed* two short years  
ago,—  
And what about the little hump-backed  
man  
Who pleased the bygone days of good  
Queen Anne?  
What, *Pope*? another book he's just put  
out,—  
"The Dunciad,"—witty, but profane, no  
doubt.  
Where's *Cotton Mather*? he was always  
here.  
And so he would be, but he died last year.  
Who is this preacher our Northampton  
claims,  
Whose rhetoric blazes with sulphureous  
flames  
And torches stolen from Tartarean mines?  
*Edwards*, the salamander of divines.  
A deep, strong nature, pure and undefiled;  
Faith, firm as his who stabbed his sleeping  
child;  
Alas for him who blindly strays apart,  
And seeking God has lost his human heart!

Fall where they might, no flying cinders  
caught  
These sober halls where WADSWORTH  
ruled and taught.

One footstep more; the fourth receding  
stride

Leaves the round century on the nearer  
side.

GOD SAVE KING CHARLES! God knows  
that pleasant knave

His grace will find it hard enough to save.  
Ten years and more, and now the Plague,  
the Fire,

Talk of all tongues, at last begin to tire;  
One fear prevails, all other frights forgot,—  
White lips are whispering,—hark! *The  
Popish Plot!*

Happy New England, from such troubles  
free

In health and peace beyond the stormy sea!  
No Romish daggers threat her children's  
throats,

No gibbering nightmare mutters "*Titus  
Oates*,"

Philip is slain, the Quaker graves are  
green,

Not yet the witch has entered on the scene;  
Happy our Harvard; pleased her graduates  
four;

URIAN OAKES the name their parchments  
bore.

Two centuries past, our hurried feet  
arrive

At the last footprint of the scanty five;  
Take the fifth stride; our wandering eyes  
explore

A tangled forest on a trackless shore;  
Here, where we stand, the savage sorcerer  
howls,

The wild cat snarls, the stealthy gray wolf  
prowls,

The slouching bear, perchance the tramp-  
ling moose

Starts the brown squaw and scares her red  
pappoose;

At every step the lurking foe is near;  
His Demons reign; God has no temple  
here!

Lift up your eyes! behold these pictured  
walls;

Look where the flood of western glory falls

Through the great sunflower disk of blazing panes  
 In ruby, saffron, azure, emerald stains;  
 With reverent step the marble pavement tread  
 Where our proud Mother's martyr-roll is read;  
 See the great halls that cluster, gathering round  
 This lofty shrine with holiest memories crowned;  
 See the fair Matron in her summer bower,  
 Fresh as a rose in bright perennial flower;  
 Read on her standard, always in the van,  
 "TRUTH," — the one word that makes a slave a man;  
 Think whose the hands that fed her altars-fires,  
 Then count the debt we owe our scholar-sires!

Brothers, farewell! the fast declining ray  
 Fades to the twilight of our golden day;  
 Some lesson yet our wearied brains may learn,  
 Some leaves, perhaps, in life's thin volume turn.  
 How few they seem as in our waning age  
 We count them backwards to the title-page!  
 Oh let us trust with holy men of old  
 Not all the story here begun is told;  
 So the tired spirit, waiting to be freed,  
 On life's last leaf with tranquil eye shall read  
 By the pale glimmer of the torch reversed,  
 Not *Finis*, but *The End of Volume First!*

## MY AVIARY

THROUGH my north window, in the wintry weather, —  
 My airy oriel on the river shore, —  
 I watch the sea-fowl as they flock together  
 Where late the boatman flashed his dripping oar.  
 The gull, high floating, like a sloop unladen,  
 Lets the loose water waft him as it will;  
 The duck, round-breasted as a rustic maiden,  
 Paddles and plunges, busy, busy still.

I see the solemn gulls in council sitting  
 On some broad ice-floe pondering long  
 and late,  
 While overhead the home-bound ducks are flitting,  
 And leave the tardy conclave in debate,  
 Those weighty questions in their breasts revolving  
 Whose deeper meaning science never learns,  
 Till at some reverend elder's look dissolving,  
 The speechless senate silently adjourns.  
 But when along the waves the shrill north-easter  
 Shrieks through the laboring coaster's shrouds "Beware!"  
 The pale bird, kindling like a Christmas feaster  
 When some wild chorus shakes the vinous air,  
 Flaps from the leaden wave in fierce rejoicing,  
 Feels heaven's dumb lightning thrill his torpid nerves,  
 Now on the blast his whistling plumage poisoning,  
 Now wheeling, whirling in fantastic curves.  
 Such is our gull; a gentleman of leisure,  
 Less fleshed than feathered; bagged you'll find him such;  
 His virtue silence; his employment pleasure;  
 Not bad to look at, and not good for much.  
 What of our duck? He has some high-bred cousins, —  
 His Grace the Canvas-back, My Lord the Brant, —  
*Anas* and *Anser*, — both served up by dozens,  
 At Boston's *Rocher*, half-way to Nahant.  
 As for himself, he seems alert and thriving, —  
 Grubs up a living somehow — what, who knows?

Crabs ? mussels ? weeds ? — Look quick !  
there 's one just diving !

Flop ! Splash ! his white breast glistens  
— down he goes !

And while he 's under — just about a minute —

I take advantage of the fact to say  
His fishy carcass has no virtue in it  
The gunning idiot's worthless hire to pay.

He knows you ! "sportsmen " from suburban alleys,  
Stretched under seaweed in the treacherous punt;  
Knows every lazy, shiftless lout that sallies  
Forth to waste powder — as *he* says, to  
"hunt."

I watch you with a patient satisfaction,  
Well pleased to discount your predestined luck;

The float that figures in your sly transaction

Will carry back a goose, but not a duck.

Shrewd is our bird; not easy to outwit him !  
Sharp is the outlook of those pin-head eyes;

Still, he is mortal and a shot may hit him,  
One cannot always miss him if he tries.

Look ! there 's a young one, dreaming not  
of danger;

Sees a flat log come floating down the stream;

Stares undismayed upon the harmless stranger;

Ah ! were all strangers harmless as they seem !

*Habet !* a leaden shower his breast has shattered;

Vainly he flutters, not again to rise;

His soft white plumes along the waves are scattered;

Helpless the wing that braved the tempest lies.

He sees his comrades high above him flying  
To seek their nests among the island reeds;

Strong is their flight; all lonely he is lying  
Washed by the crimsoned water as he bleeds.

O Thou who carest for the falling sparrows,

Canst Thou the sinless sufferer's pang forget ?

Or is thy dread account-book's page so narrow

Its one long column scores thy creatures' debt ?

Poor gentle guest, by nature kindly cherished,

A world grows dark with thee in blinding death;

One little gasp — thy universe has perished,

Wrecked by the idle thief who stole thy breath !

Is this the whole sad story of creation,  
Lived by its breathing myriads o'er and o'er, —

One glimpse of day, then black annihilation, —

A sunlit passage to a sunless shore ?

Give back our faith, ye mystery-solving lynxes !

Robe us once more in heaven-aspiring creeds !

Happier was dreaming Egypt with her sphinxes,

The stony convent with its cross and beads !

How often gazing where a bird reposes,  
Rocked on the wavelets, drifting with the tide,

I lose myself in strange metempsychosis

And float a sea-fowl at a sea-fowl's side;

From rain, hail, snow in feathery mantle muffled,

Clear-eyed, strong-limbed, with keenest sense to hear

My mate soft murmuring, who, with plumes unruffled,

Where'er I wander still is nestling near;

The great blue hollow like a garment o'er me;

Space all unmeasured, unrecorded time;

While seen with inward eye moves on before me

Thought's pictured train in wordless pantomime.



A voice recalls me.—From my window  
turning

I find myself a plumeless biped still;  
No beak, no claws, no sign of wings dis-  
cerning,—

In fact with nothing bird-like but my  
quill.

### ON THE THRESHOLD

INTRODUCTION TO A COLLECTION OF  
POEMS BY DIFFERENT AUTHORS

AN usher standing at the door

I show my white rosette;  
A smile of welcome, nothing more,  
Will pay my trifling debt;  
Why should I bid you idly wait  
Like lovers at the swinging gate?

Can I forget the wedding guest?

The veteran of the sea?

In vain the listener smites his breast,—

“There was a ship,” cries he!

Poor fasting victim, stunned and pale,  
He needs must listen to the tale.

He sees the gilded throng within,

The sparkling goblets gleam,  
The music and the merry din  
Through every window stream,  
But there he shivers in the cold  
Till all the crazy dream is told.

Not mine the graybeard's glittering eye

That held his captive still  
To hold my silent prisoners by  
And let me have my will;  
Nay, I were like the three-years' child,  
To think you could be so beguiled!

My verse is but the curtain's fold

That hides the painted scene,  
The mist by morning's ray unrolled  
That veils the meadow's green,  
The cloud that needs must drift away  
To show the rose of opening day.

See, from the tinkling rill you hear

In hollowed palm I bring  
These scanty drops, but ah, how near  
The founts that heavenward spring!  
Thus, open wide the gates are thrown,  
And founts and flowers are all your own!

### TO GEORGE PEABODY

DANVERS, 1866

BANKRUPT! our pockets inside out!

Empty of words to speak his praises!  
Worcester and Webster up the spout!

Dead broke of laudatory phrases!

Yet why with flowery speeches tease,

With vain superlatives distress him?

Has language better words than these?

THE FRIEND OF ALL HIS RACE, GOD  
BLESS HIM!

A simple prayer — but words more sweet

By human lips were never uttered,

Since Adam left the country seat

Where angel wings around him flut-  
tered.

The old look on with tear-dimmed eyes,

The children cluster to caress him,

And every voice unbidden cries,

THE FRIEND OF ALL HIS RACE, GOD  
BLESS HIM!

### AT THE POPYRUS CLUB

A LOVELY show for eyes to see

I looked upon this morning,—

A bright-lucent, feathered company

Of nature's own adorning;

But ah! those minstrels would not sing

A listening ear while I lent,—

The lark sat still and preened his wing,

The nightingale was silent;

I longed for what they gave me not —

Their warblings sweet and fluty,

But grateful still for all I got

I thanked them for their beauty.

A fairer vision meets my view

Of Claras, Margarets, Marys,

In silken robes of varied hue,

Like bluebirds and canaries;

The roses blush, the jewels gleam,

The silks and satins glisten,

The black eyes flash, the blue eyes beam,

We look — and then we listen:

Behold the flock we eage to-night —

Was ever such a capture?

To see them is a pure delight;

To hear them — ah! what rapture!

Methinks I hear Delilah's laugh  
 At Samson bound in fetters;  
 "We captured!" shrieks each lovelier half,  
 "Men think themselves *our* betters!  
 We push the bolt, we turn the key  
 On warriors, poets, sages,  
 Too happy, all of them, to be  
 Locked in our golden cages!"

Beware! the boy with bandaged eyes  
 Has flung away his blinder;  
 He's lost his mother — so he cries —  
 And here he knows he'll find her:  
 The rogue! 't is but a new device, —  
 Look out for flying arrows  
 Whene'er the birds of Paradise  
 Are perched amid the sparrows!

FOR WHITTIER'S SEVENTIETH  
 BIRTHDAY

DECEMBER 17, 1877

I BELIEVE that the copies of verses I've  
 spun,  
 Like Scheherazade's tales, are a thousand  
 and one;  
 You remember the story, — those mornings  
 in bed, —  
 'T was the turn of a copper, — a tale or a  
 head.

A doom like Scheherazade's falls upon me  
 In a mandate as stern as the Sultan's de-  
 crees:  
 I'm a florist in verse, and what *would* peo-  
 ple say  
 If I came to a banquet without my bou-  
 quet?

It is trying, no doubt, when the company  
 knows  
 Just the look and the smell of each lily and  
 rose,  
 The green of each leaf in the sprigs that I  
 bring,  
 And the shape of the bunch and the knot  
 of the string.

Yes, — "the style is the man," and the  
 nib of one's pen  
 Makes the same mark at twenty, and three-  
 score and ten;

It is so in all matters, if truth may be told;  
 Let one look at the east he can tell you the  
 mould.

How we all know each other! no use in  
 disguise;  
 Through the holes in the mask comes the  
 flash of the eyes;  
 We can tell by his — somewhat — each one  
 of our tribe,  
 As we know the old hat which we cannot  
 describe.

Though in Hebrew, in Sanscrit, in Choctaw  
 you write,  
 Sweet singer who gave us the Voices of  
 Night,  
 Though in buskin or slipper your song may  
 be shod,  
 Or the velvety verse that Evangeline trod,

We shall say, "You can't cheat us, — we  
 know it is you,"  
 There is one voice like that, but there can-  
 not be two,  
*Maëstro*, whose chant like the dulcimer  
 rings:  
 And the woods will be hushed while the  
 nightingale sings.

And he, so serene, so majestic, so true,  
 Whose temple hypæthral the planets shine  
 through,  
 Let us catch but five words from that mys-  
 tical pen,  
 We should know our one sage from all  
 children of men.

And he whose bright image no distance  
 can dim,  
 Through a hundred disguises we can't mis-  
 take him,  
 Whose play is all earnest, whose wit is the  
 edge  
 (With a beetle behind) of a sham-splitting  
 wedge.

Do you know whom we send you, *Hidalgos*  
 of Spain?  
 Do you know your old friends when you  
 see them again?  
 Hosea was Sancho! you Dons of Madrid,  
 But Sancho that wielded the lance of the  
 Cid!

And the wood-thrush of Essex, — you know  
whom I mean,  
Whose song echoes round us while he sits  
unseen,  
Whose heart-throbs of verse through our  
memories thrill  
Like a breath from the wood, like a breeze  
from the hill,

So fervid, so simple, so loving, so pure,  
We hear but one strain and our verdict is  
sure, —  
Thee cannot elude us, — no further we  
search, —  
'Tis Holy George Herbert cut loose from  
his church !

We think it the voice of a seraph that  
sings, —  
Alas ! we remember that angels have  
wings, —  
What story is this of the day of his birth ?  
Let him live to a hundred ! we want him  
on earth !

One life has been paid him (in gold) by  
the sun ;  
One account has been squared and another  
begun ;  
But he never will die if he lingers be-  
low  
Till we've paid him in love half the bal-  
ance we owe !

## TWO SONNETS: HARVARD

At the meeting of the New York Harvard  
Club, February 21, 1878.

"CHRISTO ET ECCLESIE." 1700

TO GOD'S ANOINTED AND HIS CHOSEN  
FLOCK :  
So ran the phrase the blaek-robed con-  
clave chose  
To guard the sacred cloisters that arose  
Like David's altar on Moriah's rock.  
Unshaken still those ancient arches mock  
The ram's-horn summons of the windy  
foes  
Who stand like Joshua's army while it  
blows  
And wait to see them toppling with the  
shock.

Christ and the Church. *Their* church,  
whose narrow door  
Shut out the many, who if over bold  
Like hunted wolves were driven from  
the fold,  
Bruised with the flails these godly zealots  
bore,  
Mindful that Israel's altar stood of old  
Where echoed once Araunah's threshing-  
floor.

1643 "VERITAS." 1878

TRUTH: So the frontlet's older legend ran,  
On the brief record's opening page dis-  
played ;  
Not yet those clear-eyed scholars were  
afraid  
Lest the fair fruit that wrought the woe of  
man  
By far Euphrates — where our sire began  
His search for truth, and, seeking, was  
betrayed —  
Might work new treason in their forest  
shade,  
Doubling the curse that brought life's  
shortened span.  
Nurse of the future, daughter of the past,  
That stern phylactery best becomes thee  
now:  
Lift to the morning star thy marble  
brow !  
Cast thy brave truth on every warring  
blast !  
Stretch thy white hand to that forbidden  
bough,  
And let thine earliest symbol be thy last !

## THE COMING ERA

THEY tell us that the Muse is soon to fly  
hence,  
Leaving the bowers of song that once  
were dear,  
Her robes bequeathing to her sister, Science,  
The groves of Pindus for the axe to  
clear.  
Optics will claim the wandering eye of  
fancy,  
Physics will grasp imagination's wings,  
Plain fact exorcise fiction's necromancy,  
The workshop hammer where the min-  
strel sings.

No more with laughter at Thalia's frolics  
 Our eyes shall twinkle till the tears run  
 down,  
 But in her place the lecturer on hydraulics  
 Spout forth his watery science to the  
 town.

No more our foolish passions and affections  
 The tragic Muse with mimic grief shall  
 try,  
 But, nobler far, a course of vivisections  
 Teach what it costs a tortured brute to  
 die.

The unearthed monad, long in buried rocks  
 hid,  
 Shall tell the secret whence our being  
 came;  
 The chemist show us death is life's black  
 oxide,  
 Left when the breath no longer fans its  
 flame.

Instead of crack-brained poets in their at-  
 tics  
 Filling thin volumes with their flowery  
 talk,  
 There shall be books of wholesome mathe-  
 matics;  
 The tutor with his blackboard and his  
 chalk.

No longer bards with madrigal and sonnet  
 Shall woo to moonlight walks the rib-  
 boned sex,  
 But side by side the beaver and the bonnet  
 Stroll, calmly pondering on some prob-  
 lem's *x*.

The sober bliss of serious calculation  
 Shall mock the trivial joys that fancy  
 drew,  
 And, oh, the rapture of a solved equation, —  
 One selfsame answer on the lips of two !

So speak in solemn tones our youthful sages,  
 Patient, severe, laborious, slow, exact,  
 As o'er creation's protoplasmic pages  
 They browse and munch the thistle crops  
 of fact.

And yet we've sometimes found it rather  
 pleasant  
 To dream again the scenes that Shake-  
 speare drew, —

To walk the hill-side with the Scottish  
 peasant  
 Among the daisies wet with morning's  
 dew;

To leave awhile the daylight of the real,  
 Led by the guidance of the master's  
 hand,  
 For the strange radiance of the far ideal, —  
 "The light that never was on sea or  
 land."

Well, Time alone can lift the future's cur-  
 tain, —  
 Science may teach our children all she  
 knows,  
 But Love will kindle fresh young hearts,  
 't is certain,  
 And June will not forget her blushing  
 rose.

And so, in spite of all that Time is bring-  
 ing, —  
 Treasures of truth and miracles of art,  
 Beauty and Love will keep the poet sing-  
 ing,  
 And song still live, the science of the  
 heart.

#### IN RESPONSE

Breakfast at the Century Club, New York,  
 May, 1879.

SUCH kindness ! the scowl of a cynic would  
 soften,  
 His pulse beat its way to some eloquent  
 word,  
 Alas ! my poor accents have echoed too  
 often,  
 Like that Pinafore music you've some  
 of you heard.

Do you know me, dear strangers — the  
 hundredth time comer  
 At banquets and feasts since the days of  
 my Spring ?  
 Ah ! would I could borrow one rose of my  
 Summer,  
 But this is a leaf of my Autumn I bring.

I look at your faces, — I'm sure there are  
 some from  
 The three-breasted mother I count as my  
 own;

You think you remember the place you  
have come from,  
But how it has changed in the years that  
have flown!

Unaltered, 't is true, is the hall we call  
"Funnel,"  
Still fights the "Old South" in the  
battle for life,  
But we've opened our door to the West  
through the tunnel,  
And we've cut off Fort Hill with our  
Amazon knife.

You should see the new Westminster Bos-  
ton has builded, —  
Its mausions, its spires, its museums of  
arts, —  
You should see the great dome we have  
gorgeously gilded, —  
'Tis the light of our eyes, 't is the joy of  
our hearts.

When first in his path a young asteroid  
found it,  
As he sailed through the skies with the  
stars in his wake,  
He thought 't was the sun, and kept  
circling around it  
Till Edison signalled, "You've made a  
mistake."

We are proud of our city, — her fast-grow-  
ing figure,  
The warp and the woof of her brain and  
her hands, —  
But we're proudest of all that her heart  
has grown bigger,  
And warms with fresh blood as her gir-  
dle expands.

One lesson the rubric of conflict has taught  
her:  
Though parted awhile by war's earth-  
rending shoe,  
The lines that divide us are written in  
water,  
The love that unites us cut deep in the  
rock.

As well might the Judas of treason en-  
deavor  
To write his black name on the disk of  
the sun  
As try the bright star-wreath that binds us  
to sever

And blot the fair legend of "Many in  
One."

We love you, tall sister, the stately, the  
splendid, —  
The banner of empire floats high on your  
towers,  
Yet ever in welcome your arms are ex-  
tended, —  
We share in your splendors, your glory  
is ours.

Yes, Queen of the Continent! All of us  
own thee, —  
The gold-freighted argosies flock at thy  
call,  
The naiads, the sea-nymphs have met to  
enthrone thee,  
But the Broadway of one is the Highway  
of all!

I thank you. Three words that can hardly  
be mended,  
Though phrases on phrases their elo-  
quence pile,  
If you hear the heart's throb with their  
eloquence blended,  
And read all they mean in a sunshiny  
smile.

## FOR THE MOORE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

MAY 28, 1879

I

ENCHANTER of Erin, whose magic has  
bound us,  
Thy wand for one moment we fondly  
would claim.  
Entranced while it summons the phantoms  
around us  
That blush into life at the sound of thy  
name.

The tell-tales of memory wake from their  
slumbers, —  
I hear the old song with its tender  
refrain, —  
What passion lies hid in those honey-voiced  
numbers!  
What perfume of youth in each exquisite  
strain!

The home of my childhood comes back as  
a vision, —

Hark! Hark! A soft chord from its  
song-haunted room, —  
'T is a morning of May, when the air is  
Elysian, —

The syringa in bud and the lilac in  
bloom, —

We are clustered around the "Clementi"  
piano, —

There were six of us then, — there are  
two of us now, —  
She is singing — the girl with the silver  
soprano —

How "The Lord of the Valley" was false  
to his vow;

"Let Erin remember" the echoes are  
calling;

Through "The Vale of Avoca" the  
waters are rolled;

"The Exile" laments while the night-dews  
are falling;

"The Morning of Life" dawns again as  
of old.

But ah! those warm love-songs of fresh  
adolescence!

Around us such raptures celestial they  
flung  
That it seemed as if Paradise breathed its  
quintessence

Through the seraph-toned lips of the  
maiden that sung!

Long hushed are the chords that my boy-  
hood enchanted

As when the smooth wave by the angel  
was stirred,  
Yet still with their music is memory  
haunted,  
And oft in my dreams are their melodies  
heard.

I feel like the priest to his altar return-  
ing, —

The crowd that was kneeling no longer  
is there,  
The flame has died down, but the brands  
are still burning,  
And sandal and cinnamon sweeten the  
air.

## II

The veil for her bridal young Summer is  
weaving

In her azure-domed hall with its tapes-  
tried floor,  
And Spring the last tear-drop of May-dew  
is leaving  
On the daisy of Burns and the shamrock  
of Moore.

How like, how unlike, as we view them to-  
gether,

The song of the minstrels whose record  
we scan, —  
One fresh as the breeze blowing over the  
heather,  
One sweet as the breath from an oda-  
lisque's fan!

Ah, passion can glow mid a palace's splendor;  
The cage does not alter the song of the  
bird;

And the curtain of silk has known whispers  
as tender  
As ever the blossoming hawthorn has  
heard.

No fear lest the step of the soft-slippered  
Graces

Should fright the young Loves from their  
warm little nest,  
For the heart of a queen, under jewels and  
laces,  
Beats time with the pulse in the peasant  
girl's breast!

Thrice welcome each gift of kind Nature's  
bestowing!

Her fountain heeds little the goblet we  
hold;  
Alike, when its musical waters are flowing,  
The shell from the seaside, the chalice  
of gold.

The twins of the lyre to her voices had  
listened;

Both laid their best gifts upon Liberty's  
shrine;  
For Coila's loved minstrel the holly-wreath  
glistered;  
For Erin's the rose and the myrtle en-  
twine.

And while the fresh blossoms of summer  
are braided

For the sea-girdled, stream-silvered,  
lake-jewelled isle,

While her mantle of verdure is woven un-  
faded,

While Shannon and Liffey shall dimple  
and smile,

The land where the staff of Saint Patrick  
was planted,

Where the shamrock grows green from  
the cliffs to the shore,

The land of fair maidens and heroes un-  
daunted,

Shall wreath her bright harp with the  
garlands of Moore!

TO JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE

APRIL 4, 1880

I BRING the simplest pledge of love,  
Friend of my earlier days;

Mine is the hand without the glove,  
The heart-beat, not the phrase.

How few still breathe this mortal air  
We called by school-boy names!

You still, whatever robe you wear,  
To me are always James.

That name the kind apostle bore  
Who shames the sullen creeds,  
Not trusting less, but loving more,  
And showing faith by deeds.

What blending thoughts our memories  
share!

What visions yours and mine  
Of May-days in whose morning air  
The dews were golden wine,

Of vistas bright with opening day,  
Whose all-awakening sun  
Showed in life's landscape, far away,  
The summits to be won!

The heights are gained. Ah, say not so  
For him who smiles at time,  
Leaves his tired comrades down below,  
And only lives to climb!

His labors, — will they ever cease, —  
With hand and tongue and pen?  
Shall wearied Nature ask release  
At threescore years and ten?

Our strength the clustered seasons tax, —  
For him new life they mean;  
Like rods around the victor's axe  
They keep him bright and keen.

The wise, the brave, the strong, we know, —  
We mark them here or there,  
But he, — we roll our eyes, and lo!  
We find him everywhere!

With truth's bold cohorts, or alone,  
He strides through error's field;  
His lance is ever manhood's own,  
His breast is woman's shield.

Count not his years while earth has need  
Of souls that Heaven inflames  
With sacred zeal to save, to lead, —  
Long live our dear Saint James!

WELCOME TO THE CHICAGO  
COMMERCIAL CLUB

JANUARY 14, 1880

CHICAGO sounds rough to the maker of  
verse;

One comfort we have — Cincinnati sounds  
worse;

If we only were licensed to say Chicagó!  
But Worcester and Webster won't let us,  
you know.

No matter, we songsters must sing as we  
can;

We can make some nice couplets with Lake  
Michigan,

And what more resembles a nightingale's  
voice,

Than the oily trisyllable, sweet Illinois?

Your waters are fresh, while our harbor is  
salt,

But we know you can't help it — it is n't  
your fault;

Our city is old and your city is new,  
But the railroad men tell us we're greener  
than you.

You have seen our gilt dome, and no doubt  
 you've been told  
 That the orbs of the universe round it are  
 rolled;  
 But I'll own it to you, and I ought to know  
 best,  
 That this is n't quite true of all stars of  
 the West.

You'll go to Mount Auburn, — we'll show  
 you the track, —  
 And can stay there, — unless you prefer to  
 come back;  
 And Bunker's tall shaft you can climb if  
 you will,  
 But you'll puff like a paragraph praising  
 a pill.

You must see — but you *have* seen — our  
 old Faneuil Hall,  
 Our churches, our school-rooms, our sam-  
 ple-rooms, all;  
 And, perhaps, though the idiots must have  
 their jokes,  
 You have found our good people much like  
 other folks.

There are cities by rivers, by lakes, and by  
 seas,  
 Each as full of itself as a cheese-mite of  
 cheese;  
 And a city will brag as a game-cock will  
 crow:  
 Don't your cockerels at home — just a  
 little, you know?

But we'll crow for you now — here's a  
 health to the boys,  
 Men, maidens, and matrons of fair Illi-  
 nois,  
 And the rainbow of friendship that arches  
 its span  
 From the green of the sea to the blue  
 Michigan!

AMERICAN ACADEMY CENTEN-  
 NIAL CELEBRATION

MAY 26, 1880

SIRE, son, and grandson; so the century  
 glides;  
 Three lives, three strides, three foot-  
 prints in the sand;

Silent as midnight's falling meteor slides  
 Into the stillness of the far-off land;  
 How dim the space its little arc has  
 spanned!

See on this opening page the names re-  
 nowned  
 Tombed in these records on our dusty  
 shelves,  
 Scarce on the scroll of living memory  
 found,  
 Save where the wan-eyed antiquarian  
 delves;  
 Shadows they seem; ah, what are we  
 ourselves?

Pale ghosts of Bowdoin, Winthrop, Wil-  
 lard, West,  
 Sages of busy brain and wrinkled brow,  
 Searchers of Nature's secrets unconfessed,  
 Asking of all things Whence and Why  
 and How —  
 What problems meet your larger vision  
 now?

Has Gannett tracked the wild Aurora's  
 path?  
 Has Bowdoin found his all-surrounding  
 sphere?  
 What question puzzles ciphering Philo-  
 math?  
 Could Williams make the hidden causes  
 clear  
 Of the Dark Day that filled the land  
 with fear?

Dear ancient school-boys! Nature taught  
 to them  
 The simple lessons of the star and  
 flower,  
 Showed them strange sights; how on a  
 single stem, —  
 Admire the marvels of Creative  
 Power! —  
 Twin apples grew, one sweet, the other  
 sour;

How from the hill-top where our eyes be-  
 hold  
 In even ranks the plumed and bannered  
 maize  
 Range its long columns, in the days of old  
 The live volcano shot its angry blaze, —  
 Dead since the showers of Noah's watery  
 days;



How, when the lightning split the mighty  
 rock,  
 The spreading fury of the shaft was  
 spent !  
 How the young scion joined the alien stock,  
 And when and where the homeless swal-  
 lows went  
 To pass the winter of their discontent.

Scant were the gleanings in those years of  
 dearth;  
 No Cuvier yet had clothed the fossil  
 bones  
 That slumbered, waiting for their second  
 birth;  
 No Lyell read the legend of the stones;  
 Science still pointed to her empty  
 thrones.

Dreaming of orbs to eyes of earth un-  
 known,  
 Herschel looked heavenwards in the  
 starlight pale;  
 Lost in those awful depths he trod alone,  
 Laplace stood mute before the lifted  
 veil;  
 While home-bred Humboldt trimmed  
 his toy ship's sail.

No mortal feet these loftier heights had  
 gained  
 Whence the wide realms of Nature we  
 desery;  
 In vain their eyes our longing fathers  
 strained  
 To scan with wondering gaze the sum-  
 mits high  
 That far beneath their children's foot-  
 paths lie.

Smile at their first small ventures as we  
 may,  
 The school-boy's copy shapes the schol-  
 ar's hand,  
 Their grateful memory fills our hearts to-  
 day;  
 Brave, hopeful, wise, this bower of peace  
 they planned,  
 While war's dread ploughshare scoured  
 the suffering land.

Child of our children's children yet un-  
 born,  
 When on this yellow page you turn your  
 eyes,

Where the brief record of this May-day  
 morn  
 In phrase antique and faded letters lies,  
 How vague, how pale our fitting ghosts  
 will rise !

Yet in our veins the blood ran warm and  
 red,  
 For us the fields were green, the skies  
 were blue,  
 Though from our dust the spirit long has  
 fled,  
 We lived, we loved, we toiled, we  
 dreamed like you,  
 Smiled at our sires and thought how  
 much we knew.

Oh might our spirits for one hour return,  
 When the next century rounds its hun-  
 dredth ring,  
 All the strange secrets it shall teach to  
 learn,  
 To hear the larger truths its years shall  
 bring,  
 Its wiser sages talk, its sweeter minstrels  
 sing !

## THE SCHOOL-BOY

Read at the Centennial Celebration of the  
 foundation of Phillips Academy, Andover.

1778-1878

THESE hallowed precincts, long to mem-  
 ory dear,  
 Smile with fresh welcome as our feet draw  
 near;  
 With softer gales the opening leaves are  
 fanned,  
 With fairer hues the kindling flowers ex-  
 pand,  
 The rose-bush reddens with the blush of  
 June,  
 The groves are vocal with their minstrels'  
 tune,  
 The mighty elm, beneath whose arching  
 shade  
 The wandering children of the forest  
 strayed,  
 Greet the bright morning in its bridal  
 dress,  
 And spreads its arms the gladsome dawn  
 to bless.

Is it an idle dream that nature shares  
Our joys, our griefs, our pastimes, and our  
cares ?

Is there no summons when, at morning's  
call,

The sable vestments of the darkness fall ?  
Does not meek evening's low-voiced *Ave*  
blend

With the soft vesper as its notes ascend ?  
Is there no whisper in the perfumed air  
When the sweet bosom of the rose is bare ?

Does not the sunshine call us to rejoice ?  
Is there no meaning in the storm-cloud's  
voice ?

No silent message when from midnight  
skies

Heaven looks upon us with its myriad eyes ?

Or shift the mirror; say our dreams  
diffuse

O'er life's pale landscape their celestial  
hues,

Lend heaven the rainbow it has never  
known,

And robe the earth in glories not its own,  
Sing their own music in the summer breeze,  
With fresher foliage clothe the stately  
trees,

Stain the June blossoms with a livelier dye  
And spread a bluer azure on the sky, —

Blest be the power that works its lawless  
will

And finds the weediest patch an Eden  
still;

No walls so fair as those our fancies build, —  
No views so bright as those our visions  
gild !

So ran my lines, as pen and paper met,  
The truant goose-quill travelling like Plan-  
chette;

Too ready servant, whose deceitful ways  
Full many a slipshod line, alas ! betrays;  
Hence of the rhyming thousand not a few  
Have builded worse — a great deal — than  
they knew.

What need of idle fancy to adorn  
Our mother's birthplace on her birthday  
morn ?

Hers are the blossoms of eternal spring,  
From these green boughs her new-fledged  
birds take wing,

These echoes hear their earliest carols sung,  
In this old nest the brood is ever young.

If some tired wanderer, resting from his  
flight,

Amid the gay young choristers alight,  
These gather round him, mark his faded  
plumes

That faintly still the far-off grove per-  
fumes,

And listen, wondering if some feeble note  
Yet lingers, quivering in his weary throat:—  
I, whose fresh voice you red-faced temple  
knew,

What tune is left me, fit to sing to you ?  
Ask not the grandeurs of a labored song,  
But let my easy couplets slide along;

Much could I tell you that you know too  
well;

Much I remember, but I will not tell;  
Age brings experience; graybeards oft are  
wise,

But oh ! how sharp a youngster's ears and  
eyes !

My cheek was bare of adolescent down  
When first I sought the academic town;  
Slow rolls the coach along the dusty road,  
Big with its filial and parental load;

The frequent hills, the lonely woods are  
past,

The school-boy's chosen home is reached  
at last.

I see it now, the same unchanging spot,  
The swinging gate, the little garden plot,  
The narrow yard, the rock that made its  
floor,

The flat, pale house, the knocker-garnished  
door,

The small, trim parlor, neat, decorous, chill,  
The strange, new faces, kind, but grave  
and still;

Two, creased with age, — or what I then  
called age, —

Life's volume open at its fiftieth page;  
One, a shy maiden's, pallid, placid, sweet

As the first snowdrop, which the sunbeams  
greet;

One, the last nursling's; slight she was,  
and fair,

Her smooth white forehead warmed with  
auburn hair;

Last came the virgin Hymen long had  
spared,

Whose daily cares the grateful household  
shared,

Strong, patient, humble; her substantial  
frame

Stretched the chaste draperies I forbear to name.

Brave, but with effort, had the school-boy come

To the cold comfort of a stranger's home;  
How like a dagger to my sinking heart  
Came the dry summons, "It is time to part;  
Good-by!" "Goo—ood-by!" one fond  
maternal kiss. . . .

Homesick as death! Was ever pang like this? . . .

Too young as yet with willing feet to stray  
From the tame fireside, glad to get away, —  
Too old to let my watery grief appear, —  
And what so bitter as a swallowed tear!

One figure still my vagrant thoughts pursue;

First boy to greet me, Ariel, where are you?  
Imp of all mischief, heaven alone knows how  
You learned it all, — are you an angel now,  
Or tottering gently down the slope of years,  
Your face grown sober in the vale of tears?  
Forgive my freedom if you are breathing still;

If in a happier world, I know you will.

You were a school-boy — what beneath the sun

So like a monkey? I was also one.

Strange, sure enough, to see what curious shoots

The nursery raises from the study's roots!  
In those old days the very, very good  
Took up more room — a little — than they should;

Something too much one's eyes encountered then

Of serious youth and funeral-visaged men;  
The solemn elders saw life's mournful half, —

Heaven sent this boy, whose mission was to laugh,

Drollest of buffos, Nature's odd protest,  
A catbird squealing in a blackbird's nest.

Kind, faithful Nature! While the sour-eyed Scot —

Her cheerful smiles forbidden or forgot —  
Talks only of his preacher and his kirk, —  
Hears five-hour sermons for his Sunday work, —

Praying and fasting till his meagre face  
Gains its due length, the genuine sign of grace, —

An Ayrshire mother in the land of Knox  
Her embryo poet in his cradle rocks; —  
Nature, long shivering in her dim eclipse,

Steals in a sunbeam to those baby lips;  
So to its home her banished smile returns,  
And Scotland sweetens with the song of Burns!

The morning came; I reached the classic hall;

A clock-face eyed me, staring from the wall;

Beneath its hands a printed line I read:  
YOUTH IS LIFE'S SEED-TIME: so the clock-face said:

Some took its counsel, as the sequel showed, —

Sowed, — their wild oats, — and reaped as they had sowed.

How all comes back! the upward slanting floor. —

The masters' thrones that flank the central door, —

The long, outstretching alleys that divide  
The rows of desks that stand on either side, —

The staring boys, a face to every desk,  
Bright, dull, pale, blooming, common, picturesque.

Grave is the Master's look; his forehead wears

Thick rows of wrinkles, prints of worrying cares;

Uneasy lie the heads of all that rule,

His most of all whose kingdom is a school.

Supreme he sits; before the awful frown  
That bends his brows the boldest eye goes down;

Not more submissive Israel heard and saw

At Sinai's foot the Giver of the Law.

Less stern he seems, who sits in equal state

On the twin throne and shares the empire's weight;

Around his lips the subtle life that plays  
Steals quaintly forth in many a jesting phrase;

A lightsome nature, not so hard to chafe,  
Pleasant when pleased; rough-handled, not so safe;

Some tingling memories vaguely I recall,  
But to forgive him. God forgive us all!

One yet remains, whose well-remembered name

Pleads in my grateful heart its tender claim;

His was the charm magnetic, the bright  
 look  
 That sheds its sunshine on the dreariest  
 book;  
 A loving soul to every task he brought  
 That sweetly mingled with the lore he  
 taught;  
 Sprung from a saintly race that never could  
 From youth to age be anything but good,  
 His few brief years in holiest labors spent,  
 Earth lost too soon the treasure heaven had  
 lent.  
 Kindest of teachers, studious to divine  
 Some hint of promise in my earliest line,  
 These faint and faltering words thou canst  
 not hear  
 Throb from a heart that holds thy memory  
 dear.  
 As to the traveller's eye the varied plain  
 Shows through the window of the flying  
 train,  
 A mingled landscape, rather felt than seen,  
 A gravelly bank, a sudden flash of green,  
 A tangled wood, a glittering stream that  
 flows  
 Through the cleft summit where the cliff  
 once rose,  
 All strangely blended in a hurried gleam,  
 Rock, wood, waste, meadow, village, hill-  
 side, stream,—  
 So, as we look behind us, life appears,  
 Seen through the vista of our bygone years.  
 Yet in the dead past's shadow-filled do-  
 main,  
 Some vanished shapes the hues of life re-  
 tain;  
 Unbidden, oft, before our dreaming eyes  
 From the vague mists in memory's path  
 they rise.  
 So comes his blooming image to my view,  
 The friend of joyous days when life was  
 new,  
 Hope yet untamed, the blood of youth un-  
 chilled,  
 No blank arrear of promise unfulfilled,  
 Life's flower yet hidden in its sheltering  
 fold,  
 Its pictured canvas yet to be unrolled.  
 His the frank smile I vainly look to greet,  
 His the warm grasp my clasping hand  
 should meet;  
 How would our lips renew their school-boy  
 talk,  
 Our feet retrace the old familiar walk !

For thee no more earth's cheerful morning  
 shines  
 Through the green fringes of the tented  
 pines;  
 Ah me ! is heaven so far thou canst not  
 hear,  
 Or is thy viewless spirit hovering near,  
 A fair young presence, bright with morn-  
 ing's glow,  
 The fresh-checked boy of fifty years ago ?  
 Yes, fifty years, with all their circling  
 suns,  
 Behind them all my glance reverted runs;  
 Where now that time remote, its griefs, its  
 joys,  
 Where are its gray-haired men, its bright-  
 haired boys ?  
 Where is the patriarch time could hardly  
 tire,—  
 The good old, wrinkled, immemorial  
 "squire" ?  
 (An honest treasurer, like a black-plumed  
 swan,  
 Not every day our eyes may look upon.)  
 Where the tough champion who, with Cal-  
 vin's sword,  
 In wordy conflicts battled for the Lord ?  
 Where the grave scholar, lonely, calm,  
 austere,  
 Whose voice like music charmed the listen-  
 ing ear,  
 Whose light rekindled, like the morning  
 star  
 Still shines upon us through the gates ajar ?  
 Where the still, solemn, weary, sad-eyed  
 man,  
 Whose care-worn face my wandering eyes  
 would scan,—  
 His features wasted in the lingering strife  
 With the pale foe that drains the student's  
 life ?  
 Where my old friend, the scholar, teacher,  
 saint,  
 Whose creed, some hinted, showed a speck  
 of taint;  
 He broached his own opinion, which is not  
 lightly to be forgiven or forgot;  
 Some riddle's point, — I scarce remember  
 now,—  
*Homo!*, perhaps, where they said *homo-ou*.  
 (If the unlettered greatly wish to know  
 Where lies the difference betwixt *oi* and *o*,  
 Those of the curious who have time may  
 search

Among the stale conundrums of their church.)

Beneath his roof his peaceful life I shared,  
And for his modes of faith I little cared, —  
I, taught to judge men's dogmas by their deeds,

Long ere the days of india-rubber creeds.

Why should we look one common faith  
to find,

Where one in every score is color-blind?  
If here on earth they know not red from green,

Will they see better into things unseen!

Once more to time's old graveyard I return

And scrape the moss from memory's pictured urn.

Who, in these days when all things go by steam,

Recalls the stage-coach with its four-horse team?

Its sturdy driver, — who remembers him?  
Or the old landlord, saturnine and grim,

Who left our hill-top for a new abode  
And reared his sign-post farther down the road?

Still in the waters of the dark Shawshine  
Do the young bathers splash and think they're clean?

Do pilgrims find their way to Indian Ridge,  
Or journey onward to the far-off bridge,

And bring to younger ears the story back  
Of the broad stream, the mighty Merrimac?

Are there still truant feet that stray beyond  
These circling bounds to Pomp's or Haggitt's Pond,

Or where the legendary name recalls  
The forest's earlier tenant, — "Deerjump Falls"?

Yes, every nook these youthful feet explore,

Just as our sires and grandsires did of yore;

So all life's opening paths, where nature led

Their father's feet, the children's children tread.

Roll the round century's fivescore years away,

Call from our storied past that earliest day  
When great Eliphalet (I can see him now, —

Big name, big frame, big voice, and beetling brow),

Then *young* Eliphalet, — ruled the rows of boys

In homespun gray or old-world corduroys, —

And save for fashion's whims, the benches show

The selfsame youths, the very boys we know.

Time works strange marvels: since I trod the green

And swung the gates, what wonders I have seen!

But come what will, — the sky itself may fall, —

As things of course the boy accepts them all.

The prophet's chariot, drawn by steeds of flame,

For daily use our travelling millions claim;  
The face we love a sunbeam makes our own;

No more the surgeon hears the sufferer's groan;

What unwrit histories wrapped in darkness lay

Till shovelling Schliemann bared them to the day!

Your Richelieu says, and says it well, my lord,

The pen is (sometimes) mightier than the sword;

Great is the goosequill, say we all; Amen!  
*Sometimes* the spade is mightier than the pen;

It shows where Babel's terraced walls were raised,

The slabs that cracked when Nimrod's palace blazed,

Unearths Mycenæ, rediscovers Troy, —

Calmly he listens, that immortal boy.

A new Prometheus tips our wands with fire,

A mightier Orpheus strains the whispering wire,

Whose lightning thrills the lazy winds out-run

And hold the hours as Joshua stayed the sun, —

So swift, in truth, we hardly find a place  
For those dim fictions known as time and space.

Still a new miracle each year supplies, —

See at his work the chemist of the skies,  
Who questions Sirius in his tortured rays

And steals the secret of the solar blaze;

Hush! while the window-rattling bugles  
play

The nation's airs a hundred miles away!  
That wicked phonograph! hark! how it  
swears!

Turn it again and make it say its prayers!  
And was it true, then, what the story said  
Of Oxford's friar and his brazen head?

While wondering Science stands, herself  
perplexed

At each day's miracle, and asks "What  
next?"

The immortal boy, the coming heir of all,  
Springs from his desk to "urge the flying  
ball,"

Cleaves with his bending oar the glassy  
waves,

With sinewy arm the dashing current  
braves,

The same bright creature in these haunts  
of ours

That Eton shadowed with her "antique  
towers."

Boy! Where is he? the long-limbed  
youth inquires,

Whom his rough chin with manly pride  
inspires;

Ah, when the ruddy cheek no longer glows,  
When the bright hair is white as winter  
snows,

When the dim eye has lost its lambent  
flame,

Sweet to his ear will be his school-boy  
name!

Nor think the difference mighty as it seems  
Between life's morning and its evening  
dreams;

Fourscore, like twenty, has its tasks and  
toys;

In earth's wide school-house all are girls  
and boys.

Brothers, forgive my wayward fancy.  
Who

Can guess beforehand what his pen will do?  
Too light my strain for listeners such as  
these,

Whom graver thoughts and soberer speech  
shall please.

Is he not here whose breath of holy song  
Has raised the downcast eyes of Faith so  
long?

Are they not here, the strangers in your  
gates,

For whom the wearied ear impatient  
waits,—

The large-brained scholars whom their  
toils release,—

The bannered heralds of the Prince of  
Peace?

Such was the gentle friend whose youth  
unblamed

In years long past our student-benches  
claimed;

Whose name, illumined on the sacred page,  
Lives in the labors of his riper age;

Such he whose record time's destroying  
march

Leaves uneffaced on Zion's springing arch:  
Not to the scanty phrase of measured song,  
Cramped in its fetters, names like these

belong;

One ray they lend to gild my slender  
line,—

Their praise I leave to sweeter lips than  
mine.

Homes of our sires, where Learning's  
temple rose,

While yet they struggled with their banded  
foes,

As in the West thy century's sun descends,  
One parting gleam its dying radiance lends.

Darker and deeper though the shadows  
fall

From the gray towers on Doubting Castle's  
wall,

Though Pope and Pagan re-array their  
hosts,

And her new armor youthful Science  
boasts,

Truth, for whose altar rose this holy  
shrine,

Shall fly for refuge to these bowers of  
thine;

No past shall chain her with its rusted vow,  
No Jew's phylactery bind her Christian  
brow,

But Faith shall smile to find her sister free,  
And nobler manhood draw its life from  
thee.

Long as the arching skies above thee  
spread,

As on thy groves the dews of heaven are  
shed,

With currents widening still from year to  
year,

And deepening channels, calm, untroubled,  
 clear,  
 Flow the twin streamlets from thy sacred  
 hill—  
 Pieria's fount and Siloam's shaded rill!

## THE SILENT MELODY

"BRING me my broken harp," he said;  
 "We both are wrecks,—but as ye  
 will,—  
 Though all its ringing tones have fled,  
 Their echoes linger round it still;  
 It had some golden strings, I know,  
 But that was long—how long!—ago.

"I cannot see its tarnished gold,  
 I cannot hear its vanished tone,  
 Scarce can my trembling fingers hold  
 The pillared frame so long their own;  
 We both are wrecks,—awhile ago  
 It had some silver strings, I know,

"But on them Time too long has played  
 The solemn strain that knows no change,  
 And where of old my fingers strayed  
 The chords they find are new and  
 strange,—  
 Yes! iron strings,—I know,—I know,—  
 We both are wrecks of long ago.

"We both are wrecks,—a shattered  
 pair,—  
 Strange to ourselves in time's dis-  
 guise . . .  
 What say ye to the lovesick air  
 That brought the tears from Marian's  
 eyes?  
 Ay! trust me,—under breasts of snow  
 Hearts could be melted long ago!

"Or will ye hear the storm-song's crash  
 That from his dreams the soldier woke,  
 And bade him face the lightning flash  
 When battle's cloud in thunder  
 broke? . . .  
 Wrecks,—nought but wrecks!—the time  
 was when  
 We two were worth a thousand men!"

And so the broken harp they bring  
 With pitying smiles that none could  
 blame;

Alas! there's not a single string  
 Of all that filled the tarnished frame!  
 But see! like children overjoyed,  
 His fingers rambling through the void!

"I clasp thee! Ay . . . mine ancient  
 lyre . . .  
 Nay, guide my wandering fingers. . . .  
 There!

They love to dally with the wire  
 As Isaac played with Esau's hair. . . .  
 Hush! ye shall hear the famous tune  
 That Marian called the Breath of June!"

And so they softly gather round:  
 Rapt in his tuneful trance he seems:  
 His fingers move: but not a sound!  
 A silence like the song of dreams. . . .  
 "There! ye have heard the air," he cries,  
 "That brought the tears from Marian's  
 eyes!"

Ah, smile not at his fond conceit,  
 Nor deem his fancy wrought in vain;  
 To him the unreal sounds are sweet,—  
 No discord mars the silent strain  
 Scored on life's latest, starlit page—  
 The voiceless melody of age.

Sweet are the lips of all that sing,  
 When Nature's music breathes unsought,  
 But never yet could voice or string  
 So truly shape our tenderest thought  
 As when by life's decaying fire  
 Our fingers sweep the stringless lyre!

## OUR HOME—OUR COUNTRY

FOR THE SEMI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRA-  
 TION OF THE SETTLEMENT OF CAM-  
 BRIDGE, MASS., DECEMBER 28, 1880

YOUR home was mine,—kind Nature's  
 gift;  
 My love no years can chill;  
 In vain their flakes the storm-winds sift,  
 The snowdrop hides beneath the drift,  
 A living blossom still.

Mute are a hundred long-famed lyres,  
 Hushed all their golden strings;  
 One lay the coldest bosom fires,  
 One song, one only, never tires  
 While sweet-voiced memory sings.

No spot so lone but echo knows  
That dear familiar strain;  
In tropic isles, on arctic snows,  
Through burning lips its music flows  
And rings its fond refrain.

From Pisa's tower my straining sight  
Roamed wandering leagues away,  
When lo ! a frigate's banner bright,  
The starry blue, the red, the white,  
In far Livorno's bay.

Hot leaps the life-blood from my heart,  
Forth springs the sudden tear;  
The ship that rocks by yonder mart  
Is of my land, my life, a part, —  
Home, home, sweet home, is here !

Fades from my view the sunlit scene, —  
My vision spans the waves;  
I see the elm-encircled green,  
The tower, — the steeple, — and, between,  
The field of ancient graves.

There runs the path my feet would tread  
When first they learned to stray;  
There stands the gambrel roof that spread  
Its quaint old angles o'er my head  
When first I saw the day.

The sounds that met my boyish ear  
My inward sense salute, —  
The woodnotes wild I loved to hear, —  
The robin's challenge, sharp and clear, —  
The breath of evening's flute.

The faces loved from cradle days, —  
Unseen, alas, how long !  
As fond remembrance round them plays,  
Touched with its softening moonlight rays,  
Through fancy's portal throng.

And see ! as if the opening skies  
Some angel form had spared  
Us wingless mortals to surprise,  
The little maid with light-blue eyes,  
White necked and golden haired !

So rose the picture full in view  
I paint in feebler song;  
Such power the seamless banner knew  
Of red and white and starry blue  
For exiles banished long.

Oh, boys, dear boys, who wait as men  
To guard its heaven-bright folds,  
Blest are the eyes that see again  
That banner, seamless now, as then, —  
The fairest earth beholds !

Sweet was the Tuscan air and soft  
In that unfading hour,  
And fancy leads my footsteps off  
Up the round galleries, high aloft  
On Pisa's threatening tower.

And still in Memory's holiest shrine  
I read with pride and joy,  
"For me those stars of empire shine;  
That empire's dearest home is mine;  
I am a Cambridge boy !"

### POEM

AT THE CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY  
DINNER OF THE MASSACHUSETTS  
MEDICAL SOCIETY, JUNE 8, 1881

THREE paths there be where Learning's  
favored sons,  
Trained in the schools which hold her fa-  
vored ones,  
Follow their several stars with separate  
aim;  
Each has its honors, each its special claim.  
Bred in the fruitful cradle of the East,  
First, as of oldest lineage, comes the Priest;  
The Lawyer next, in wordy conflict strong,  
Full armed to battle for the right, — or  
wrong;  
Last, he whose calling finds its voice in  
deeds,  
Frail Nature's helper in her sharpest needs.  
Each has his gifts, his losses and his  
gains,  
Each his own share of pleasures and of  
pains;  
No life-long aim with steadfast eye pursued  
Finds a smooth pathway all with roses  
strewed;  
Trouble belongs to man of woman born, —  
Tread where he may, his foot will find its  
thorn.

Of all the guests at life's perennial feast,  
Who of her children sits above the Priest ?  
For him the brodered robe, the carven  
seat,



Pride at his beck, and beauty at his feet,  
For him the incense fumes, the wine is  
poured,

Himself a God, adoring and adored !  
His the first welcome when our hearts  
rejoice,

His in our dying ear the latest voice,  
Font, altar, grave, his steps on all attend,  
Our staff, our stay, our all but heavenly  
friend !

Where is the meddling hand that dares  
to probe

The secret grief beneath his sable robe ?  
How grave his port ! how every gesture  
tells

Here truth abides, here peace forever  
dwells ;

Vex not his lofty soul with comments vain ;  
Faith asks no questions ; silence, ye pro-  
fane !

Alas ! too oft while all is calm without  
The stormy spirit wars with endless *doubt* ;  
This is the mocking sceptre, scarce con-  
cealed

Behind tradition's bruised and battered  
shield.

He sees the sleepless critic, age by age,  
Scrawl his new readings on the hallowed  
page,

The wondrous deeds that priests and pro-  
phets saw

Dissolved in legend, crystallized in law,  
And on the soil where saints and martyrs  
trod

Altars new builded to the Unknown God ;  
His shrines imperilled, his evangels torn, —  
He dares not limp, but ah ! how sharp his  
thorn !

Yet while God's herald questions as he  
reads

The outworn dogmas of his ancient creeds,  
Drops from his ritual the exploded verse,  
Blots from its page the Athanasian curse,  
Though by the critic's dangerous art per-  
plexed.

His holy life is Heaven's unquestioned text ;  
That shining guidance doubt can never  
mar, —

The pillar's flame, the light of Bethlehem's  
star !

Strong is the moral blister that will draw  
Laid on the conscience of the Man of Law  
Whom blindfold Justice lends her eyes to  
see

Truth in the scale that holds his promised  
fee.

What ! Has not every lie its truthful  
side,

Its honest fraction, not to be denied ?  
*Per contra*, — ask the moralist, — in sooth

Has not a lie its share in every truth ?  
Then what forbids an honest man to try

To find the truth that lurks in every lie,  
And just as fairly call on truth to yield

The lying fraction in its breast concealed ?  
So the worst rogue shall claim a ready

friend  
His modest virtues boldly to defend,

And he who shows the record of a saint  
See himself blacker than the devil could

paint.  
What struggles to his captive soul be-  
long

Who loves the right, yet combats for the  
wrong,

Who fights the battle he would fain re-  
fuse,

And wins, well knowing that he ought to  
lose,

Who speaks with glowing lips and look  
sincere

In spangled words that make the worse  
appear

The better reason ; who, behind his mask,  
Hides his true self and blushes at his

task, —  
What quips, what quillets cheat the in-  
ward scorn

That mocks such triumph ? Has he not  
his thorn ?

Yet stay thy judgment ; were thy life  
the prize,

Thy death the forfeit, would thy cynic  
eyes

See fault in him who bravely dares de-  
fend

The cause forlorn, the wretch without a  
friend ?

Nay, though the rightful side is wisdom's  
choice,

Wrong has its rights and claims a cham-  
pion's voice ;

Let the strong arm be lifted for the weak,  
For the dumb lips the fluent pleader

speak ; —  
When with warm "rebel" blood our  
street was dyed

Who took, unawed, the hated hirelings'  
side ?

No greener civic wreath can Adams claim,  
No brighter page the youthful Quincy's  
name !

How blest is he who knows no meaner  
strife  
Than Art's long battle with the foes of  
life !

No doubt assails him, doing still his best,  
And trusting kindly Nature for the rest;  
No mocking conscience tears the thin dis-  
guise

That wraps his breast, and tells him that  
he lies.

He comes: the languid sufferer lifts his  
head  
And smiles a welcome from his weary  
bed;

He speaks: what music like the tones that  
tell,

"Past is the hour of danger, — all is  
well !"

How can he feel the petty stings of grief  
Whose cheering presence always brings  
relief ?

What ugly dreams can trouble his repose  
Who yields himself to soothe another's  
woes ?

Hour after hour the busy day has found  
The good physician on his lonely round;  
Mansion and hovel, low and lofty door,  
He knows, his journeys every path ex-  
plore, —

Where the cold blast has struck with  
deadly chill

The sturdy dweller on the storm-swept  
hill,

Where by the stagnant marsh the sicken-  
ing gale

Has blanched the poisoned tenants of the  
vale,

Where crushed and maimed the bleeding  
victim lies,

Where madness raves, where melancholy  
sighs,

And where the solemn whisper tells too  
plain

That all his science, all his art, were vain.

How sweet his fireside when the day is  
done

And cares have vanished with the setting  
sun !

Evening at last its hour of respite brings  
And on his couch his weary length he  
flings.

Soft be thy pillow, servant of mankind,  
Lulled by an opiate Art could never find;  
Sweet be thy slumber, — thou hast earned  
it well, —

Pleasant thy dreams ! Clang ! goes the  
midnight bell !

Darkness and storm ! the home is far  
away

That waits his coming ere the break of day;  
The snow-clad pines their wintry plumage  
toss, —

Doubtful the frozen stream his road must  
cross;

Deep lie the drifts, the slanted heaps have  
shut

The hardy woodman in his mountain hut, —  
Why should thy softer frame the tempest  
brave ?

Hast thou no life, no health, to lose or  
save ?

Look ! read the answer in his patient  
eyes, —

For him no other voice when suffering  
cries;

Deaf to the gale that all around him blows,  
A feeble whisper calls him, — and he goes.

Or seek the crowded city, — summer's  
heat

Glares burning, blinding, in the narrow  
street,

Still, noisome, deadly, sleeps the even-  
omed air,

Unstirred the yellow flag that says "Be-  
ware !"

Tempt not thy fate, — one little moment's  
breath

Bears on its viewless wing the seeds of  
death;

Thou at whose door the gilded chariots  
stand,

Whose dear-bought skill unclasps the  
miser's hand,

Turn from thy fatal quest, nor cast away  
That life so precious; let a meaner prey

Feed the destroyer's hunger; live to bless  
Those happier homes that need thy care no  
less !

Smiling he listens; has he then a charm  
Whose magic virtues peril can disarm ?

No safeguard his; no amulet he wears,  
Too well he knows that Nature never

spares

Her truest servant, powerless to defend  
From her own weapons her unshrinking  
friend.

He dares the fate the bravest well might  
 shun,  
 Nor asks reward save only Heaven's  
 "Well done!"

Such are the toils, the perils that he  
 knows,  
 Days without rest and nights without re-  
 pose,  
 Yet all unheeded for the love he bears  
 His art, his kind, whose every grief he  
 shares.

Harder than these to know how small  
 the part  
 Nature's proud empire yields to striving  
 Art;

How, as the tide that rolls around the  
 sphere

Laughs at the mounds that delving arms  
 uprear,—

Spare some few roods of oozy earth, but  
 still

Wastes and rebuilds the planet at its will,  
 Comes at its ordered season, night or noon,  
 Led by the silver magnet of the moon,—  
 So life's vast tide forever comes and goes,  
 Unechecked, resistless, as it ebbs and flows.

Hardest of all, when Art has done her  
 best,

To find the enckoo brooding in her nest;  
 The shrewd adventurer, fresh from parts  
 unknown,

Kills off the patients Science thought her  
 own;

Towns from a nostrum-vender get their  
 name,

Fences and walls the cure-all drug pro-  
 claim,

Plasters and pads the willing world be-  
 guile,

Fair Lydia greets us with astringent smile,  
 Munchausen's fellow-countryman unlocks

His new Pandora's globule-holding box,  
 And as King George inquired, with puzzled  
 grin,

"How—how the devil get the apple in?"

So we ask how,—with wonder-opening  
 eyes,—

Such pygmy pills can hold such giant lies!

Yes, sharp the trials, stern the daily  
 tasks

That suffering Nature from her servant  
 asks;

His kind office dainty menials scorn,  
 His path how hard,—at every step a  
 thorn!

What does his saddening, restless slavery  
 buy?

What save a right to live, a chance to die,—  
 To live companion of disease and pain,  
 To die by poisoned shafts untimely slain?

Answer from hoary eld, majestic shades,—  
 From Memphian courts, from Delphic col-  
 onnades,

Speak in the tones that Persia's despot  
 heard

When nations treasured every golden word  
 The wandering echoes wafted o'er the seas,  
 From the far isle that held Hippocrates;

And thou, best gift that Pergamus could  
 send

Imperial Rome, her noblest Caesar's friend,  
 Master of masters, whose unchallenged

sway  
 Not bold Vesalius dared to disobey;

Ye who while prophets dreamed of dawn-  
 ing times

Taught your rude lessons in Salerno's  
 rhymes,

And ye, the nearer sires, to whom we owe  
 The better share of all the best we know,

In every land an ever-growing train,  
 Since wakening Science broke her rusted  
 chain,—

Speak from the past, and say what prize  
 was sent

To crown the toiling years so freely spent!

List while they speak:

In life's uneven road  
 Our willing hands have eased our brothers'

load;

One forehead smoothed, one pang of tor-  
 ture less,

One peaceful hour a sufferer's couch to  
 bless,

The smile brought back to fever's parching  
 lips,

The light restored to reason in eclipse,  
 Life's treasure rescued like a burning brand  
 Snatched from the dread destroyer's waste-  
 ful hand;

Such were our simple records day by day,  
 For gains like these we wore our lives away.

In toilsome paths our daily bread we sought,  
 But broad from heaven attending angels

brought;

Pain was our teacher, speaking to the  
 heart,

Mother of pity, nurse of pitying art;  
 Our lesson learned, we reached the peace-  
 ful shore

Where the pale sufferer asks our aid no  
 more, —  
 These gracious words our welcome, our  
 reward:  
 Ye served your brothers; ye have served  
 your Lord!

### HARVARD

[Read at Commencement Dinner, July 1,  
 1880. The author had that day received  
 from his Alma Mater the degree of Doctor of  
 Laws.]

CHANGELESS in beauty, rose-hues on her  
 cheek,  
 Old walls, old trees, old memories all  
 around  
 Lend her unfading youth their charm an-  
 tique  
 And fill with mystic light her holy ground.  
 Here the lost dove her leaf of promise  
 found  
 While the new morning showed its blush-  
 ing streak  
 Far o'er the waters she had crossed to seek  
 The bleak, wild shore in billowy forests  
 drowned.  
 Mother of scholars! on thy rising throne  
 Thine elder sisters look benignant down;  
 England's proud twins, and they whose  
 cloisters own

The fame of Abelard, the scarlet gown  
 That laughing Rabelais wore, not yet out-  
 grown —  
 And on thy forehead place the New World's  
 crown.

### RHYMES OF A LIFE-TIME

FROM the first gleam of morning to the  
 gray  
 Of peaceful evening, lo, a life unrolled!  
 In woven pictures all its changes told,  
 Its lights, its shadows, every flitting ray,  
 Till the long curtain, falling, dims the day,  
 Steals from the dial's disk the sunlight's  
 gold,  
 And all the graven hours grow dark and  
 cold  
 Where late the glowing blaze of noontide  
 lay.  
 Ah! the warm blood runs wild in youthful  
 veins, —  
 Let me no longer play with painted fire;  
 New songs for new-born days! I would  
 not tire  
 The listening ears that wait for fresher  
 strains  
 In phrase new-moulded, new-forged  
 rhythmic chains,  
 With plaintive measures from a worn-out  
 lyre.

## BEFORE THE CURFEW

### AT MY FIRESIDE

ALONE, beneath the darkened sky,  
With saddened heart and unstrung lyre,  
I heap the spoils of years gone by,  
And leave them with a long-drawn sigh,  
Like drift-wood brands that glimmering  
lie,  
Before the ashes hide the fire.

---

Let not these slow declining days  
The rosy light of dawn outlast;  
Still round my lonely hearth it plays,  
And gilds the east with borrowed rays,  
While memory's mirrored sunset blaze  
Flames on the windows of the past.  
March 1, 1888.

### AT THE SATURDAY CLUB

About the time when these papers [*The Autocrat*] were published, the Saturday Club was founded, or, rather, found itself in existence, without any organization, almost without parentage. It was natural enough that such men as Emerson, Longfellow, Agassiz, Peirce, with Hawthorne, Motley, Sumner, when within reach, and others who would be good company for them, should meet and dine together once in a while, as they did, in point of fact, every month, and as some who are still living, with other and newer members, still meet and dine. If some of them had not admired each other they would have been exceptions in the world of letters and science. The club deserves being remembered for having no constitution or by-laws, for making no speeches, reading no papers, observing no ceremonies, coming and going at will without remark, and acting out, though it did not proclaim the motto, "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" There was and is nothing of the Bohemian element about this club, but it has had many good times and not a little good talking.

THIS is our place of meeting; opposite  
That towered and pillared building: look  
at it;  
*King's* Chapel in the Second George's day,  
Rebellion stole its regal name away, —  
*Stone* Chapel sounded fetter; but at last  
The poisoned name of our provincial past  
Had lost its ancient venom; then once more  
*Stone* Chapel was *King's* Chapel as before.  
(So let rechristened North Street, when it  
can,  
Bring back the days of Marlborough and  
Queen Anne!)  
Next the old church your wandering eye  
will meet —  
A granite pile that stares upon the street —  
Our civic temple; slanderous tongues have  
said  
Its shape was modelled from St. Botolph's  
head,  
Lofty, but narrow; jealous passers-by  
Say Boston always held her head too high.  
Turn half-way round, and let your look  
survey  
The white façade that gleams across the  
way, —  
The many-windowed building, tall and wide,  
The palace-inn that shows its northern side  
In grateful shadow when the sunbeams  
beat  
The granite wall in summer's scorching  
heat.  
This is the place; whether its name you  
spell  
Tavern, or caravansera, or hotel.  
Would I could steal its echoes! you should  
find  
Such store of vanished pleasures brought to  
mind;  
Such feasts! the laughs of many a jocund  
hour  
That shook the mortar from King George's  
tower;  
Such guests! What famous names its rec-  
ord boasts,

Whose owners wander in the mob of ghosts !  
Such stories ! Every beam and plank is  
filled

With juicy wit the joyous talkers spilled,  
Ready to ooze, as once the mountain pine  
The floors are laid with oozed its turpen-  
tine !

A month had flitted since The Club had  
met ;

The day came round ; I found the table set,  
The waiters lounging round the marble  
stairs,

Empty as yet the double row of chairs.  
I was a full half hour before the rest,  
Alone, the banquet-chamber's single guest.  
So from the table's side a chair I took,  
And having neither company nor book  
To keep me waking, by degrees there crept  
A torpor over me, — in short, I slept.

Loosed from its chain, along the wreck-  
strorn track

Of the dead years my soul goes travelling  
back ;

My ghosts take on their robes of flesh ; it  
seems

Dreaming is life ; nay, life less life than  
dreams,

So real are the shapes that meet my eyes.  
They bring no sense of wonder, no surprise,  
No hint of other than an earth-born source ;  
All seems plain daylight, everything of  
course.

How dim the colors are, how poor and  
faint

This palette of weak words with which I  
paint !

Here sit my friends ; if I could fix them so  
As to my eyes they seem, my page would  
glow

Like a queen's missal, warm as if the brush  
Of Titian or Velasquez brought the flush  
Of life into their features. *Ay de mi !*

If syllables were pigments, you should see  
Such breathing portraitures as never man  
Found in the Pitti or the Vatican.

Here sits our POET, Laureate, if you will.  
Long has he worn the wreath, and wears it  
still.

*Dead?* Nay, not so ; and yet they say his  
bust

Looks down on marbles covering royal dust,  
Kings by the Grace of God, or Nature's  
grace ;

*Dead !* No ! Alive ! I see him in his  
place,

Full-featured, with the bloom that heaven  
denies

Her children, pinched by cold New Eng-  
land skies,

Too often, while the nursery's happier few  
Win from a summer cloud its roseate hue.

Kind, soft-voiced, gentle, in his eye there  
shines

The ray serene that filled Evangeline's.

Modest he seems, not shy ; content to  
wait

Amid the noisy clamor of debate  
The looked-for moment when a peaceful  
word

Smooths the rough ripples louder tongues  
have stirred.

In every tone I mark his tender grace  
And all his poems hinted in his face ;

What tranquil joy his friendly presence  
gives !

How could I think him dead ? He lives !  
He lives !

There, at the table's further end I see  
In his old place our Poet's *vis-à-vis*,  
The great PROFESSOR, strong, broad-should-  
dered, square,

In life's rich noontide, joyous, debonair.  
His social hour no leaden care alloys,  
His laugh rings loud and mirthful as a  
boy's, —

That lusty laugh the Puritan forgot, —  
What ear has heard it and remembers not ?

How often, halting at some wide crevasse  
Amid the windings of his Alpine pass,

High up the cliffs, the climbing moun-  
taineer,

Listening the far-off avalanche to hear,  
Silent, and leaning on his steel-shod staff,  
Has heard that cheery voice, that ringing  
laugh,

From the rude cabin whose nomadic walls  
Creep with the moving glacier as it crawls !

How does vast Nature lead her living  
train

In ordered sequence through that spacious  
brain,

As in the primal hour when Adam named  
The new-born tribes that young creation  
claimed ! —

How will her realm be darkened, losing  
thee,

Her darling, whom we call *our* AGASSIZ !

But who is he whose massive frame be-  
 lies  
 The maiden shyness of his downcast eyes?  
 Who broods in silence till, by questions  
 pressed,  
 Some answer struggles from his laboring  
 breast?

An artist Nature meant to dwell apart,  
 Locked in his studio with a human heart,  
 Tracking its caverned passions to their lair,  
 And all its throbbing mysteries laying bare.

Count it no marvel that he broods alone  
 Over the heart he studies, — 't is his own;  
 So in his page, whatever shape it wear,  
 The Essex wizard's shadowed self is there, —  
 The great ROMANCER, hid beneath his veil  
 Like the stern preacher of his sombre tale;  
 Virile in strength, yet bashful as a girl,  
 Prouder than Hester, sensitive as Pearl.

From his mild throng of worshippers  
 released,

Our Concord Delphi sends its chosen priest,  
 Prophet or poet, mystic, sage, or seer,  
 By every title always welcome here.  
 Why that ethereal spirit's frame describe?  
 You know the race-marks of the Brahmin  
 tribe, —

The spare, slight form, the sloping shoul-  
 -der's droop,  
 The calm, scholastic mien, the clerky  
 stoop,

The lines of thought the sharpened features  
 wear,  
 Carved by the edge of keen New England  
 air.

List! for he speaks! As when a king  
 would choose  
 The jewels for his bride, he might refuse  
 This diamond for its flaw, — find that less  
 bright  
 Than those, its fellows, and a pearl less  
 white  
 Than fits her snowy neck, and yet at last,  
 The fairest gems are chosen, and made  
 fast

In golden fetters; so, with light delays  
 He seeks the fittest word to fill his phrase;  
 Nor vain nor idle his fastidious quest,  
 His chosen word is sure to prove the best.

Where in the realm of thought, whose  
 air is song,  
 Does he, the Buddha of the West, belong?  
 He seems a wingèd Franklin, sweetly wise,  
 Born to unlock the secrets of the skies;

And which the nobler calling, — if 't is fair  
 Terrestrial with celestial to compare, —  
 To guide the storm-cloud's elemental flame,  
 Or walk the chambers whence the light-  
 ning came,

Amidst the sources of its subtle fire,  
 And steal their effluence for his lips and  
 lyre?

If lost at times in vague aerial flights,  
 None treads with firmer footstep when he  
 lights;

A soaring nature, ballasted with sense,  
 Wisdom without her wrinkles or pretence,  
 In every Bible he has faith to read,  
 And every altar helps to shape his creed.  
 Ask you what name this prisoned spirit  
 bears

While with ourselves this fleeting breath it  
 shares?

Till angels greet him with a sweeter one  
 In heaven, on earth we call him EMERSON.

I start; I wake; the vision is withdrawn;  
 Its figures fading like the stars at dawn;  
 Crossed from the roll of life their cher-  
 ished names,

And memory's pictures fading in their  
 frames;

Yet life is lovelier for these transient gleams  
 Of buried friendships; blest is he who  
 dreams!

## OUR DEAD SINGER

H. W. L.

PRIDE of the sister realm so long our own,  
 We claim with her that spotless fame of  
 thine,

White as her snow and fragrant as her  
 pine!

Ours was thy birthplace, but in every zone  
 Some wreath of song thy liberal hand has  
 thrown

Breathes perfume from its blossoms,  
 that entwine

Where'er the dewdrops fall, the sun-  
 beams shine,

On life's long path with tangled cares o'er-  
 grown.

Can Art thy truthful counterfeit com-  
 mand, —

The silver-haloed features, tranquil,  
 mild, —

Soften the lips of bronze as when they  
 smiled,  
 Give warmth and pressure to the marble  
 hand ?  
 Seek the lost rainbow in the sky it spanned !  
 Farewell, sweet Singer ! Heaven re-  
 claims its child.

Carved from the block or cast in clinging  
 mould,  
 Will grateful Memory fondly try her  
 best  
 The mortal vesture from decay to wrest ;  
 His look shall greet us, calm, but ah, how  
 cold !

No breath can stir the brazen drapery's fold,  
 No throb can heave the statue's stony  
 breast ;  
 " He is not here, but risen," will stand  
 confest

In all we miss, in all our eyes behold.  
 How Nature loved him ! On his placid  
 brow,

Thought's ample dome, she set the sacred  
 sign  
 That marks the priesthood of her holiest  
 shrine,

Nor asked a leaflet from the laurel's bough  
 That envious Time might clutch or disallow,  
 To prove her chosen minstrel's song  
 divine.

On many a saddened hearth the evening  
 fire

Burns paler as the children's hour draws  
 near, —  
 That joyous hour his song made doubly  
 dear, —

And tender memories touch the faltering  
 choir.

He sings no more on earth ; our vain desire  
 Aches for the voice we loved so long to  
 hear

In Dorian flute-notes breathing soft and  
 clear, —

The sweet contralto that could never tire.  
 Deafened with listening to a harsher strain,  
 The Mænad's scream, the stark barba-  
 rian's cry,

Still for those soothing, loving tones we  
 sigh ;

Oh, for our vanished Orpheus once again !  
 The shadowy silence hears us call in vain !  
 His lips are hushed ; his song shall never  
 die.

## TWO POEMS TO HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

ON HER SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY,  
 JUNE 14, 1882

### I. AT THE SUMMIT

SISTER, we bid you welcome, — we who  
 stand

On the high table-land ;  
 We who have climbed life's slippery Alpine  
 slope,  
 And rest, still leaning on the staff of hope,  
 Looking along the silent Mer de Glace,  
 Leading our footsteps where the dark cre-  
 vasse

Yawns in the frozen sea we all must pass, —  
 Sister, we clasp your hand !

Rest with us in the hour that Heaven has  
 lent

Before the swift descent.  
 Look ! the warm sunbeams kiss the glitter-  
 ing ice ;  
 See ! next the snow-drift blooms the edel-  
 weiss ;

The mated eagles fan the frosty air ;  
 Life, beauty, love, around us everywhere,  
 And, in their time, the darkening hours  
 that bear  
 Sweet memories, peace, content.

Thrice welcome ! shining names our missals  
 show

Amid their rubrics' glow,  
 But search the blazoned record's starry line,  
 What halo's radiance fills the page like  
 thine ?

Thou who by some celestial clue couldst  
 find

The way to all the hearts of all mankind,  
 On thee, already canonized, enshrined,  
 What more can Heaven bestow !

### II. THE WORLD'S HOMAGE

If every tongue that speaks her praise  
 For whom I shape my tinkling phrase  
 Were summoned to the table,  
 The vocal chorus that would meet  
 Of mingling accents harsh or sweet,  
 From every land and tribe, would beat  
 The polyglots at Babel.



Briton and Frenchman, Swede and Dane,  
 Turk, Spaniard, Tartar of Ukraine,  
 Hidalgo, Cossack, Cadi,  
 High Dutchman and Low Dutchman, too,  
 The Russian serf, the Polish Jew,  
 Arab, Armenian, and Mantehoo,  
 Would shout, "We know the lady!"

Know her! Who knows not Uncle Tom  
 And her he learned his gospel from  
 Has never heard of Moses;  
 Full well the brave black hand we know  
 That gave to freedom's grasp the hoe  
 That killed the weed that used to grow  
 Among the Southern roses.

When Archimedes, long ago,  
 Spoke out so grandly, "*dos pou sto* —  
 Give me a place to stand on,  
 I'll move your planet for you, now," —  
 He little dreamed or fancied how  
 The *sto* at last should find its *pou*  
 For woman's faith to land on.

Her lever was the wand of art,  
 Her fulcrum was the human heart,  
 Whence all unfailling aid is;  
 She moved the earth! Its thunders pealed,  
 Its mountains shook, its temples reeled,  
 The blood-red fountains were unsealed,  
 And Moloch sunk to Hades.

All through the conflict, up and down  
 Marched Uncle Tom and Old John Brown,  
 One ghost, one form ideal;  
 And which was false and which was true,  
 And which was mightier of the two,  
 The wisest sibyl never knew,  
 For both alike were real.

Sister, the holy maid does well  
 Who counts her beads in convent cell,  
 Where pale devotion lingers;  
 But she who serves the sufferer's needs,  
 Whose prayers are spelt in loving deeds,  
 May trust the Lord will count her beads  
 As well as human fingers.

When Truth herself was Slavery's slave,  
 Thy hand the prisoned suppliant gave  
 The rainbow wings of fiction.  
 And Truth who soared descends to-day  
 Bearing an angel's wreath away,  
 Its lilies at thy feet to lay  
 With Heaven's own benediction.

## A WELCOME TO DR. BENJAMIN APTHORP GOULD

ON HIS RETURN FROM SOUTH AMERICA

AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS DEVOTED TO CATA-  
 LOGUING THE STARS OF THE SOUTHERN  
 HEMISPHERE

Read at the Dinner given at the Hotel Ven-  
 dome, May 6, 1885.

ONCE more Orion and the sister Seven  
 Look on thee from the skies that hailed  
 thy birth, —  
 How shall we welcome thee, whose home  
 was heaven,  
 From thy celestial wanderings back to  
 earth?

Science has kept her midnight taper burn-  
 ing  
 To greet thy coming with its vestal  
 flame;  
 Friendship has murmured, "When art thou  
 returning?"  
 "Not yet! Not yet!" the answering  
 message came.

Thine was unstinted zeal, unchilled devo-  
 tion,  
 While the blue realm had kingdoms to  
 explore, —  
 Patience, like his who ploughed the unfur-  
 rowed ocean,  
 Till o'er its margin loomed San Salva-  
 dor.

Through the long nights I see thee ever  
 waking,  
 Thy footstool earth, thy roof the hemi-  
 sphere,  
 While with thy griefs our weaker hearts  
 are aching,  
 Firm as thine equatorial's rock-based  
 pier.

The souls that voyaged the azure depths  
 before thee  
 Watch with thy tireless vigils, all un-  
 seen, —  
 Tycho and Kepler bend benignant o'er  
 thee,  
 And with his toy-like tube the Floren-  
 tine, —

He at whose word the orb that bore him  
shivered

To find her central sovereignty disowned,  
While the wan lips of priest and pontiff  
quivered,

Their jargon stilled, their Baal disen-  
throned.

Flamsteed and Newton look with brows  
unclouded,

Their strife forgotten with its faded  
scars, —

(Titans, who found the world of space too  
crowded

To walk in peace among its myriad  
stars).

All cluster round thee, — seers of earliest  
ages,

Persians, Ionians, Mizraim's learned  
kings,

From the dim days of Shinar's hoary sages  
To his who weighed the planet's fluid  
rings.

And we, for whom the northern heavens  
are lighted,

For whom the storm has passed, the sun  
has smiled,

Our clouds all scattered, all our stars  
united,

We claim thee, clasp thee, like a long-  
lost child.

Fresh from the spangled vault's o'er-arch-  
ing splendor,

Thy lonely pillar, thy revolving dome,

In heartfelt accents, proud, rejoicing, ten-  
der,

We bid thee welcome to thine earthly  
home !

#### TO FREDERICK HENRY HEDGE

AT A DINNER GIVEN HIM ON HIS  
EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY, DECEMBER 12,  
1885

With a bronze statuette of John of Bologna's  
Mercury, presented by a few friends.

FIT emblem for the altar's side,

And him who serves its daily need,

The stay, the solace, and the guide

Of mortal men, whate'er his creed !

Flamen or Auspex, Priest or Bonze,  
He feeds the upward-climbing fire,  
Still teaching, like the deathless bronze,  
Man's noblest lesson, — to aspire.

Hermes lies prone by fallen Jove,  
Crushed are the wheels of Krishna's car,  
And o'er Dodona's silent grove  
Streams the white ray from Bethlehem's  
star.

Yet snatched from Time's relentless clutch,  
A godlike shape, that human hands  
Have fired with Art's electric touch,  
The herald of Olympus stands.

Ask not what ore the furnace knew;  
Love mingled with the flowing mass,  
And lends its own unchanging hue,  
Like gold in Corinth's molten brass.

Take then our gift; this airy form  
Whose bronze our benedictions gild,  
The hearts of all its givers warm  
With love by freezing years unchilled.

With eye undimmed, with strength unworn,  
Still toiling in your Master's field,  
Before you wave the growths unshorn,  
Their ripened harvest yet to yield.

True servant of the Heavenly Sire,  
To you our tried affection clings,  
Bids you still labor, still aspire,  
But clasps your feet and steals their  
wings.

#### TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

THIS is your month, the month of "perfect  
days,"

Birds in full song and blossoms all ablaze.  
Nature herself your earliest welcome  
breathes,

Spreads every leaflet, every bower in-  
wreathes;

Carpets her paths for your returning feet,  
Puts forth her best your coming steps to  
greet;

And Heaven must surely find the earth in  
tune

When Home, sweet Home, exhales the  
breath of June.

These blessed days are waning all too  
 fast,  
 And June's bright visions mingling with  
 the past;  
 Lilaes have bloomed and faded, and the rose  
 Has dropped its petals, but the clover blows,  
 And fills its slender tubes with honeyed  
 sweets;  
 The fields are pearly with milk-white  
 margarites;  
 The dandelion, which you sang of old,  
 Has lost its pride of place, its crown of  
 gold,  
 But still displays its feathery-mantled  
 globe,  
 Which children's breath or wandering  
 winds unrobe.  
 These were your humble friends; your  
 opened eyes  
 Nature had trained her common gifts to  
 prize;  
 Not Cam nor Isis taught you to despise  
 Charles, with his muddy margin and the  
 harsh,  
 Plebeian grasses of the reeking marsh.  
 New England's home-bred scholar, well  
 you knew  
 Her soil, her speech, her people, through  
 and through,  
 And loved them ever with the love that  
 holds  
 All sweet, fond memories in its fragrant  
 folds.  
 Though far and wide your wingèd words  
 have flown,  
 Your daily presence kept you all our own,  
 Till, with a sorrowing sigh, a thrill of  
 pride,  
 We heard your summons, and you left our  
 side  
 For larger duties and for tasks untried.  
 How pleased the Spaniards for a while to  
 claim  
 This frank Hidalgo with the liquid name,  
 Who stored their classics on his crowded  
 shelves  
 And loved their Calderon as they did  
 themselves!  
 Before his eyes what changing pageants  
 pass!  
 The bridal feast how near the funeral  
 mass!  
 The death-stroke falls, — the Misereres  
 wail;

The joy - bells ring, — the tear - stained  
 cheeks unveil,  
 While, as the playwright shifts his pictured  
 scene,  
 The royal mourner crowns his second  
 queen.  
 From Spain to Britain is a goodly stride, —  
 Madrid and London long-stretched leagues  
 divide.  
 What if I send him, "Uncle S., says he,"  
 To my good cousin whom he calls "J. B.?"  
 A nation's servants go where they are  
 sent, —  
 He heard his Uncle's orders, and he went.  
 By what enchantments, what alluring  
 arts,  
 Our truthful James led captive British  
 hearts, —  
 Whether his shrewdness made their states-  
 men halt,  
 Or if his learning found their Dons at  
 fault,  
 Or if his virtue was a strange surprise,  
 Or if his wit thung star-dust in their eyes, —  
 Like honest Yankees we can simply guess;  
 But that he did it all must needs confess.  
 England herself without a blush may claim  
 Her only conqueror since the Norman came.  
 Eight years an exile! What a weary  
 while  
 Since first our herald sought the mother  
 isle!  
 His snow-white flag no churlish wrong has  
 soiled, —  
 He left unchallenged, he returns unspoiled.  
 Here let us keep him, here he saw the  
 light, —  
 His genius, wisdom, wit, are ours by right;  
 And if we lose him our lament will be  
 We have "five hundred" — *not* "as good  
 as he."

TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

ON HIS EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY

1887

FRIEND, whom thy fourscore winters leave  
 more dear  
 Than when life's roseate summer on thy  
 cheek

Burned in the flush of manhood's manliest  
 year,  
 Lonely, how lonely! is the snowy peak  
 Thy feet have reached, and mine have  
 climbed so near!  
 Close on thy footsteps 'mid the landscape  
 drear  
 I stretch my hand thine answering grasp to  
 seek,  
 Warm with the love no rippling rhymes  
 can speak!  
 Look backward! From thy lofty height  
 survey  
 Thy years of toil, of peaceful victories  
 won,  
 Of dreams made real, largest hopes out-  
 run!  
 Look forward! Brighter than earth's  
 morning ray  
 Streams the pure light of Heaven's unset-  
 tling sun,  
 The unclouded dawn of life's immortal  
 day!

PRELUDE TO A VOLUME  
 PRINTED IN RAISED LET-  
 TERS FOR THE BLIND

DEAR friends, left darkling in the long  
 eclipse  
 That veils the noonday, — you whose  
 finger-tips  
 A meaning in these ridgy leaves can find  
 Where ours go stumbling, senseless, help-  
 less, blind,  
 This wreath of verse how dare I offer you  
 To whom the garden's choicest gifts are  
 due?  
 The hues of all its glowing beds are ours,  
 Shall you not claim its sweetest-smelling  
 flowers?  
 Nay, those I have I bring you, — at their  
 birth  
 Life's cheerful sunshine warmed the grate-  
 ful earth;  
 If my rash boyhood dropped some idle  
 seeds,  
 And here and there you light on saucy  
 weeds  
 Among the fairer growths, remember still  
 Song comes of grace, and not of human  
 will:

We get a jarring note when most we try,  
 Then strike the chord we know not how or  
 why;  
 Our stately verse with too aspiring art  
 Oft overshoots and fails to reach the  
 heart,  
 While the rude rhyme one human throb  
 endears  
 Turns grief to smiles, and softens mirth to  
 tears.  
 Kindest of critics, ye whose fingers read,  
 From Nature's lesson learn the poet's  
 creed;  
 The queenly tulip flaunts in robes of flame,  
 The wayside seedling scarce a tint may  
 claim,  
 Yet may the lowliest leaflets that unfold  
 A dewdrop fresh from heaven's own chalice  
 hold.

BOSTON TO FLORENCE

Sent to "The Philological Circle" of Flor-  
 ence for its meeting in commemoration of  
 Dante, January 27, 1881, the anniversary of  
 his first condemnation.

PROUD of her clustering spires, her new-  
 built towers,  
 Our Venice, stolen from the slumbering  
 sea,  
 A sister's kindest greeting wafts to  
 thee,  
 Rose of Val d' Arno, queen of all its  
 flowers!  
 Thine exile's shrine thy sorrowing love em-  
 bowers,  
 Yet none with truer homage bends the  
 knee,  
 Or stronger pledge of fealty brings, than  
 we,  
 Whose poets make thy dead Immortal  
 ours.  
 Lonely the height, but ah, to heaven how  
 near!  
 Dante, whence flowed that solemn verse  
 of thine  
 Like the stern river from its Apennine  
 Whose name the far-off Scythian thrilled  
 with fear:  
 Now to all lands thy deep-toned voice is  
 dear,  
 And every language knows the Song  
 Divine!

## AT THE UNITARIAN FESTIVAL

MARCH 8, 1882

THE waves unbuild the wasting shore;  
 Where mountains towered the billows  
 sweep,  
 Yet still their borrowed spoils restore,  
 And build new empires from the deep.  
 So while the floods of thought lay waste  
 The proud domain of priestly creeds,  
 Its heaven-appointed tides will haste  
 To plant new homes for human needs.  
 Be ours to mark with hearts unchilled  
 The change an outworn church deploras;  
 The legend sinks, but Faith shall build  
 A fairer throne on new-found shores.

## POEM

FOR THE TWO HUNDRED AND FIFTIETH  
 ANNIVERSARY OF THE FOUNDING OF  
 HARVARD COLLEGE

TWICE had the mellowing sun of autumn  
 crowned  
 The hundredth circle of his yearly round,  
 When, as we meet to-day, our fathers met:  
 That joyous gathering who can e'er forget,  
 When Harvard's nurslings, scattered far  
 and wide,  
 Through mart and village, lake's and  
 ocean's side,  
 Came, with one impulse, one fraternal  
 throng,  
 And crowned the hours with banquet,  
 speech, and song?

Once more revived in fancy's magic glass,  
 I see in state the long procession pass:  
 Tall, courtly, leader as by right divine,  
 Winthrop, our Winthrop, rules the mar-  
 shalled line,  
 Still seen in front, as on that far-off day  
 His ribboned baton showed the column's  
 way.  
 Not all are gone who marched in manly  
 pride  
 And waved their truncheons at their lead-  
 er's side;  
 Gray, Lowell, Dixwell, who his empire  
 shared,  
 These to be with us envious Time has  
 spared.

Few are the faces, so familiar then,  
 Our eyes still meet amid the haunts of  
 men;  
 Scarce one of all the living gathered there,  
 Whose unthinned locks betrayed a silver  
 hair,  
 Greets us to-day, and yet we seem the  
 same  
 As our own sires and grandsires, save in  
 name.  
 There are the patriarchs, looking vaguely  
 round  
 For classmates' faces, hardly known if  
 found;  
 See the cold brow that rules the busy mart;  
 Close at its side the pallid son of art,  
 Whose purchased skill with borrowed  
 meaning clothes,  
 And stolen hues, the smirking face he  
 loathes.  
 Here is the patient scholar; in his looks  
 You read the titles of his learned books;  
 What classic lore those spidery crow's-feet  
 speak!  
 What problems figure on that wrinkled  
 cheek!  
 For never thought but left its stiffened  
 trace,  
 Its fossil footprint, on the plastic face,  
 As the swift record of a raindrop stands,  
 Fixed on the tablet of the hardening sands.  
 On every face as on the written page  
 Each year renews the autograph of age;  
 One trait alone may wasting years defy, —  
 The fire still lingering in the poet's eye,  
 While Hope, the siren, sings her sweetest  
 strain, —  
*Non omnis moriar* is its proud refrain.

Sadly we gaze upon the vacant chair;  
 He who should claim its honors is not  
 there, —  
 Otis, whose lips the listening crowd en-  
 thrall  
 That press and pack the floor of Boston's  
 hall.  
 But Kirkland smiles, released from toil  
 and care  
 Since the silk mantle younger shoulders  
 wear, —  
 Quiney's, whose spirit breathes the self-  
 same fire  
 That filled the bosom of his youthful sire,  
 Who for the altar bore the kindled torch  
 To freedom's temple, dying in its porch.

Three grave professions in their sons appear,  
Whose words well studied all well pleased  
will hear:

Palfrey, ordained in varied walks to shine,  
Statesman, historian, critic, and divine;  
Solid and square behold majestic Shaw,  
A mass of wisdom and a mine of law;  
Warren, whose arm the doughtiest war-  
riors fear,  
Asks of the startled crowd to lend its ear, —  
Proud of his calling, him the world loves  
best,  
Not as the coming, but the parting guest.

Look on that form, — with eye dilating scan  
The stately mould of nature's kingliest man!  
Tower-like he stands in life's unfaded prime;  
Ask you his name? None asks a second  
time!

He from the land his outward semblance  
takes,

Where storm-swept mountains watch o'er  
slumbering lakes.

See in the impress which the body wears  
How its imperial might the soul declares:  
The forehead's large expansion, lofty, wide,  
That locks unsilvered vainly strive to hide;  
The lines of thought that plough the sober  
cheek;

Lips that betray their wisdom ere they speak  
In tones like answers from Dodona's grove;  
An eye like Juno's when she frowns on Jove.  
I look and wonder; will he be content —  
This man, this monarch, for the purple  
meant —

The meaner duties of his tribe to share,  
Clad in the garb that common mortals  
wear?

Ah, wild Ambition, spread thy restless  
wings,  
Beneath whose plumes the hidden æstrum  
stings;

Thou whose bold flight would leave earth's  
vulgar crowds,

And like the eagle soar above the clouds,  
Must feel the pang that fallen angels know  
When the red lightning strikes thee from  
below!

Less bronze, more silver, mingles in the  
mould

Of him whom next my roving eyes behold;  
His, more the scholar's than the statesman's  
face,

Proclaims him born of academic race.

Weary his look, as if an aching brain  
Left on his brow the frozen prints of pain;  
His voice far-reaching, grave, sonorous,  
owns

A shade of sadness in its plaintive tones,  
Yet when its breath some loftier thought  
inspires

Glow with a heat that every bosom fires.  
Such Everett seems; no chance-sown wild  
flower knows

The full-blown charms of culture's double  
rose, —

Alas, how soon, by death's unsparing frost,  
Its bloom is faded and its fragrance lost!

Two voices, only two, to earth belong,  
Of all whose accents met the listening  
throng:

Winthrop, alike for speech and guidance  
framed,

On that proud day a twofold duty claimed;  
One other yet, — remembered or forgot, —  
Forgive my silence if I name him not.

Can I believe it? I, whose youthful voice  
Claimed a brief gamut, — notes not over  
choice, —

Stood undismayed before the solemn throng,  
And *propria voce* sung that saucy song  
Which even in memory turns my soul  
aghast, —

*Felix audacia* was the verdict cast.

What were the glory of these festal days  
Shorn of their grand illumination's blaze?  
Night comes at last with all her starry train  
To find a light in every glittering pane.  
From "Harvard's" windows see the sudden  
flash, —

Old "Massachusetts" glares through every  
sash;

From wall to wall the kindling splendors  
run

Till all is glorious as the noonday sun.

How to the scholar's mind each object  
brings

What some historian tells, some poet sings!  
The good gray teacher whom we all re-  
vered —

Loved, honored, laughed at, and by fresh-  
men feared,

As from old "Harvard," where its light  
began,

From hall to hall the clustering splendors  
ran —

Took down his well-worn Æschylus and read,

Lit by the rays a thousand tapers shed,  
How the swift herald crossed the leagues  
between

Mycenæ's monarch and his faithless queen;  
And thus he read, — my verse but ill displays

The Attic picture, clad in modern phrase:

*On Ida's summit flames the kindling pile,  
And Lemnos answers from his rocky isle;  
From Athos next it climbs the reddening skies,  
Thence where the watch-towers of Macistus  
rise.*

*The sentries of Mesapius in their turn  
Bid the dry heath in high-piled masses burn,  
Citharon's crag the crimson billows stain,  
Far Ægiplæctus joins the fiery train.  
Thus the swift courier through the pathless  
night*

*Has gained at length the Arachnan height,  
Whence the glad tidings, borne on wings of  
flame,  
"Ilium has fallen!" reach the royal dame.*

So ends the day; before the midnight stroke  
The lights expiring cloud the air with  
smoke;

While these the toil of younger hands employ,

The slumbering Grecian dreams of smouldering  
Troy.

As to that hour with backward steps I turn,  
Midway I pause; behold a funeral urn!  
Ah, sad memorial! known but all too well  
The tale which thus its golden letters tell:

*This dust, once breathing, changed its joyous  
life*

*For toil and hunger, wounds and mortal  
strife;*

*Love, friendship, learning's all-prevailing  
charms,*

*For the cold bivouac and the clash of arms.  
The cause of freedom won, a race enslaved*

*Called back to manhood, and a nation saved,  
These sons of Harvard, falling ere their  
prime,*

*Leave their proud memory to the coming time.*

While in their still retreats our scholars  
turn

The mildewed pages of the past, to learn

With endless labor of the sleepless brain  
What once has been and ne'er shall be  
again,

We reap the harvest of their ceaseless toil  
And find a fragrance in their midnight oil.

But let a purblind mortal dare the task  
The embryo future of itself to ask,

The world reminds him, with a scornful  
laugh,

That times have changed since Prospero  
broke his staff.

Could all the wisdom of the schools foretell  
The dismal hour when Lisbon shook and  
fell,

Or name the shuddering night that toppled  
down

Our sister's pride, beneath whose mural  
crown

Scaree had the scowl forgot its angry lines,  
When earth's blind prisoners fired their  
fatal mines?

New realms, new worlds, exalting Science  
claims,

Still the dim future unexplored remains;  
Her trembling scales the far-off planet  
weigh,

Her torturing prisons its elements betray.—  
We know what ores the fires of Sirius  
melt,

What vaporous metals gild Orion's belt;  
Angels, archangels, may have yet to learn

Those hidden truths our heaven-taught  
eyes discern;

Yet vain is Knowledge, with her mystic  
wand,

To pierce the cloudy screen and read be-  
yond;

Once to the silent stars the fates were  
known,

To us they tell no secrets but their own.

At Israel's altar still we humbly bow,  
But where, oh where, are Israel's prophets  
now?

Where is the sibyl with her hoarded leaves?  
Where is the charm the weird enchantress  
weaves?

No croaking raven turns the auspex pale,  
No reeking altars tell the morrow's tale;

The measured footsteps of the Fates are  
dumb,

Unseen, unheard, unheralded, they come,  
Prophet and priest and all their following  
fail.

Who then is left to rend the future's veil?

Who but the poet, he whose nicer sense  
 No film can baffle with its slight defence,  
 Whose finer vision marks the waves that  
 stray,  
 Felt, but unseen, beyond the violet ray? —  
 Who, while the storm-wind waits its dark-  
 ening shroud,  
 Foretells the tempest ere he sees the  
 cloud,—

Stays not for time his secrets to reveal,  
 But reads his message ere he breaks the  
 seal.

So Mantua's bard foretold the coming day  
 Ere Bethlehem's infant in the manger lay;  
 The promise trusted to a mortal tongue  
 Found listening ears before the angels  
 sung.

So while his load the creeping pack-horse  
 galled,

While inch by inch the dull canal-boat  
 crawled,

Darwin beheld a Titan from "afar  
 Drag the slow barge or drive the rapid car,"  
 That panting giant fed by air and flame,  
 The mightiest forges task their strength to  
 tame.

Happy the poet! him no tyrant fact  
 Holds in its clutches to be chained and  
 racked;

Him shall no mouldy document convict,  
 No stern statistics gravely contradict;  
 No rival sceptre threatens his airy throne;  
 He rules o'er shadows, but he reigns alone.  
 Shall I the poet's broad dominion claim  
 Because you bid me wear his sacred name  
 For these few moments? Shall I boldly  
 clash

My flint and steel, and by the sudden flash  
 Read the fair vision which my soul descries  
 Through the wide pupils of its wondering  
 eyes?

List then awhile; the fifty years have sped;  
 The third full century's opened scroll is  
 spread,

Blank to all eyes save his who dimly sees  
 The shadowy future told in words like  
 these:

How strange the prospect to my sight ap-  
 pears,

Changed by the busy hands of fifty years!  
 Full well I know our ocean-salted Charles,  
 Filling and emptying through the sands  
 and marls

That wall his restless stream on either bank,  
 Not all unlovely when the sedges rank  
 Lend their coarse veil the sable ooze to  
 hide

That bares its blackness with the ebbing  
 tide.

In other shapes to my illumined eyes  
 Those ragged margins of our stream arise:  
 Through walls of stone the sparkling wa-  
 ters flow,

In clearer depths the golden sunsets glow,  
 On purer waves the lamps of midnight  
 gleam,

That silver o'er the unpolluted stream.  
 Along his shores what stately temples rise,  
 What spires, what turrets, print the shad-  
 owed skies!

Our smiling Mother sees her broad domain  
 Spread its tall roofs along the western  
 plain;

Those blazoned windows' blushing glories  
 tell

Of grateful hearts that loved her long and  
 well;

Yon gilded dome that glitters in the sun  
 Was Dives' gift,—alas, his only one!

These buttressed walls enshrine a banker's  
 name,

That hallowed chapel hides a miser's  
 shame;

Their wealth they left,—their memory  
 cannot fade

Though age shall crumble every stone they  
 laid.

Great lord of millions,—let me call thee  
 great,

Since countless servants at thy bidding  
 wait,—

*Richesse oblige*: no mortal must be blind  
 To all but self, or look at human kind

Laboring and suffering,—all its want and  
 woe,—

Through sheets of crystal, as a pleasing  
 show

That makes life happier for the chosen  
 few

Duty for whom is something not to do.  
 When thy last page of life at length is  
 filled,

What shall thine heirs to keep thy memory  
 build?

Will piles of stone in Auburn's mournful  
 shade

Save from neglect the spot where thou art  
 laid?



Nay, deem not thus; the sauntering stran-  
ger's eye

Will pass unmoved thy columned tombstone  
by,

No memory wakened, not a teardrop shed,  
Thy name uncarved for auld thy date unread.

But if thy record thou indeed dost prize,  
Bid from the soil some stately temple  
rise,—

Some hall of learning, some memorial  
shrine,

With names long honored to associate  
thine;

So shall thy fame outlive thy shattered  
bust

When all around thee slumber in the dust.  
Thus England's Henry lives in Eton's  
towers,

Saved from the spoil oblivion's gulf de-  
vours;

Our later records with as fair a fame  
Have wreathed each uncrowned benefac-  
tor's name;

The walls they reared the memories still  
retain

That churchyard marbles try to keep in  
vain.

In vain the delving antiquary tries  
To find the tomb where generous Harvard  
lies:

Here, here, his lasting monument is found,  
Where every spot is consecrated ground!  
O'er Stoughton's dust the crumbling stone  
decays,

Fast fade its lines of lapidary praise;  
There the wild bramble weaves its ragged  
nets,

There the dry lichen spreads its gray ro-  
settes;

Still in yon walls his memory lives un-  
spent,

Nor asks a braver, nobler monument.  
Thus Hollis lives, and Holden, honored,  
praised,

And good Sir Matthew, in the halls they  
raised;

Thus live the worthies of these later times,  
Who shine in deeds, less brilliant, grouped  
in rhymes.

Say, shall the Muse with faltering steps  
retreat,

Or dare these names in rhythmic form re-  
peat?

Why not as boldly as from Homer's lips  
The long array of Argive battle-ships?

When o'er our graves a thousand years  
have past

(If to such date our threatened globe shall  
last)

These classic precincts, myriad feet have  
pressed,

Will show on high, in beauteous garlands  
dressed,

Those honored names that grace our later  
day,—

Weld, Matthews, Sever, Thayer, Austin,  
Gray,

Sears, Phillips, Lawrence, Hemenway.—  
to the list

Add Sanders, Sibley,—all the Muse has  
missed.

Once more I turn to read the pictured page  
Bright with the promise of the coming age.

Ye unborn sons of children yet unborn,  
Whose youthful eyes shall greet that far-off  
morn,

Blest are those eyes that all undimmed be-  
hold

The sights so longed for by the wise of old.  
From high-arched alcoves, through re-  
sounding halls,

Clad in full robes majestic Science calls,  
Tireless, unsleeping, still at Nature's feet,  
Whate'er she utters fearless to repeat,  
Her lips at last from every cramp released  
That Israel's prophet caught from Egypt's  
priest.

I see the statesman, firm, sagacious, bold,  
For life's long conflict east in amplest  
mould;

Not his to clamor with the senseless throng  
That shouts unshamed, "Our party, right  
or wrong,"

But in the patriot's never-ending fight  
To side with Truth, who changes wrong to  
right.

I see the scholar; in that wondrous time  
Men, women, children, all can write in  
rhyme.

These four brief lines addressed to youth  
inclined

To idle rhyming in his notes I find:

*Who writes in verse that should have writ in  
prose*

*Is like a traveller walking on his toes;*

*Happy the rhymester who in time has found*

*The heels he lifts were made to touch the  
ground.*

I see gray teachers, — on their work intent,  
Their lavished lives, in endless labor spent,  
Had closed at last in age and penury  
wrecked,

Martyrs, not burned, but frozen in neglect,  
Save for the generous hands that stretched  
in aid

Of worn-out servants left to die half paid.  
Ah, many a year will pass, I thought, ere  
we

Such kindly forethought shall rejoice to  
see, —

Monarchs are mindful of the sacred debt  
That cold republics hasten to forget.

I see the priest, — if such a name he  
bears

Who without pride his sacred vestment  
wears;

And while the symbols of his tribe I seek  
Thus my first impulse bids me think and  
speak:

Let not the mitre England's prelate wears  
Next to the crown whose regal pomp it  
shares,

Though low before it courtly Christians  
bow,

Leave its red mark on Younger England's  
brow.

We love, we honor, the maternal dame,  
But let her priesthood wear a modest name,  
While through the waters of the Pilgrim's  
bay

A new-born Mayflower shows her keels the  
way.

Too old grew Britain for her mother's  
beads, —

Must we be necklaced with her children's  
creeds?

Welcome alike in surplice or in gown  
The loyal lieges of the Heavenly Crown!  
We greet with cheerful, not submissive,  
mien

A sister church, but not a mitred Queen!

A few brief flutters, and the unwilling  
Muse,

Who feared the flight she hated to refuse,  
Shall fold the wings whose gayer plumes  
are shed,

Here where at first her half-fledged pin-  
ions spread.

Well I remember in the long ago  
How in the forest shades of Fontainebleau,

Strained through a fissure in a rocky cell,  
One crystal drop with measured cadence  
fell.

Still, as of old, forever bright and clear,  
The fissured cavern drops its wonted tear,  
And wondrous virtue, simple folk aver,  
Lies in that teardrop of *la roche qui pleure*.

Of old I wandered by the river's side  
Between whose banks the mighty waters  
glide,

Where vast Niagara, hurrying to its fall,  
Builds and unbuilds its ever-tumbling wall;  
Oft in my dreams I hear the rush and roar  
Of battling floods, and feel the trembling  
shore,

As the huge torrent, girded for its leap,  
With bellowing thunders plunges down the  
steep.

Not less distinct, from memory's pic-  
tured urn,

The gray old rock, the leafy woods, return;  
Robed in their pride the lofty oaks appear,  
And once again with quickened sense I  
hear,

Through the low murmur of the leaves  
that stir,

The tinkling teardrop of *la roche qui pleure*.

So when the third ripe century stands com-  
plete,

As once again the sons of Harvard meet,  
Rejoicing, numerous as the seashore sands,  
Drawn from all quarters, — farthest dis-  
tant lands,

Where through the reeds the scaly saurian  
steals,

Where cold Alaska feeds her floundering  
seals,

Where Plymouth, glorying, wears her iron  
crown,

Where Sacramento sees the suns go down;  
Nay, from the cloisters whence the reflux  
tide

Wafts their pale students to our Mother's  
side, —

Mid all the tumult that the day shall  
bring,

While all the echoes shout, and roar, and  
ring,

These tinkling lines, oblivion's easy prey,  
Once more emerging to the light of day,  
Not all unpleasing to the listening ear  
Shall wake the memories of this bygone  
year,

Heard as I hear the measured drops that  
 flow  
 From the gray rock of wooded Fontaine-  
 bleau.

Yet, ere I leave, one loving word for all  
 Those fresh young lives that wait our  
 Mother's call:

One gift is yours, kind Nature's richest  
 dower, —  
 Youth, the fair bud that holds life's opening  
 flower,  
 Full of high hopes no coward doubts en-  
 chain,  
 With all the future throbbing in its brain,  
 And mightiest instincts which the beating  
 heart

Fills with the fire its burning waves impart.  
 O joyous youth, whose glory is to dare, —  
 Thy foot firm planted on the lowest stair,  
 Thine eye uplifted to the loftiest height  
 Where Fame stands beckoning in the rosy  
 light,

Thanks for thy flattering tales, thy fond  
 deceits,  
 Thy loving lies, thy cheerful smiling cheats !  
 Nature's rash promise every day is broke, —  
 A thousand acorns breed a single oak.  
 The myriad blooms that make the orchard  
 gay

In barren beauty throw their lives away;  
 Yet shall we quarrel with the sap that  
 yields  
 The painted blossoms which adorn the fields,  
 When the fair orchard wears its May-day  
 suit

Of pink-white petals, for its scanty fruit ?  
 Thrice happy hours, in hope's illusion  
 dressed,

In fancy's cradle nurtured and caressed,  
 Though rich the spoils that ripening years  
 may bring,

To thee the dewdrops of the Orient cling, —  
 Not all the dye-stuffs from the vats of truth  
 Can match the rainbow on the robes of  
 youth !

Dear unborn children, to our Mother's trust  
 We leave you, fearless, when we lie in dust:  
 While o'er these walls the Christian banner  
 waves

From hallowed lips shall flow the truth  
 that saves;

While o'er those portals *Veritas* you read

No church shall bind you with its human  
 creed.

Take from the past the best its toil has  
 won,

But learn betimes its slavish ruts to shun.  
 Pass the old tree whose withered leaves are  
 shed,

Quit the old paths that error loved to tread,  
 And a new wreath of living blossoms seek,  
 A narrower pathway up a loftier peak;  
 Lose not your reverence, but unmanly fear  
 Leave far behind you, all who enter here !

As once of old from Ida's lofty height  
 The flaming signal flashed across the night,  
 So Harvard's beacon sheds its unspent rays  
 Till every watch-tower shows its kindling  
 blaze.

Caught from a spark and fanned by every  
 gale,

A brighter radiance gilds the roofs of Yale;  
 Amherst and Williams bid their flambeaus  
 shine,

And Bowdoin answers through her groves  
 of pine;

O'er Princeton's sands the far reflections  
 steal,

Where mighty Edwards stamped his iron  
 heel;

Nay, on the hill where old beliefs were  
 bound

Fast as if Styx had girt them nine times  
 round,

Bursts such a light that trembling souls  
 inquire

If the whole church of Calvin is on fire !  
 Well may they ask, for what so brightly  
 burns

As a dry creed that nothing ever learns ?  
 Thus link by link is knit the flaming chain

Lit by the torch of Harvard's hallowed  
 plain.

Thy son, thy servant, dearest Mother mine,  
 Lays this poor offering on thy holy shrine,  
 An autumn leaflet to the wild winds tost,  
 Touched by the finger of November's frost,  
 With sweet, sad memories of that earlier  
 day,

And all that listened to my first-born lay,  
 With grateful heart this glorious morn I  
 see, —

Would that my tribute worthier were of  
 thee !

## POST-PRANDIAL

PHI BETA KAPPA

WENDELL PHILLIPS, ORATOR; CHARLES GOD-  
FREY LELAND, POET

1881

"THE Dutch have taken Holland," — so  
the school-boys used to say;  
The Dutch have taken Harvard, — no doubt  
of that to-day!  
For the Wendells were low Dutchmen, and  
all their vrows were Vans;  
And the Breitmanns are high Dutchmen,  
and here is honest Hans.

Mynheers, you both are welcome! Fair  
cousin Wendell P.,  
Our ancestors were dwellers beside the  
Zuyder Zee;  
Both Grotius and Erasmus were country-  
men of we,  
And Vondel was our namesake, though he  
spelt it with a V.

It is well old Evert Jansen sought a dwell-  
ing over sea  
On the margin of the Hudson, where he  
sampled you and me  
Through our grandsires and great-grand-  
sires, for you would n't quite agree  
With the steady-going burghers along the  
Zuyder Zee.

Like our Motley's John of Barnveld, you  
have always been inclined  
To speak, — well, — somewhat frankly, —  
to let us know your mind,  
And the Mynheers would have told you to  
be cautious what you said,  
Or else that silver tongue of yours might  
cost you precious head.

But we're very glad you've kept it; it was  
always Freedom's own,  
And whenever Reason chose it she found  
a royal throne;  
You have whacked us with your sceptre;  
our backs were little harmed,  
And while we rubbed our bruises we owned  
we had been charmed.

And you, our *quasi* Dutchman, what wel-  
come should be yours  
For all the wise prescriptions that work  
your laughter-cures?  
"Shake before taking"? — not a bit, —  
the bottle-cure's a sham;  
Take before shaking, and you'll find it  
shakes your diaphragm.

"Hans Breitmann gif a barty, — where is  
dot barty now?"  
On every shelf where wit is stored to  
smooth the careworn brow!  
A health to stout Hans Breitmann! How  
long before we see  
Another Hans as handsome, — as bright a  
man as he!

## THE FLÂNEUR

BOSTON COMMON, DECEMBER 6, 1882

DURING THE TRANSIT OF VENUS

I LOVE all sights of earth and skies,  
From flowers that glow to stars that shine;  
The comet and the penny show,  
All curious things, above, below,  
Hold each in turn my wandering eyes:  
I claim the Christian Pagan's line,  
*Humani nihil*, — even so, —  
And is not human life divine?

When soft the western breezes blow,  
And strolling youths meet sauntering maids,  
I love to watch the stirring trades  
Beneath the Vallombrosa shades  
Our much-enduring elms bestow;  
The vender and his rhetoric's flow,  
That lambent stream of liquid lies;  
The bait he dangles from his line,  
The gudgeon and his gold-washed prize.  
I halt before the blazoned sign  
That bids me linger to admire  
The drama time can never tire,  
The little hero of the hunch,  
With iron arm and soul of fire,  
And will that works his fierce desire, —  
Untamed, unscared, unconquered Punch!  
My ear a pleasing torture finds  
In tones the withered sibyl grinds, —  
The *dame sans merci's* broken strain,  
Whom I erewhile, perchance, have known,

When Orleans filled the Bourbon throne,  
A siren singing by the Seine.

But most I love the tube that spies  
The orbs celestial in their march;  
That shows the comet as it whisks  
Its tail across the planets' disks,  
As if to blind their blood-shot eyes;  
Or wheels so close against the sun  
We tremble at the thought of risks  
Our little spinning ball may run,  
To pop like corn that children parch,  
From summer something overdone,  
And roll, a cinder, through the skies.

Grudge not to-day the scanty fee  
To him who farms the firmament,  
To whom the Milky Way is free;  
Who holds the wondrous crystal key,  
The silent Open Sesame  
That Science to her sons has lent;  
Who takes his toll, and lifts the bar  
That shuts the road to sun and star.  
If Venus only comes to time,  
(And prophets say she must and shall.)  
To-day will hear the tinkling chime  
Of many a ringing silver dime,  
For him whose optic glass supplies  
The crowd with astronomic eyes, —  
The Galileo of the Mall.

Dimly the transit morning broke;  
The sun seemed doubting what to do,  
As one who questions how to dress,  
And takes his doublets from the press,  
And halts between the old and new.  
Please Heaven he wear his suit of blue,  
Or don, at least, his ragged cloak,  
With rents that show the azure through!

I go the patient crowd to join  
That round the tube my eyes discern,  
The last new-comer of the file,  
And wait, and wait, a weary while,  
And gape, and stretch, and shrug, and  
smile,  
(For each his place must fairly earn,  
Hindmost and foremost, in his turn,)  
Till hitching onward, pace by pace,  
I gain at last the envied place,  
And pay the white exiguous coin:  
The sun and I are face to face;  
He glares at me, I stare at him;  
And lo! my straining eye has found  
A little spot that, black and round,

Lies near the crimsoned fire-orb's rim.  
O blessed, beauteous evening star,  
Well named for her whom earth adores, —  
The Lady of the dove-drawn ear, —  
I know thee in thy white simar;  
But veiled in black, a rayless spot,  
Blank as a careless scribbler's blot,  
Stripped of thy robe of silvery flame, —  
The stolen robe that Night restores  
When Day has shut his golden doors, —  
I see thee, yet I know thee not;  
And canst thou call thyself the same?

A black, round spot, — and that is all;  
And such a speck our earth would be  
If he who looks upon the stars  
Through the red atmosphere of Mars  
Could see our little creeping ball  
Across the disk of crimson crawl  
As I our sister planet see.

And art thou, then, a world like ours,  
Flung from the orb that whirled our own  
A molten pebble from its zone?  
How must thy burning sands absorb  
The fire-waves of the blazing orb,  
Thy chain so short, thy path so near,  
Thy flame-defying creatures hear  
The maelstroms of the photosphere!  
And is thy bosom decked with flowers  
That steal their bloom from scalding show-  
ers?  
And hast thou cities, domes, and towers,  
And life, and love that makes it dear,  
And death that fills thy tribes with fear?

Lost in my dream, my spirit soars  
Through paths the wandering angels know;  
My all-pervading thought explores  
The azure ocean's lucent shores;  
I leave my mortal self below,  
As up the star-lit stairs I climb,  
And still the widening view reveals  
In endless rounds the circling wheels  
That build the horologe of time.  
New spheres, new suns, new systems gleam;  
The voice no earth-born echo hears  
Steals softly on my ravished ears:  
I hear them "singing as they shine" —  
A mortal's voice dissolves my dream:  
My patient neighbor, next in line,  
Hints gently there are those who wait.  
O guardian of the starry gate,  
What coin shall pay this debt of mine?  
Too slight thy claim, too small the fee

That bids thee turn the potent key  
 The Tuscan's hand has placed in thine.  
 Forgive my own the small affront,  
 The insult of the proffered dime;  
 Take it, O friend, since this thy wont,  
 But still shall faithful memory be  
 A bankrupt debtor unto thee,  
 And pay thee with a grateful rhyme.

## AVE

## PRELUDE TO "ILLUSTRATED POEMS"

FULL well I know the frozen hand has come  
 That smites the songs of grove and garden  
 dumb,  
 And chills sad autumn's last chrysanthe-  
 mum;

Yet would I find one blossom, if I might,  
 Ere the dark loom that weaves the robe of  
 white  
 Hides all the wrecks of summer out of sight.

Sometimes in dim November's narrowing  
 day,  
 When all the season's pride has passed  
 away,  
 As mid the blackened stems and leaves we  
 stray,

We spy in sheltered nook or rocky cleft  
 A starry disk the hurrying winds have left,  
 Of all its blooming sisterhood bereft:

Some pansy, with its wondering baby eyes —  
 Poor wayside nursling! — fixed in blank  
 surprise  
 At the rough welcome of unfriendly skies;

Or golden daisy, — will it dare disclaim  
 The lion's tooth, to wear this gentler name ?  
 Or blood-red salvia, with its lips aflame:

The storms have stripped the lily and the  
 rose,  
 Still on its cheek the flush of summer  
 glows,  
 And all its heart-leaves kindle as it blows.

So had I looked some bud of song to find  
 The careless winds of autumn left behind,  
 With these of earlier seasons' growth to  
 bind.

Ah me ! my skies are dark with sudden  
 grief,  
 A flower lies faded on my garnered sheaf;  
 Yet let the sunshine gild this virgin leaf, —

The joyous, blessed sunshine of the past,  
 Still with me, though the heavens are  
 overcast, —  
 The light that shines while life and memory  
 last.

Go, pictured rhymes, for loving readers  
 meant;  
 Bring back the smiles your jocund morning  
 lent,  
 And warm their hearts with sunbeams yet  
 unspent !

## KING'S CHAPEL

READ AT THE TWO HUNDREDTH ANNI-  
VERSARY

Is it a weanling's weakness for the past  
 That in the stormy, rebel-breeding town,  
 Swept clean of relics by the levelling blast,  
 Still keeps our gray old chapel's name of  
 "King's,"  
 Still to its outworn symbols fondly clings, —  
 Its unchurched mitres and its empty  
 crown ?

Poor harmless emblems ! All has shrunk  
 away  
 That made them gorgons in the patriot's  
 eyes;  
 The priestly plaything harms us not to-day;  
 The gilded crown is but a pleasing show,  
 An old-world heirloom, left from long ago,  
 Wreck of the past that memory bids us  
 prize.

Lightly we glance the fresh-cut marbles o'er;  
 Those two of earlier date our eyes en-  
 thrall:  
 The proud old Briton's by the western door,  
 And hers, the Lady of Colonial days,  
 Whose virtues live in long-drawn classic  
 phrase, —  
 The fair Francesca of the southern wall.

Ay ! those were goodly men that Reynolds  
 drew,  
 And stately dames our Copley's canvas  
 holds,

To their old Church, their Royal Master,  
true,  
Proud of the claim their valiant sires had  
earned,  
That "gentle blood," not lightly to be  
spurned,  
Save by the churl ungenerous Nature  
moulds.

All vanished! It were idle to complain  
That ere the fruits shall come the flowers  
must fall;  
Yet somewhat we have lost amidst our  
gain,  
Some rare ideals time may not restore, —  
The charm of courtly breeding, seen no  
more,  
And reverence, dearest ornament of all.

Thus musing, to the western wall I came,  
Departing: lo! a tablet fresh and fair,  
Where glistened many a youth's remem-  
bered name  
In golden letters on the snow-white stone, —  
Young lives these aisles and arches once  
have known,  
Their country's bleeding altar might not  
spare.

These died that we might claim a soil un-  
stained,  
Save by the blood of heroes; their be-  
quests  
A realm unsevered and a race unchained.  
Has purer blood through Norman veins  
come down  
From the rough knights that clutched the  
Saxon's crown  
Than warmed the pulses in these faith-  
ful breasts?

These, too, shall live in history's deathless  
page,  
High on the slow-wrought pedestals of  
fame,  
Ranged with the heroes of remoter age;  
They could not die who left their nation free,  
Firm as the rock, unfettered as the sea,  
Its heaven unshadowed by the cloud of  
shame.

While on the storied past our memory  
dwells,  
Our grateful tribute shall not be de-  
nied, —

The wreath, the cross of rustling immor-  
telles;  
And willing hands shall clear each darken-  
ing bust,  
As year by year sifts down the clinging  
dust  
On Shirley's beauty and on Vassall's  
pride.

But for our own, our loved and lost, we bring  
With throbbing hearts and tears that  
still must flow,  
In full-heaped hands, the opening flowers  
of spring,  
Lilies half-blown, and budding roses, red  
As their young cheeks, before the blood  
was shed  
That lent their morning bloom its gener-  
ous glow.

Ah, who shall count a resented nation's  
debt,  
Or sum in words our martyrs' silent  
claims?  
Who shall our heroes' dread exchange for-  
get, —  
All life, youth, hope, could promise to  
allure  
For all that soul could brave or flesh en-  
dure?  
They shaped our future; we but carve  
their names.

## HYMN

## FOR THE SAME OCCASION

SUNG BY THE CONGREGATION TO THE TUNE  
OF TALLIS'S EVENING HYMN

O'ERSHADOWED by the walls that climb,  
Piled up in air by living hands,  
A rock amid the waves of time,  
Our gray old house of worship stands.

High o'er the pillared aisles we love  
The symbols of the past look down;  
Unharméd, unharmed, throned above,  
Behold the mitre and the crown!

Let not our younger faith forget  
The loyal souls that held them dear;  
The prayers we read their tears have wet,  
The hymns we sing they loved to hear.

The memory of their earthly throne  
Still to our holy temple clings,  
But here the kneeling suppliants own  
One only Lord, the King of kings.

Hark ! while our hymn of grateful praise  
The solemn echoing vaults prolong,  
The far-off voice of earlier days  
Blends with our own in hallowed song:

To Him who ever lives and reigns,  
Whom all the hosts of heaven adore,  
Who lent the life his breath sustains,  
Be glory now and evermore !

### HYMN — THE WORD OF PROMISE

(BY SUPPOSITION)

AN HYMN SET FORTH TO BE SUNG BY THE  
GREAT ASSEMBLY AT NEWTOWN, [MASS.] MO.  
12. I. 1636

*Written by OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, eldest son  
of Rev. ABEL HOLMES, eighth Pastor of the First  
Church in Cambridge, Massachusetts.*

LORD, Thou hast led us as of old  
Thine Arm led forth the chosen Race  
Through Foes that raged, through Floods  
that roll'd,  
To Canaan's far-off Dwelling-Place.

Here is Thy bounteous Table spread,  
Thy Manna falls on every Field,  
Thy Grace our hungering Souls hath fed,  
Thy Might hath been our Spear and  
Shield.

Lift high Thy Buckler, Lord of Hosts !  
Guard Thou Thy Servants, Sons and  
Sires,

While on the Godless heathen Coasts  
They light Thine Israel's Altar-fires !

The salvage Wilderness remote  
Shall hear Thy Works and Wonders  
sung;  
So from the Rock that Moses smote  
The Fountain of the Desert sprung.

Soon shall the slumbering Morn awake,  
From wandering Stars of Errour freed,  
When Christ the Bread of Heaven shall  
break  
For Saints that own a common Creed.

The Walls that fence His Flocks apart  
Shall crack and crumble in Decay,  
And every Tongue and every Heart  
Shall welcome in the new-born Day.

Then shall His glorious Church rejoice  
His Word of Promise to recall, —  
ONE SHELTERING FOLD, ONE SHEPHERD'S  
VOICE,  
ONE GOD AND FATHER OVER ALL !

### HYMN

READ AT THE DEDICATION OF THE  
OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES HOSPITAL  
AT HUDSON, WISCONSIN

JUNE 7, 1887

ANGEL of love, for every grief  
Its soothing balm thy mercy brings,  
For every pang its healing leaf,  
For homeless want, thine outspread wings.

Enough for thee the pleading eye,  
The knitted brow of silent pain;  
The portals open to a sigh  
Without the clank of bolt or chain.

Who is our brother ? He that lies  
Left at the wayside, bruised and sore:  
His need our open hand supplies,  
His welcome waits him at our door.

Not ours to ask in freezing tones  
His race, his calling, or his creed;  
Each heart the tie of kinship owns,  
When those are human veins that bleed.

Here stand the champions to defend  
From every wound that flesh can feel;  
Here science, patience, skill, shall blend  
To save, to calm, to help, to heal.

Father of Mercies ! Weak and frail,  
Thy guiding hand thy children ask;  
Let not the Great Physician fail  
To aid us in our holy task.

Source of all truth, and love, and light,  
That warm and cheer our earthly days,  
Be ours to serve Thy will aright,  
Be Thine the glory and the praise !



ON THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT  
GARFIELD

## I

FALLEN with autumn's falling leaf  
Ere yet his summer's noon was past,  
Our friend, our guide, our trusted chief, —  
What words can match a woe so vast !

And whose the chartered claim to speak  
The sacred grief where all have part,  
Where sorrow saddens every cheek  
And broods in every aching heart ?

Yet Nature prompts the burning phrase  
That thrills the hushed and shrouded  
hall,

The loud lament, the sorrowing praise,  
The silent tear that love lets fall.

In loftiest verse, in lowliest rhyme,  
Shall strive unblamed the minstrel  
choir. —

The singers of the new-born time,  
And trembling age with outworn lyre.

No room for pride, no place for blame, —  
We fling our blossoms on the grave.  
Pale, — scentless, — faded, — all we claim,  
This only, — what we had we gave.

Ah, could the grief of all who mourn  
Blend in one voice its bitter cry,  
The wail to heaven's high arches borne  
Would echo through the caverned sky.

## II

O happiest land, whose peaceful choice  
Fills with a breath its empty throne !  
God, speaking through thy people's voice,  
Has made that voice for once his own.

No angry passion shakes the state  
Whose weary servant seeks for rest,  
And who could fear that scowling hate  
Would strike at that unguarded breast ?

He stands, unconscions of his doom,  
In manly strength, erect, serene;  
Around him Summer spreads her bloom;  
He falls, — what horror clothes the scene !

How swift the sudden flash of woe  
Where all was bright as childhood's  
dream !

As if from heaven's ethereal bow  
Had leaped the lightning's arrowy gleam.

Blot the foul deed from history's page;  
Let not the all-betraying sun  
Blush for the day that stains an age  
When murder's blackest wreath was  
won.

## III

Pale on his couch the sufferer lies,  
The weary battle-ground of pain:  
Love tends his pillow; Science tries  
Her every art, alas ! in vain.

The strife endures how long ! how long !  
Life, death, seem balanced in the scale,  
While round his bed a viewless throng  
Await each morrow's changing tale.

In realms the desert ocean parts  
What myriads watch with tear-filled  
eyes,

His pulse-beats echoing in their hearts,  
His breathings counted with their sighs !

Slowly the stores of life are spent,  
Yet hope still battles with despair;  
Will Heaven not yield when knees are  
bent ?

Answer, O thou that hearest prayer !

But silent is the brazen sky;  
On sweeps the meteor's threatening  
train,

Unswerving Nature's mute reply,  
Bound in her adamant chain.

Not ours the verdict to decide  
Whom death shall claim or skill shall  
save;

The hero's life though Heaven denied,  
It gave our land a martyr's grave.

Nor count the teaching vainly sent  
How human hearts their griefs may  
share, —

The lesson woman's love has lent,  
What hope may do, what faith can  
bear !

Farewell! the leaf-strown earth enfolds  
 Our stay, our pride, our hopes, our fears,  
 And autumn's golden sun beholds  
 A nation bowed, a world in tears.

### THE GOLDEN FLOWER

WHEN Advent dawns with lessening days,  
 While earth awaits the angels' hymn;  
 When bare as branching coral sways  
 In whistling winds each leafless limb;  
 When spring is but a spendthrift's dream,  
 And summer's wealth a wasted dower,  
 Nor dews nor sunshine may redeem, —  
 Then autumn coins his Golden Flower.

Soft was the violet's vernal hue,  
 Fresh was the rose's morning red,  
 Full-orbed the stately dahlia grew, —  
 All gone! their short-lived splendors  
 shed.

The shadows, lengthening, stretch at noon;  
 The fields are stripped, the groves are  
 dumb;

The frost-flowers greet the icy moon, —  
 Then blooms the bright chrysanthemum.

The stiffening turf is white with snow,  
 Yet still its radiant disks are seen  
 Where soon the hallowed morn will show  
 The wreath and cross of Christmas  
 green;

As if in autumn's dying days  
 It heard the heavenly song afar,  
 And opened all its glowing rays,  
 The herald lamp of Bethlehem's star.

Orphan of summer, kindly sent  
 To cheer the fading year's decline,  
 In all that pitying Heaven has lent  
 No fairer pledge of Hope than thine.  
 Yes! June lies hid beneath the snow,  
 And winter's unborn heir shall claim  
 For every seed that sleeps below  
 A spark that kindles into flame.

Thy smile the scowl of winter braves,  
 Last of the bright-robed, flowery train,  
 Soft sighing o'er the garden graves,  
 "Farewell! farewell! we meet again!"  
 So may life's chill November bring  
 Hope's golden flower, the last of all,  
 Before we hear the angels sing  
 Where blossoms never fade and fall!

### YOUTH

[Read at the celebration of the thirty-first anniversary of the Boston Young Men's Christian Union, May 31, 1882.]

WHY linger round the sunken wrecks  
 Where old Armadas found their graves?  
 Why slumber on the sleepy decks  
 While foam and clash the angry waves?  
 Up! when the storm-blast rends the clouds,  
 And winged with ruin sweeps the gale,  
 Young feet must climb the quivering  
 shrouds,  
 Young hands must reef the bursting  
 sail!

Leave us to fight the tyrant creeds  
 Who felt their shackles, feel their scars;  
 The cheerful sunlight little heeds  
 The brutes that prowled beneath the  
 stars;  
 The dawn is here, the day star shows  
 The spoils of many a battle won,  
 But sin and sorrow still are foes  
 That face us in the morning sun.

Who sleeps beneath yon bannered mound  
 The proudly sorrowing mourner seeks,  
 The garland-bearing crowd surrounds?  
 A light-haired boy with beardless cheeks!  
 'Tis time this "fallen world" should  
 rise;  
 Let youth the sacred work begin!  
 What nobler task, what fairer prize  
 Than earth to save and Heaven to win?

### HAIL, COLUMBIA!

1798

#### THE FIRST VERSE OF THE SONG

BY JOSEPH HOPKINSON

"HAIL, Columbia! Happy land!  
 Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band,  
 Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,  
 Who fought and bled in Freedom's cause,  
 And when the storm of war was gone  
 Enjoy'd the peace your valor won.  
 Let independence be our boast,  
 Ever mindful what it cost;  
 Ever grateful for the prize,  
 Let its altar reach the skies.

" Firm — united — let us be,  
Rallying round our Liberty ;  
As a band of brothers join'd,  
Peace and safety we shall find."

## ADDITIONAL VERSES

WRITTEN AT THE REQUEST OF THE COMMITTEE FOR THE CONSTITUTIONAL CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION AT PHILADELPHIA, 1887

LOOK our ransomed shores around,  
Peace and safety we have found !  
Welcome, friends who once were foes !  
Welcome, friends who once were foes,  
To all the conquering years have gained, —  
A nation's rights, a race unchained !  
Children of the day new-born,  
Mindful of its glorious morn,  
Let the pledge our fathers signed  
Heart to heart forever bind !

While the stars of heaven shall burn,  
While the ocean tides return,  
Ever may the circling sun  
Find the Many still are One !

Graven deep with edge of steel,  
Crowned with Victory's crimson seal,  
All the world their names shall read !  
All the world their names shall read,  
Enrolled with his, the Chief that led  
The hosts whose blood for us was shed.  
Pay our sires their children's debt,  
Love and honor, nor forget  
Only Union's golden key  
Guards the Ark of Liberty !

While the stars of heaven shall burn,  
While the ocean tides return,  
Ever may the circling sun  
Find the Many still are One !

Hail, Columbia ! strong and free,  
Throned in hearts from sea to sea !  
Thy march triumphant still pursue !  
Thy march triumphant still pursue  
With peaceful stride from zone to zone,  
Till Freedom finds the world her own !  
Blest in Union's holy ties,  
Let our grateful song arise,  
Every voice its tribute lend,  
All in loving chorus blend !

While the stars in heaven shall burn,  
While the ocean tides return,  
Ever shall the circling sun  
Find the Many still are One !

## POEM

FOR THE DEDICATION OF THE FOUNTAIN AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON, PRESENTED BY GEORGE W. CHILDS, OF PHILADELPHIA

[Dated August 29, 1887.]

WELCOME, thrice welcome is thy silvery gleam,  
Thou long-imprisoned stream !  
Welcome the tinkle of thy crystal beads  
As plashing raindrops to the flowery meads,  
As summer's breath to Avon's whispering reeds !  
From rock-walled channels, drowned in rayless night,  
Leap forth to life and light ;  
Wake from the darkness of thy troubled dream,  
And greet with answering smile the morning's beam !

No purerymph the white-limbed Naiad knows  
Than from thy chalice flows ;  
Not the bright spring of Afric's sunny shores,  
Starry with spangles washed from golden ores,  
Nor glassy stream Bandusia's fountain pours,  
Nor wave translucent where Sabrina fair  
Braids her loose-flowing hair,  
Nor the swift current, stainless as it rose  
Where chill Arveiron steals from Alpine snows.

Here shall the traveller stay his weary feet  
To seek thy calm retreat ;  
Here at high noon the brown-armed reaper rest ;  
Here, when the shadows, lengthening from the west,  
Call the mute song-bird to his leafy nest,  
Matron and maid shall chat the cares away  
That brooded o'er the day,

While flocking round them troops of children meet,  
And all the arches ring with laughter sweet.

Here shall the steed, his patient life who spends

In toil that never ends,  
Hot from his thirsty tramp o'er hill and plain,

Plunge his red nostrils, while the torturing rein

Drops in loose loops beside his floating mane;

Nor the poor brute that shares his master's lot

Find his small needs forgot, —  
Truest of humble, long-enduring friends,  
Whose presence cheers, whose guardian care defends!

Here lark and thrush and nightingale shall sip,

And skimming swallows dip,  
And strange shy wanderers fold their lustrous plumes

Fragrant from bowers that lent their sweet perfumes

Where Pæstum's rose or Persia's lilac blooms;

Here from his cloud the eagle stoop to drink

At the full basin's brink,  
And whet his beak against its rounded lip,  
His glossy feathers glistening as they drip.

Here shall the dreaming poet linger long,

Far from his listening throng, —  
Nor lute nor lyre his trembling hand shall bring;

Here no frail Muse shall imp her crippled wing,

No faltering minstrel strain his throat to sing!

These hallowed echoes who shall dare to claim

Whose tuneless voice would shame,  
Whose jangling chords with jarring notes would wrong

The nymphs that heard the Swan of Avon's song?

What visions greet the pilgrim's raptured eyes!

What ghosts made real rise!

The dead return, — they breathe, — they live again,

Joined by the host of Fancy's airy train,  
Fresh from the springs of Shakespeare's quickening brain!

The stream that slakes the soul's diviner thirst

Here found the sunbeams first;  
Rich with his fame, not less shall memory prize

The gracious gift that humbler wants supplies.

O'er the wide waters reached the hand that gave

To all this bounteous wave,  
With health and strength and joyous beauty fraught;

Blest be the generous pledge of friendship, brought

From the far home of brothers' love, unbought!

Long may fair Avon's fountain flow, enrolled

With storied shrines of old,  
Castalia's spring, Egeria's dewy cave,  
And Horeb's rock the God of Israel clave!

Land of our fathers, ocean makes us two,  
But heart to heart is true!

Proud is your towering daughter in the West,  
Yet in her burning life-blood reign confest  
Her mother's pulses beating in her breast.  
This holy fount, whose rills from heaven descend,

Its gracious drops shall lend, —  
Both foreheads bathed in that baptismal dew,

And love make one the old home and the new!

#### TO THE POETS WHO ONLY READ AND LISTEN

WHEN evening's shadowy fingers fold  
The flowers of every hue,  
Some shy, half-opened bud will hold  
Its drop of morning's dew.

Sweeter with every sunlit hour  
The trembling sphere has grown,  
Till all the fragrance of the flower  
Becomes at last its own.

We that have sung perchance may find  
 Our little meed of praise,  
 And round our pallid temples bind  
 The wreath of fading bays:

Ah, Poet, who has never spent  
 Thy breath in idle strains,  
 For thee the dewdrop morning lent  
 Still in thy heart remains;

Unwasted, in its perfumed cell  
 It waits the evening gale;  
 Then to the azure whence it fell  
 Its lingering sweets exhale.

FOR THE DEDICATION OF THE  
 NEW CITY LIBRARY, BOSTON

NOVEMBER 26, 1888

PROUDLY, beneath her glittering dome,  
 Our three-hilled city greets the morn;  
 Here Freedom found her virgin home, —  
 The Bethlehem where her babe was  
 born.

The lordly roofs of traffic rise  
 Amid the smoke of household fires;  
 High o'er them in the peaceful skies  
 Faith points to heaven her clustering  
 spires.

Can Freedom breathe if ignorance reign?  
 Shall Commerce thrive where anarchy  
 rule?

Will Faith her half-fledged brood retain  
 If darkening counsels cloud the school?

Let in the light! from every age  
 Some gleams of garnered wisdom pour,  
 And, fixed on thought's electric page,  
 Wait all their radiance to restore.

Let in the light! in diamond mines  
 Their gems invite the hand that delves;  
 So learning's treasured jewels shine  
 Ranged on the alcove's ordered shelves.

From history's scroll the splendor streams,  
 From science leaps the living ray;  
 Flashed from the poet's glowing dreams  
 The opal fires of fancy play.

Let in the light! these windowed walls  
 Shall brook no shadowing colonnades,  
 But day shall flood the silent halls  
 Till o'er you hills the sunset fades.

Behind the ever open gate  
 No pikes shall fence a crumbling throne,  
 No lackeys cringe, no courtiers wait, —  
 This palace is the people's own!

Heirs of our narrow-girdled past,  
 How fair the prospect we survey,  
 Where howled unheard the wintry blast  
 And rolled unchecked the storm-swept  
 bay!

These chosen precincts, set apart  
 For learned toil and holy shrines,  
 Yield willing homes to every art  
 That trains, or strengthens, or refines.

Here shall the sceptred mistress reign  
 Who heeds her meanest subject's call,  
 Sovereign of all their vast domain,  
 The queen, the handmaid of them all!

TO JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

AT THE DINNER GIVEN IN HIS HONOR  
 AT THE TAVERN CLUB, ON HIS SEVEN-  
 TIETH BIRTHDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1889

A HEALTH to him whose double wreath  
 displays  
 The critic's ivy and the poet's bays;  
 Who stayed not till with undisputed claim  
 The civic garland filled his meed of fame;  
 True knight of Freedom, ere her doubtful  
 cause  
 Rose from the dust to meet the world's  
 applause,  
 His country's champion on the bloodless  
 field  
 Where truth and manhood stand for spear  
 and shield!

Who is the critic? He who never skips  
 The luckless passage where his author slips;  
 Slides o'er his merits, stumbles at his  
 faults,  
 Calls him a cripple if he sometimes halts.  
 Rich in the caustic epithets that sting,  
 The venom-vitriol malice loves to fling;

His quill a feathered fang at hate's command,

His ink the product of his poison-gland, —  
Is this the critic? Call him not a snake, —  
This noxious creature, — for the reptile's sake!

He is the critic who is first to mark  
The star of genius when its glimmering spark

First pricks the sky, not waiting to proclaim

Its coming glory till it bursts in flame.

He is the critic whose divining rod  
Tells where the waters hide beneath the sod;  
Whom studious search through varied lore  
has taught

The streams, the rills, the fountain-heads,  
of thought;

Who, if some careless phrase, some slipshod clause,

Crack Priscian's skull or break Quintilian's laws,

Points out the blunder in a kindly way,  
Nor tries his larger wisdom to display.

Where will you seek him? Wander far  
and wide,

Then turn and find him seated at your  
side!

Who is the poet? He who matches  
rhymes

In the last fashion of the new-born times;  
Sweats over sonnets till the toil seems  
worse

Than Heaven intended in the primal  
curse;

Work, duties, pleasures, every claim for-  
gets,

To shape his rondeaus and his triolets?

Or is it he whose random venture throws  
His lawless whimseys into moonstruck  
prose,

Where they who worship the barbarian's  
creed

Will find a rhythmic cadence as they read,  
As the pleased rustic hears a tune, or  
thinks

He hears a tune, in every bell that clinks?  
Are these the poets? Though their pens  
should blot

A thousand volumes, surely such are not.

Who is the poet? He whom Nature  
chose

In that sweet season when she made the  
rose.

Though with the changes of our colder  
clime

His birthday will come somewhat out of  
time,

Through all the shivering winter's frost  
and chill,

The bloom and fragrance cling around it  
still.

He is the poet who can stoop to read  
The secret hidden in a wayside weed;  
Whom June's warm breath with child-  
like rapture fills,

Whose spirit "dances with the daffodils;"  
Whom noble deeds with noble thoughts in-  
spire

And lend his verse the true Promethean fire;  
Who drinks the waters of enchanted  
streams

That wind and wander through the land of  
dreams;

For whom the unreal is the real world,  
Its fairer flowers with brighter dews im-  
pearled.

He looks a mortal till he spreads his  
wings, —

He seems an angel when he soars and sings!  
Behold the poet! Heaven his days pro-  
long,

Whom Elmwood's nursery cradled into  
song!

Who is the patriot? He who deftly  
bends

To every shift that serves his private ends,  
His face all smiling while his conscience  
squirms,

His back as limber as a canker worm's;  
Who sees his country floundering through  
a drift,

Nor stirs a hand the laboring wheel to  
lift,

But trusts to Nature's leisure-loving law,  
And waits with patience for the snow to  
thaw?

Or is he one who, called to conflict,  
draws

His trusty weapon in his country's cause;  
Who, born a poet, grasps his trenchant  
rhymes

And strikes unshrinking at the nation's  
crimes;

Who in the days of peril learns to teach  
The wisest lessons in the homeliest speech;  
Whose plain good sense, alive with tingling  
wit,

Can always find a handle that will fit;  
 Who touches lightly with Ithuriel spear  
 The toad close squatting at the people's  
 ear,  
 And bids the laughing, scornful world de-  
 sery  
 The masking demon, the incarnate lie ?  
 This, this is he his country well may say  
 Is fit to share her savior's natal day !

Think not the date a worn-out king  
 assigned  
 As Life's full measure holds for all man-  
 kind;  
 Shall Gladstone, crowned with eighty  
 years, withdraw ?  
 See, nearer home, the Lion of the Law —  
 How Court Street trembles when he leaves  
 his den,  
 Clad in the pomp of *four* score years and  
 ten !

Once more the health of Nature's favored  
 son,  
 The poet, critic, patriot, all in one;  
 Health, honor, friendship, ever round him  
 wait  
 In life's fair field beyond the seven-barred  
 gate !

BUT ONE TALENT

YE who yourselves of larger worth esteem  
 Than common mortals, listen to my dream,  
 And learn the lesson of life's cozening  
 cheat,  
 The coinage of conceit.

— The angel, guardian of my youth and  
 age,  
 Spread out before me an account-book's  
 page,  
 Saying, "This column marks what thou  
 dost owe, —  
 The gain thou hast to show."

"Spirit," I said, "I know, alas ! too well  
 How poor the tale thy record has to tell.  
 Much I received, — the little I have  
 brought  
 Seems by its side as naught.

"Five talents, all of Ophir's purest gold,  
 These five fair caskets ranged before thee  
 hold;

The first can show a few poor shekels' gain,  
 The rest unchanged remain.

"Bringing my scanty tribute, overawed,  
 To Him who reapeth where He hath not  
 strawed,  
 I tremble like a enlprit when I count  
 My whole vast debt's amount.

"What will He say to one from whom  
 were due  
 Ten talents, when he comes with less than  
 two ?  
 What can I do but shudder and await  
 The slothful servant's fate ?"

— As looks a mother on an erring child,  
 The angel looked me in the face and  
 smiled:

"How couldst thou, reckoning with thy-  
 self, contrive  
 To count thy talents five ?

"These caskets which thy flattering fan-  
 cies gild  
 Not all with Ophir's precious ore are  
 filled;  
 Thy debt is slender, for thy gift was small:  
*One* talent, — that was all.

"This second casket, with its grave pre-  
 fence,  
 Is weighty with thine IGNORANCE, dark  
 and dense,  
 Save for a single glowworm's glimmering  
 light  
 To mock its murky night

"The third conceals the DULNESS that was  
 thine.  
 How could thy mind its lack of wit di-  
 vine ?  
 Let not what Heaven assigned thee bring  
 thee blame;  
 Thy want is not thy shame.

"The fourth, so light to lift, so fair to see,  
 Is filled to bursting with thy VANITY,  
 The vaporous breath that kept thy hopes  
 alive  
 By counting one as five.

"These held but little, but the fifth held  
 less, —  
 Only blank vacuum, naked nothingness,

An idiot's portion. He who gave it knows  
Its claimant nothing owes.

"Thrice happy pauper he whose last account  
Shows on the debtor side the least amount!

The more thy gifts, the more thou needs  
must pay  
On life's dread reckoning day."

—Humbled, not grieving to be undeceived,  
I woke, from fears of hopeless debt relieved:

For sparing gifts but small returns are  
due, —  
Thank Heaven I had so few!

FOR THE WINDOW IN ST.  
MARGARET'S

IN MEMORY OF A SON OF ARCHDEACON  
FARRAR

AFAR he sleeps whose name is graven here,  
Where loving hearts his early doom de-  
plore;

Youth, promise, virtue, all that made him  
dear

Heaven lent, earth borrowed, sorrowing  
to restore.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

1819-1891

THOU shouldst have sung the swan-song  
for the choir

That filled our groves with music till the  
day

Lit the last hilltop with its reddening fire,  
And evening listened for thy lingering  
lay.

But thou hast found thy voice in realms afar  
Where strains celestial blend their notes  
with thee;

Some cloudless sphere beneath a happier  
star

Welcomes the bright-winged spirit we  
resign.

How Nature mourns thee in the still retreat  
Where passed in peace thy love-enchanted  
hours!

Where shall she find an eye like thine to  
greet  
Spring's earliest footprints on her open-  
ing flowers?

Have the pale wayside weeds no fond re-  
gret

For him who read the secrets they enfold?  
Shall the proud spangles of the field for-  
get

The verse that lent new glory to their  
gold?

And ye whose carols wooed his infant ear,  
Whose chants with answering woodnotes  
he repaid,

Have ye no song his spirit still may hear  
From Elmwood's vaults of overarching  
shade?

Friends of his studious hours, who thronged  
to teach

The deep-read scholar all your varied  
lore,

Shall he no longer seek your shelves to  
reach

The treasure missing from his world-  
wide store?

This singer whom we long have held so  
dear

Was Nature's darling, shapely, strong,  
and fair;

Of keenest wit, of judgment crystal-clear,  
Easy of converse, courteous, debonaire,

Fit for the loftiest or the lowliest lot,  
Self-poised, imperial, yet of simplest  
ways;

At home alike in castle or in cot,  
True to his aim, let others blame or  
praise.

Freedom he found an heirloom from his  
sires;

Song, letters, statecraft, shared his years  
in turn;

All went to feed the nation's altar-fires  
Whose mourning children wreath his  
funeral urn.

He loved New England, — people, lan-  
guage, soil,

Unweaned by exile from her arid breast.



Farewell awhile, white-handed son of  
toil,  
Go with her brown-armed laborers to thy  
rest.

Peace to thy slumber in the forest shade !  
Poet and patriot, every gift was thine;  
Thy name shall live while summers bloom  
and fade,  
And grateful Memory guard thy leafy  
shrine !

IN MEMORY OF JOHN GREEN-  
LEAF WHITTIER

DECEMBER 17, 1807 — SEPTEMBER 7, 1892

THOU, too, hast left us. While with heads  
bowed low,  
And sorrowing hearts, we mourned our  
summer's dead,  
The flying season bent its Parthian bow,  
And yet again our mingling tears were  
shed.

Was Heaven impatient that it could not  
wait  
The blasts of winter for earth's fruits to  
fall ?  
Were angels crowding round the open  
gate  
To greet the spirits coming at their  
call ?

Nay, let not fancies, born of old be-  
liefs,  
Play with the heart-beats that are throbbing  
still,  
And waste their outworn phrases on the  
griefs,  
The silent griefs that words can only  
chill.

For thee, dear friend, there needs no high-  
wrought lay,  
To shed its aureole round thy cherished  
name, —  
Thou whose plain, home-born speech of  
*Yea and Nay*  
Thy truthful nature ever best became.

Death reaches not a spirit such as thine, —  
It can but steal the robe that hid thy  
wings;

Though thy warm breathing presence we  
resign,  
Still in our hearts its loving semblance  
clings.

Peaceful thy message, yet for struggling  
right, —  
When Slavery's gauntlet in our face was  
flung, —  
While timid weaklings watched the dubi-  
ous fight  
No herald's challenge more defiant rung.

Yet was thy spirit tuned to gentle themes  
Sought in the haunts thy humble youth  
had known.  
Our stern New England's hills and vales  
and streams, —  
Thy tuneful idyls made them all their own.

The wild flowers springing from thy native  
soil  
Lent all their charms thy new-world  
song to fill, —  
Gave thee the mayflower and the golden-rod  
To match the daisy and the daffodil.

In the brave records of our earlier time  
A hero's deed thy generous soul inspired,  
And many a legend, told in ringing rhyme,  
The youthful soul with high resolve has  
fired.

Not thine to lean on priesthood's broken  
reed;  
No barriers eaged thee in a bigot's fold;  
Did zealots ask to syllable thy creed,  
Thou saidst "Our Father," and thy creed  
was told.

Best loved and saintliest of our singing  
train,  
Earth's noblest tributes to thy name be-  
long.  
A lifelong record closed without a stain,  
A blameless memory shrined in deathless  
song.

Lift from its quarried ledge a flawless  
stone;  
Smooth the green turf and bid the tablet  
rise,  
And on its snow-white surface carve alone  
These words, — he needs no more, —  
HERE WHITTIER LIES.

## TO THE TEACHERS OF AMERICA

[During a session in Boston of the National Educational Association, in February, 1893, Mr. Houghton and other publishers gave a reception for the purpose of introducing resident authors to the members of the association. It was on this occasion, February 23, 1893, that Dr. Holmes read the following verses.]

TEACHERS of teachers! Yours the task,  
Noblest that noble minds can ask,  
High up Aonia's murmurous mount,  
To watch, to guard the sacred fount  
That feeds the streams below;  
To guide the hurrying flood that fills  
A thousand silvery rippling rills  
In ever-widening flow.

Rich is the harvest from the fields  
That bounteous Nature kindly yields,  
But fairer growths enrich the soil  
Ploughed deep by thought's unwearied toil  
In Learning's broad domain.  
And where the leaves, the flowers, the  
fruits,  
Without your watering at the roots,  
To fill each branching vein?

Welcome! the Author's firmest friends,  
Your voice the surest Godspeed lends.  
Of you the growing mind demands  
The patient care, the guiding hands,  
Through all the mists of morn.  
And knowing well the future's need,  
Your prescient wisdom sows the seed  
To flower in years unborn.

## HYMN

WRITTEN FOR THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNI-  
VERSARY OF THE REORGANIZATION OF  
THE BOSTON YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN  
UNION, MAY 31, 1893

TUNE, "DUNDEE"

OUR Father! while our hearts unlearn  
The creeds that wrong thy name,  
Still let our hallowed altars burn  
With Faith's undying flame!

Not by the lightning-gleams of wrath  
Our souls thy face shall see,

The star of Love must light the path  
That leads to Heaven and Thee.

Help us to read our Master's will  
Through every darkening stain  
That clouds his sacred image still,  
And see Him once again,

The brother man, the pitying friend  
Who weeps for human woes,  
Whose pleading words of pardon blend  
With cries of raging foes.

If 'mid the gathering storms of doubt,  
Our hearts grow faint and cold,  
The strength we cannot live without  
Thy love will not withhold.

Our prayers accept; our sins forgive;  
Our youthful zeal renew;  
Shape for us holier lives to live,  
And nobler work to do!

## FRANCIS PARKMAN

SEPTEMBER 16, 1823 — NOVEMBER 8, 1893

Read at the memorial meeting of the Massa-  
chusetts Historical Society.

HE rests from toil; the portals of the  
tomb  
Close on the last of those unwearying  
hands  
That wove their pictured webs in History's  
loom,  
Rich with the memories of three distant  
lands.

One wrought the record of the Royal Pair  
Who saw the great Discoverer's sail un-  
furled,  
Happy his more than regal prize to share,  
The spoils, the wonders, of the sunset  
world.

There, too, he found his theme; upreared  
anew,  
Our eyes beheld the vanished Aztec  
shrines,  
And all the silver splendors of Peru  
That lured the conqueror to her fatal  
mines.

Nor less remembered he who told the tale  
Of empire wrested from the strangling  
sea;

Of Leyden's woe, that turned his readers  
pale,  
The price of unborn freedom yet to be;

Who taught the New World what the Old  
could teach;

Whose silent hero, peerless as our  
own,  
By deeds that mocked the feeble breath of  
speech

Called up to life a State without a  
Throne.

As year by year his tapestry unrolled,  
What varied wealth its growing length  
displayed!

What long processions flamed in cloth of  
gold!

What stately forms their flowing robes  
arrayed!

Not such the scenes our later craftsman  
drew;

Not such the shapes his darker pattern  
held;

A deeper shadow lent its sober hue,  
A sadder tale his tragic task compelled.

He told the red man's story; far and wide  
He searched the unwritten records of his  
race;

He sat a listener at the Sachem's side,  
He tracked the hunter through his wild-  
wood chase.

High o'er his head the soaring eagle  
screamed;

The wolf's long howl rang nightly;  
through the vale

Tramped the lone bear; the panther's eye-  
balls gleamed;  
The bison's gallop thundered on the gale.

Soon o'er the horizon rose the cloud of  
strife, —

Two proud, strong nations battling for  
the prize, —

Which swarming host should mould a na-  
tion's life,

Which royal banner float the western  
skies.

Long raged the conflict; on the crimson sod  
Native and alien joined their hosts in  
vain;

The lilies withered where the Lion trod,  
Till Peace lay panting on the ravaged  
plain.

A nobler task was theirs who strove to win  
The blood-stained heathen to the Chris-  
tian fold,

To free from Satan's clutch the slaves of  
sin;

Their labors, too, with loving grace he  
told.

Halting with feeble step, or bending o'er  
The sweet-breathed roses which he loved  
so well.

While through long years his burdening  
cross he bore,

From those firm lips no coward accents  
fell.

A brave, bright memory! his the stainless  
shield

No shame defaces and no envy mars!

When our far future's record is unsealed,  
His name will shine among its morning  
stars.

## POEMS FROM OVER THE TEACUPS

### TO THE ELEVEN LADIES

WHO PRESENTED ME WITH A SILVER  
LOVING CUP ON THE TWENTY-NINTH  
OF AUGUST, MDCCCLXXXIX

“Who gave this cup?” The secret thou  
wouldst steal  
Its brimming flood forbids it to reveal:  
No mortal’s eye shall read it till he first  
Cool the red throat of thirst.

If on the golden floor one draught remain,  
Trust me, thy careful search will be in  
vain;  
Not till the bowl is emptied shalt thou  
know  
The names enrolled below.

Deeper than Truth lies buried in her well  
Those modest names the graven letters spell  
Hide from the sight; but wait, and thou  
shalt see  
Who the good angels be

Whose bounty glistens in the beauteous gift  
That friendly hands to loving lips shall  
lift:  
Turn the fair goblet when its floor is dry,—  
Their names shall meet thine eye.

Count thou their number on the beads of  
Heaven:  
Alas! the clustered Pleiads are but seven;  
Nay, the nine sister Muses are too few,—  
The Graces must add two.

“For whom this gift?” For one who all  
too long  
Clings to his bough among the groves of  
song;  
Autumn’s last leaf, that spreads its faded  
wing  
To greet a second spring.

Dear friends, kind friends, whate’er the  
cup may hold,  
Bathing its burnished depths, will change  
to gold:  
Its last bright drop let thirsty Mænads  
drain,  
Its fragrance will remain.

Better love’s perfume in the empty bowl  
Then wine’s repenthe for the aching soul;  
Sweeter than song that ever poet sung,  
It makes an old heart young!

### THE PEAU DE CHAGRIN OF STATE STREET

How beauteous is the bond  
In the manifold array  
Of its promises to pay,  
While the eight per cent it gives  
And the rate at which one lives  
Correspond!

But at last the bough is bare  
Where the coupons one by one  
Through their ripening days have run,  
And the bond, a beggar now,  
Seeks investment anyhow,  
Anywhere!

### CACOETHES SCRIBENDI

If all the trees in all the woods were men;  
And each and every blade of grass a pen;  
If every leaf on every shrub and tree  
Turned to a sheet of foolscap; every sea  
Were changed to ink, and all earth’s living  
tribes  
Had nothing else to do but act as scribes,  
And for ten thousand ages, day and night,  
The human race should write, and write,  
and write,

Till all the pens and paper were used up,  
 And the huge inkstand was an empty cup,  
 Still would the scribblers clustered round  
 its brink  
 Call for more pens, more paper, and more  
 ink.

## THE ROSE AND THE FERN

LADY, life's sweetest lesson wouldst thou  
 learn,  
 Come thou with me to Love's enchanted  
 bower:  
 High overhead the trellised roses burn;  
 Beneath thy feet behold the feathery  
 fern, —  
 A leaf without a flower.

What though the rose leaves fall? They  
 still are sweet,  
 And have been lovely in their beauteous  
 prime,  
 While the bare frond seems ever to re-  
 peat,  
 "For us no bud, no blossom, wakes to greet  
 The joyous flowering time!"

Heed thou the lesson. Life has leaves to  
 tread  
 And flowers to cherish; summer round  
 thee glows;  
 Wait not till autumn's fading robes are  
 shed,  
 But while its petals still are burning red  
 Gather life's full-blown rose!

## I LIKE YOU AND I LOVE YOU

I LIKE YOU met I LOVE YOU, face to face;  
 The path was narrow, and they could not  
 pass.  
 I LIKE YOU smiled; I LOVE YOU cried,  
 Alas!  
 And so they halted for a little space.

"Turn thou and go before," I LOVE YOU  
 said,  
 "Down the green pathway, bright with  
 many a flower;  
 Deep in the valley, lo! my bridal bower  
 Awaits thee." But I LIKE YOU shook his  
 head.

Then while they lingered on the span-wide  
 shelf  
 That shaped a pathway round the rocky  
 ledge,  
 I LIKE YOU bared his icy dagger's edge,  
 And first he slew I LOVE YOU, — then him-  
 self.

## LA MAISON D'OR

(BAR HARBOR)

FROM this fair home behold on either side  
 The restful mountains or the restless sea:  
 So the warm sheltering walls of life divide  
 Time and its tides from still eternity.

Look on the waves: their stormy voices  
 teach  
 That not on earth may toil and struggle  
 cease.  
 Look on the mountains: better far than  
 speech  
 Their silent promise of eternal peace.

## TOO YOUNG FOR LOVE

Too young for love?  
 Ah, say not so!  
 Tell reddening rosebuds not to blow!  
 Wait not for spring to pass away, —  
 Love's summer months begin with May!  
 Too young for love?  
 Ah, say not so!  
 Too young? Too young?  
 Ah, no! no! no!

Too young for love?  
 Ah, say not so,  
 While daisies bloom and tulips glow!  
 June soon will come with lengthened day  
 To practise all love learned in May.  
 Too young for love?  
 Ah, say not so!  
 Too young? Too young?  
 Ah, no! no! no!

THE BROOMSTICK TRAIN; OR,  
THE RETURN OF THE WITCHES

If there are any anachronisms or other inae-  
 curacies in this story, the reader will please to  
 remember that the narrator's memory is liable  
 to be at fault, and if the event recorded inter-

ests him, will not worry over any little slips or stumbles.

The terrible witchcraft drama of 1692 has been seriously treated, as it well deserves to be. The story has been told in two large volumes by the Rev. Charles Wentworth Upham, and in a small and more succinct volume, based upon his work, by his daughter-in-law, Caroline E. Upham.

The delusion, commonly spoken of as if it belonged to Salem, was more widely diffused through the towns of Essex County. Looking upon it as a pitiful and long dead and buried superstition, I trust my poem will no more offend the good people of Essex County than Tam O'Shanter worries the honest folk of Ayrshire.

The localities referred to are those with which I am familiar in my drives about Essex County.

LOOK out! Look out, boys! Clear the track!

The witches are here! They've all come back!

They hanged them high, — No use! No use!

What cares a witch for a hangman's noose? They buried them deep, but they would n't lie still,

For cats and witches are hard to kill; They swore they should n't and would n't die, —

Books said they did, but they lie! they lie!

A couple of hundred years, or so,  
They had knocked about in the world below,  
When an Essex Deacon dropped in to call,  
And a homesick feeling seized them all;  
For he came from a place they knew full well,

And many a tale he had to tell.  
They longed to visit the haunts of men,  
To see the old dwellings they knew again,  
And ride on their broomsticks all around  
Their wide domain of unhallowed ground.

In Essex county there's many a roof  
Well known to him of the cloven hoof;  
The small square windows are full in view  
Which the midnight hags went sailing  
through,

On their well-trained broomsticks mounted  
high,

Seen like shadows against the sky;  
Crossing the track of owls and bats,  
Hugging before them their coal-black cats.

Well did they know, those gray old wives,  
The sights we see in our daily drives:  
Shimmer of lake and shine of sea,  
Browne's bare hill with its lonely tree,  
(It was n't then as we see it now,  
With one scant scalp-lock to shade its  
brow;)

Dusky nooks in the Essex woods,  
Dark, dim, Dante-like solitudes,  
Where the tree-toad watches the sinuous  
snake

Glide through his forests of fern and  
brake;

Ipswich River; its old stone bridge;  
Far off Andover's Indian Ridge,  
And many a scene where history tells  
Some shadow of bygone terror dwells, —  
Of "Norman's Woe" with its tale of  
dread,

Of the Screeching Woman of Marblehead,  
(The fearful story that turns men pale:  
Don't bid me tell it, — my speech would  
fail.)

Who would not, will not, if he can,  
Bathe in the breezes of fair Cape Ann, —  
Rest in the bowers her bays enfold,  
Loved by the sachems and squaws of old?  
Home where the white magnolias bloom,  
Sweet with the bayberry's chaste perfume,  
Hugged by the woods and kissed by the  
sea!

Where is the Eden like to thee?  
For that "couple of hundred years, or  
so,"

There had been no peace in the world be-  
low;

The witches still grumbling, "It is n't  
fair;

Come, give us a taste of the upper air!  
We've had enough of your sulphur springs,  
And the evil odor that round them clings;  
We long for a drink that is cool and  
nice, —

Great buckets of water with Wenham ice;  
We've served you well up-stairs, you  
know;

You're a good old — fellow — come, let us  
go!"

I don't feel sure of his being good,  
But he happened to be in a pleasant  
mood, —  
As fiends with their skins full sometimes  
are, —

(He 'd been drinking with "roughs" at a Boston bar.)

So what does he do but up and shout  
To a graybeard turnkey, "Let 'em out!"

To mind his orders was all he knew;  
The gates swung open, and out they flew.  
"Where are our broomsticks?" the bel-  
dams cried.

"Here are your broomsticks," an imp re-  
plied.

"They've been in — the place you know —  
so long  
They smell of brimstone uncommon strong;  
But they've gained by being left alone, —  
Just look, and you'll see how tall they've  
grown."

"And where is my cat?" a vixen squalled.  
"Yes, where are our cats?" the witches  
bawled,

And began to call them all by name:  
As fast as they called the cats, they came:  
There was bob-tailed Tommy and long-  
tailed Tim,

And wall-eyed Jacky and green-eyed Jim,  
And splay-foot Benny and slim-legged  
Beau,

And Skinny and Squally, and Jerry and  
Joe,

And many another that came at call, —  
It would take too long to count them all.  
All black, — one could hardly tell which  
was which,

But every cat knew his own old witch;  
And she knew hers as hers knew her, —  
Ah, did n't they curl their tails and purr!

No sooner the withered hags were free  
Than out they swarmed for a midnight  
spreed;

I could n't tell all they did in rhymes,  
But the Essex people had dreadful times.  
The Swampscott fishermen still relate  
How a strange sea-monster stole their bait;  
How their nets were tangled in loops and  
knots,

And they found dead crabs in their lobster-  
pots.

Poor Danvers grieved for her blasted crops,  
And Wilmington mourned over mildewed  
hops.

A blight played havoc with Beverly  
beans, —

It was all the work of those hateful queans!  
A dreadful panic began at "Pride's,"

Where the witches stopped in their mid-  
night rides,

And there rose strange rumors and vague  
alarms

'Mid the peaceful dwellers at Beverly  
Farms.

Now when the Boss of the Beldams found  
That without his leave they were ramping  
round,

He called, — they could hear him twenty  
miles,

From Chelsea beach to the Misery Isles;  
The deafest old granny knew his tone  
Without the trick of the telephone.

"Come here, you witches! Come here!"  
says he, —

"At your games of old, without asking  
me!

I'll give you a little job to do  
That will keep you stirring, you godless  
crew!"

They came, of course, at their master's call,  
The witches, the broomsticks, the cats, and  
all;

He led the hags to a railway train  
The horses were trying to drag in vain.

"Now, then," says he, "you've had your  
fun,

And here are the cars you've got to run.  
The driver may just unhitch his team,  
We don't want horses, we don't want  
steam;

You may keep your old black cats to hug,  
But the loaded train you've got to lug."

Since then on many a car you'll see  
A broomstick plain as plain can be;  
On every stick there's a witch astride, —  
The string you see to her leg is tied.

She will do a mischief if she can,  
But the string is held by a careful man,  
And whenever the evil-minded witch  
Would cut some eaper, he gives a twitch.

As for the hag, you can't see her,  
But hark! you can hear her black cat's  
purr,

And now and then, as a car goes by,  
You may catch a gleam from her wicked  
eye.

Often you've looked on a rushing train,  
But just what moved it was not so plain.  
It could n't be those wires above,  
For they could neither pull nor shove;

Where was the motor that made it go  
You could n't guess, *but now you know.*

Remember my rhymes when you ride again  
On the rattling rail by the broomstick  
train!

### TARTARUS

WHILE in my simple gospel creed  
That "God is Love" so plain I read,  
Shall dreams of heathen birth affright  
My pathway through the coming night?  
Ah, Lord of life, though spectres pale  
Fill with their threats the shadowy vale,  
With Thee my faltering steps to aid,  
How can I dare to be afraid?

Shall mouldering page or fading scroll  
Outface the charter of the soul?  
Shall priesthood's palsied arm protect  
The wrong our human hearts reject,  
And smite the lips whose shuddering cry  
Proclaims a cruel creed a lie?  
The wizard's rope we disallow  
Was justice once, — is murder now!

Is there a world of blank despair,  
And dwells the Omnipresent there?  
Does He behold with smile serene  
The shows of that unending scene,  
Where sleepless, hopeless anguish lies,  
And, ever dying, never dies?  
Say, does He hear the sufferer's groan,  
And is that child of wrath his own?

O mortal, wavering in thy trust,  
Lift thy pale forehead from the dust!  
The mists that cloud thy darkened eyes  
Fade ere they reach the o'erarching skies!  
When the blind heralds of despair  
Would bid thee doubt a Father's care,  
Look up from earth, and read above  
On heaven's blue tablet, GOD IS LOVE!

### AT THE TURN OF THE ROAD

THE glory has passed from the goldenrod's  
plume,  
The purple-hued asters still linger in  
bloom:  
The birch is bright yellow, the sumachs  
are red,  
The maples like torches aflame overhead.

But what if the joy of the summer is past,  
And winter's wild herald is blowing his  
blast?

For me dull November is sweeter than  
May,  
For my love is its sunshine, — she meets  
me to-day!

Will she come? Will the ring-dove re-  
turn to her nest?  
Will the needle swing back from the east  
or the west?  
At the stroke of the hour she will be at her  
gate;  
A friend may prove laggard, — love never  
comes late.

Do I see her afar in the distance? Not  
yet.  
Too early! Too early! She could not  
forget!  
When I cross the old bridge where the  
brook overflowed,  
She will flash full in sight at the turn of  
the road.

I pass the low wall where the ivy entwines;  
I tread the brown pathway that leads  
through the pines;  
I haste by the boulder that lies in the field,  
Where her promise at parting was lovingly  
sealed.

Will she come by the hillside or round  
through the wood?  
Will she wear her brown dress or her  
mantle and hood?  
The minute draws near, — but her watch  
may go wrong;  
My heart *will* be asking, What keeps her so  
long?

Why doubt for a moment? More shame  
if I do!  
Why question? Why tremble? Are an-  
gels more true?  
She would come to the lover who calls her  
his own  
Though she trod in the track of a whirling  
cyclone!

I crossed the old bridge ere the minute had  
passed.  
I looked: lo! my Love stood before me at  
last.



Her eyes, how they sparkled, her cheeks,  
 how they glowed,  
 As we met, face to face, at the turn of the  
 road!

INVITÂ MINERVÂ

I find the burden and restrictions of rhyme more and more troublesome as I grow older. There are times when it seems natural enough to employ that form of expression, but it is only occasionally; and the use of it as a vehicle of the commonplace is so prevalent that one is not much tempted to select it as the medium for his thoughts and emotions. The art of rhyming has almost become a part of a high-school education, and its practice is far from being an evidence of intellectual distinction. Mediocrity is as much forbidden to the poet in our days as it was in those of Horace, and the immense majority of the verses written are stamped with hopeless mediocrity.

When one of the ancient poets found he was trying to grind out verses which came unwillingly, he said he was writing *Invitâ Minervâ*.

VEX not the Muse with idle prayers, —  
 She will not hear thy call;  
 She steals upon thee unawares,  
 Or seeks thee not at all.

Soft as the moonbeams when they sought  
 Endymion's fragrant bower,  
 She parts the whispering leaves of thought  
 To show her full-blown flower.

For thee her wooing hour has passed,  
 The singing birds have flown,  
 And winter comes with icy blast  
 To chill thy buds unblown.

Yet, though the woods no longer thrill  
 As once their arches rung,  
 Sweet echoes hover round thee still  
 Of songs thy summer sung.

Live in thy past; await no more  
 The rush of heaven-sent wings;  
 Earth still has music left in store  
 While Memory sighs and sings.

## READINGS OVER THE TEACUPS

### FIVE STORIES AND A SEQUEL

[IN his volume, *Songs in Many Keys*, Dr. Holmes had a division, *Pictures from Occasional Poems*. He discarded his sub-title in the River-

side Edition, but took from the group under that title five stories and reproduced them in a new setting under the above title.]

#### TO MY OLD READERS

You know "The Teacups," that congenial set

Which round the Teapot you have often met;

The grave DICTATOR, him you knew of old, —

Knew as the shepherd of another fold:  
Grayer he looks, less youthful, but the same

As when you called him by a different name.

Near him the MISTRESS, whose experienced skill

Has taught her duly every cup to fill;  
"Weak;" "strong;" "cool;" "luke-warm;" "hot as you can pour;"

"No sweetening;" "sugared;" "two lumps;" "one lump more."

Next, the PROFESSOR, whose scholastic phrase

At every turn the teacher's tongue betrays,

Trying so hard to make his speech precise  
The captious listener finds it overnice.

Nor be forgotten our ANNEXES twain,  
Nor HE, the owner of the squinting brain,  
Which, while its curious fancies we pursue,  
Oft makes us question, "Are we crack-brained too?"

Along the board our growing list extends,

As one by one we count our clustering friends, —

The youthful DOCTOR waiting for his share  
Of fits and fevers when his crown gets bare;

In strong, dark lines our square-nibbed pen should draw

The lordly presence of the MAN OF LAW;  
Our bashful TUTOR claims a humbler place,

A lighter touch, his slender form to trace.  
Mark the fair lady he is seated by, —  
Some say he is her lover, — some deny, —  
Watch them together, — time alone can show

If dead-ripe friendship turns to love or no.  
Where in my list of phrases shall I seek  
The fitting words of NUMBER FIVE to speak?

Such task demands a readier pen than mine, —

What if I steal the Tutor's Valentine?  
*Why should I call her gracious, winning, fair?*

*Why with the loveliest of her sex compare?  
Those varied charms have many a Muse inspired, —*

*At last their worn superlatives have tired;  
Wit, beauty, sweetness, each alluring grace,  
All these in honeyed verse have found their place;*

*I need them not, — two little words I find  
Which hold them all in happiest form combined;*

*No more with baffled language will I strive, —  
All in one breath I utter: Number Five!*

Now count our teaspoons — if you care to learn

How many tinkling cups were served in turn, —

Add all together, you will find them ten, —  
Our young MUSICIAN joined us now and then.

Our bright DELILAH you must needs re-  
call,  
The comely handmaid, youngest of us all;  
Need I remind you how the little maid  
Came at a pinch to our Professor's aid, —  
Trimmed his long locks with unrelenting  
shears  
And eased his looks of half a score of  
years ?

Sometimes, at table, as you well must  
know.

The stream of talk will all at once run low,  
The air seems smitten with a sudden chill,  
The wit grows silent and the gossip still;  
This was our poet's chance, the hour of  
need,

When rhymes and stories we were used to  
read.

One day a whisper round the teacups  
stole. —

"No scrap of paper in the silver bowl !"

(Our "poet's corner" may I not expect  
My kindly reader still may recollect ?)

"What ! not a line to keep our souls  
alive ?"

Spoke in her silvery accents Number Five.  
"No matter, something we must find to  
read, —

Find it or make it, — yes, we must in-  
deed !

Now I remember I have seen at times  
Some curious stories in a book of rhymes, —  
How certain secrets, long in silence sealed,  
In after days were guessed at or revealed.  
Those stories, doubtless, some of you must  
know, —

They all were written many a year ago;  
But an old story, be it false or true,  
Twice told, well told, is twice as good as  
new;

Wait but three sips and I will go myself,  
And fetch the book of verses from its  
shelf."

No time was lost in finding what she  
sought, —

Gone but one moment, — lo ! the book is  
brought.

"Now, then, Professor, fortune has de-  
creed

That you, this evening, shall be first to  
read, —

Lucky for us that listen, for in fact  
Who reads this poem must know how to  
*act.*"

Right well she knew that in his greener  
age  
He had a mighty hankering for the stage.  
The patient audience had not long to wait;  
Pleased with his chance, he smiled and  
took the bait;  
Through his wild hair his coaxing fingers  
ran, —  
He spread the page before him and began.

## THE BANKER'S SECRET

[When first published this bore the title *The  
Banker's Dinner.*]

THE Banker's dinner is the stateliest  
feast

The town has heard of for a year, at least;  
The sparry lustres shed their broadest  
blaze,

Damask and silver catch and spread the  
rays;

The florist's triumphs crown the daintier  
spoil

Won from the sea, the forest, or the soil;  
The steaming hot-house yields its largest  
pines,

The sunless vaults unearth their oldest  
wines;

With one admiring look the scene survey,  
And turn a moment from the bright dis-  
play.

Of all the joys of earthly pride or power,  
What gives most life, worth living, in an  
hour ?

When Victory settles on the doubtful  
fight

And the last foeman wheels in panting  
fight,

No thrill like this is felt beneath the sun;  
Life's sovereign moment is a battle won.

But say what next ? To shape a Senate's  
choice,

By the strong magic of the master's voice;  
To ride the stormy tempest of debate  
That whirls the wavering fortunes of the  
state.

Third in the list, the happy lover's prize  
Is won by honeyed words from women's  
eyes.

If some would have it first instead of third,  
So let it be, — I answer not a word.

The fourth,—sweet readers, let the  
thoughtless half  
Have its small shrug and inoffensive  
laugh;  
Let the grave quarter wear its virtuous  
frown,  
The stern half-quarter try to scowl us  
down;  
But the last eighth, the choice and sifted  
few,  
Will hear my words, and, pleased, confess  
them true.

Among the great whom Heaven has  
made to shine,  
How few have learned the art of arts,—  
to dine!  
Nature, indulgent to our daily need,  
Kind-hearted mother! taught us all to  
feed;  
But the chief art,—how rarely Nature  
flings  
This choicest gift among her social kings!  
Say, man of truth, has life a brighter hour  
Than waits the chosen guest who knows  
his power?

He moves with ease, itself an angel  
charm,—  
Lifts with light touch my lady's jewelled  
arm,  
Slides to his seat, half leading and half led,  
Smiling but quiet till the grace is said,  
Then gently kindles, while by slow degrees  
Creep softly out the little arts that please;  
Bright looks, the cheerful language of the  
eye,  
The neat, crisp question and the gay  
reply,—  
Talk light and airy, such as well may pass  
Between the rested fork and lifted glass;—  
With play like this the earlier evening flies,  
Till rustling silks proclaim the ladies rise.

His hour has come,—he looks along  
the chairs,  
As the Great Duke surveyed his iron  
squares.  
That's the young traveller,—is n't much  
to show,—  
Fast on the road, but at the table slow.  
Next him,—you see the author in his  
look,—  
His forehead lined with wrinkles like a  
book,—  
Wrote the great history of the ancient  
Huns,—

Holds back to fire among the heavy guns.  
Oh, there's our poet seated at his side,  
Beloved of ladies, soft, cerulean-eyed.  
Poets are prosy in their common talk,  
As the fast trotters, for the most part,  
walk.

And there's our well-dressed gentleman,  
who sits,

By right divine, no doubt, among the wits,  
Who airs his tailor's patterns when he  
walks,

The man that often speaks, but never talks.  
Why should he talk, whose presence lends  
a grace

To every table where he shows his face?  
He knows the manual of the silver fork,  
Can name his claret—if he sees the cork,—  
Remark that "White-top" was considered  
fine,

But swear the "Juno" is the better wine;—  
Is not this talking? Ask Quintilian's rules;  
If they say No, the town has many fools.

Pause for a moment,—for our eyes behold  
The plain unseptred king, the man of gold,  
The thrice illustrious threefold million-  
naire;

Mark his slow-creeping, dead, metallic  
stare;

His eyes, dull glimmering, like the balance-  
pan

That weighs its guinea as he weighs his  
man.

Who's next? An artist in a satin tie  
Whose ample folds defeat the curious eye.  
And there's the cousin,—must be asked,  
you know,—

Looks like a spinster at a baby-show.  
Hope he is cool,—they set him next the  
door,—

And likes his place, between the gap and  
bore.

Next comes a Congressman, distinguished  
guest!

We don't count him,—they asked him  
with the rest;

And then some white cravats, with well-  
shaped ties,

And heads above them which their owners  
prize.

Of all that cluster round the genial  
board,  
Not one so radiant as the banquet's lord.  
Some say they fancy, but they know not  
why,

A shade of trouble brooding in his eye,  
 Nothing, perhaps, — the rooms are over-  
 hot, —  
 Yet see his cheek, — the dull-red burning  
 spot, —  
 Taste the brown sherry which he does not  
 pass, —  
 Ha ! That is brandy ; see him fill his glass !  
 But not forgetful of his feasting friends,  
 To each in turn some lively word he sends ;  
 See how he throws his baited lines about,  
 And plays his men as anglers play their  
 trout.

With the dry sticks all bonfires are be-  
 gun ;  
 Bring the first fagot, proser number one !  
 A question drops among the listening crew  
 And hits the traveller, pat on Timbuctoo.  
 We're on the Niger, somewhere near its  
 source, —  
 Not the least hurry, take the river's course  
 Through Kissi, Foota, Kankan, Baumakoo,  
 Bambarra, Sego, so to Timbuctoo,  
 Thence down to Youri ; — stop him if we  
 can,  
 We can't fare worse, — wake up the Con-  
 gressman !  
 The Congressman, once on his talking legs,  
 Stirs up his knowledge to its thickest dregs ;  
 Tremendous draught for dining men to  
 quaff !  
 Nothing will choke him but a purpling  
 laugh.  
 A word, — a shout, — a mighty roar, — 't is  
 done ;  
 Extinguished ; lassoed by a treacherous pun.  
 A laugh is priming to the loaded soul ;  
 The scattering shots become a steady roll,  
 Broke by sharp cracks that run along the  
 line,  
 The light artillery of the talker's wine.  
 The kindling goblets flame with golden  
 dews,  
 The boarded flasks their tawny fire diffuse,  
 And the Rhine's breast-milk gushes cold  
 and bright,  
 Pale as the moon and maddening as her  
 light ;  
 With crimson juice the thirsty southern sky  
 Sucks from the hills where buried armies  
 lie,  
 So that the dreamy passion it imparts  
 Is drawn from heroes' bones and lovers'  
 hearts.

But lulls will come ; the flashing soul  
 transmits  
 Its gleams of light in alternating fits.  
 The shower of talk that rattled down again  
 Ends in small patterings like an April's  
 rain ;  
 The voices halt ; the game is at a stand ;  
 Now for a solo from the master-hand !  
 'T is but a story, — quite a simple  
 thing, —  
 An *aria* touched upon a single string,  
 But every accent comes with such a grace  
 The stupid servants listen in their place,  
 Each with his waiter in his lifted hands,  
 Still as a well-bred pointer when he stands.  
 A query checks him : " Is he quite exact ? "  
 (This from a grizzled, square-jawed man  
 of fact.)  
 The sparkling story leaves him to his fate,  
 Crashed by a witness, smothered with a  
 date,  
 As a swift river, sown with many a star,  
 Runs brighter, rippling on a shallow bar.  
 The smooth divine suggests a graver doubt ;  
 A neat quotation howls the parson out ;  
 Then, sliding gayly from his own display,  
 He laughs the learned dulness all away.  
 So, with the merry tale and jovial song,  
 The jocund evening whirls itself along,  
 Till the last chorus shrieks its loud *encore*,  
 And the white neckcloths vanish through  
 the door.

One savage word ! — The menials know  
 its tone,  
 And slink away ; the master stands alone.  
 " Well played, by — ; " breathe not what  
 were best unheard ;  
 His goblet shivers while he speaks the  
 word, —  
 " If wine tells truth, — and so have said  
 the wise, —  
 It makes me laugh to think how brandy  
 lies !  
 Bankrupt to -morrow, — millionaire to-  
 day, —  
 The farcé is over, — now begins the play ! "  
 The spring he touches lets a panel glide ;  
 An iron closet lurks beneath the slide,  
 Bright with such treasures as a search  
 might bring  
 From the deep pockets of a truant king.  
 Two diamonds, eyeballs of a god of bronze,  
 Bought from his faithful priest, a pious  
 bonze,

A string of brilliants; rubies, three or four;  
 Bags of old coin and bars of virgin ore;  
 A jewelled poniard and a Turkish knife,  
 Noiseless and useful if we come to strife.

Gone! As a pirate flies before the wind,  
 And not one tear for all he leaves behind!  
 From all the love his better years have  
 known

Fled like a felon, — ah! but not alone!  
 The chariot flashes through a lantern's  
 glare, —

Oh the wild eyes! the storm of sable hair!  
 Still to his side the broken heart will  
 cling, —

The bride of shame, the wife without the  
 ring:

Hark, the deep oath, — the wail of fren-  
 zied woe, —

Lost! lost to hope of Heaven and peace  
 below!

He kept his secret; but the seed of crime  
 Bursts of itself in God's appointed time.

The lives he wrecked were scattered far  
 and wide;

One never blamed nor wept, — she only  
 died.

None knew his lot, though idle tongues  
 would say

He sought a lonely refuge far away,  
 And there, with borrowed name and al-  
 tered mien,

He died unheeded, as he lived unseen.  
 The moral market had the usual chills  
 Of Virtue suffering from protested bills;  
 The White Cravats, to friendship's mem-  
 ory true,

Sighed for the past, surveyed the future  
 too;

Their sorrow breathed in one expressive  
 line, —

"Gave pleasant dinners; who has got his  
 wine?"

The reader paused, — the Teacups knew  
 his ways, —

He, like the rest, was not averse to praise.  
 Voices and hands united; every one  
 Joined in approval: "Number Three, well  
 done!"

"Now for the Exile's story; if my wits  
 Are not at fault, his curious record fits  
 Neatly as sequel to the tale we've heard;

Not wholly wild the fancy, nor absurd  
 That this our island hermit well might be  
 That story's hero, fled from over sea.  
 Come, Number Seven, we would not have  
 you strain

The fertile powers of that inventive brain.  
 Read us 'The Exile's Secret;' there's  
 enough

Of dream-like fiction and fantastic stuff  
 In the strange web of mystery that invests  
 The lonely isle where sea birds build their  
 nests."

"Lies! naught but lies!" so Number  
 Seven began, —

No harm was known of that secluded man.  
 He lived alone, — who would n't if he  
 might,

And leave the rogues and idiots out of  
 sight?

A foolish story, — still, I'll do my best, —  
 The house was real, — don't believe the  
 rest.

How could a ruined dwelling last so long  
 Without its legends shaped in tale and  
 song?

Who was this man of whom they tell the  
 lies?

Perhaps — why not? — NAPOLEON! in dis-  
 guise, —

So some said, kidnapped from his ocean  
 coop,

Brought to this island in a coasting sloop, —  
 Meanwhile a sham Napoleon in his place  
 Played Nap. and saved Sir Hudson from  
 disgrace.

Such was one story; others used to say,  
 "No, — not Napoleon, — it was Marshal  
 Ney."

"Shot?" Yes, no doubt, but not with balls  
 of lead,

But balls of pith that never shoot folks  
 dead.

He wandered round, lived South for many  
 a year,

At last came North and fixed his dwelling  
 here.

Choose which you will of all the tales that  
 pile

Their mingling fables on the tree-crowned  
 isle.

Who wrote this modest version I suppose  
 That truthful Teacup, our Dictator, knows;  
 Made up of various legends, it would seem,  
 The sailor's yarn, the crazy poet's dream.

Such tales as this, by simple souls received,  
 At first are stared at and at last believed;  
 From threads like this the grave historians  
 try  
 To weave their webs, and never know they  
 lie.  
 Hear, then, the fables that have gathered  
 round  
 The lonely home an exiled stranger found.

## THE EXILE'S SECRET

[Originally entitled *The Island Ruin.*]

YE that have faced the billows and the spray  
 Of good St. Botolph's island-studded bay,  
 As from the gliding bark your eye has  
 scanned  
 The beaconed rocks, the wave-girt hills of  
 sand,  
 Have ye not marked one elm-o'ershadowed  
 isle,  
 Round as the dimple chased in beauty's  
 smile,—  
 A stain of verdure on an azure field,  
 Set like a jewel in a battered shield?  
 Fixed in the narrow gorge of Ocean's path,  
 Peaceful it meets him in his hour of wrath;  
 When the mailed Titan, scourged by hissing  
 gales,  
 Writhes in his glistening coat of clashing  
 scales,  
 The storm-beat island spreads its tranquil  
 green,  
 Calm as an emerald on an angry queen.  
 So fair when distant should be fairer  
 near;  
 A boat shall waft us from the outstretched  
 pier.  
 The breeze blows fresh; we reach the  
 island's edge,  
 Our shallop rustling through the yielding  
 sedge.  
 No welcome greets us on the desert isle;  
 Those elms, far-shadowing, hide no stately  
 pile:  
 Yet these green ridges mark an ancient  
 road;  
 And lo! the traces of a fair abode;  
 The long gray line that marks a garden-  
 wall,  
 And heaps of fallen beams, — fire-branded  
 all.

Who sits unmoved, a ruin at his feet,  
 The lowliest home where human hearts  
 have beat?  
 Its hearthstone, shaded with the bistre stain  
 A century's showery torrents wash in vain;  
 Its starving orchard, where the thistle blows  
 And mossy trunks still mark the broken  
 rows;  
 Its chimney-loving poplar, oftenest seen  
 Next an old roof, or where a roof has been;  
 Its knot-grass, plantain, — all the social  
 weeds,  
 Man's mute companions, following where  
 he leads;  
 Its dwarfed, pale flowers, that show their  
 straggling heads,  
 Sown by the wind from grass-choked  
 garden-beds;  
 Its woodbine, creeping where it used to  
 climb;  
 Its roses, breathing of the olden time;  
 All the poor shows the curious idler sees,  
 As life's thin shadows waste by slow de-  
 grees,  
 Till naught remains, the saddening tale to  
 tell,  
 Save home's last wrecks, — the cellar and  
 the well?

And whose the home that strews in  
 black decay  
 The one green-glowing island of the bay?  
 Some dark-browed pirate's, jealous of the  
 fate  
 That seized the strangled wretch of "Nix's  
 Mate" ?  
 Some forger's, skulking in a borrowed  
 name,  
 Whom Tyburn's dangling halter yet may  
 claim?  
 Some wan-eyed exile's, wealth and sorrow's  
 heir,  
 Who sought a lone retreat for tears and  
 prayer?  
 Some brooding poet's, sure of deathless  
 fame,  
 Had not his epic perished in the flame?  
 Or some gray wooer's, whom a girlish  
 frown  
 Chased from his solid friends and sober  
 town?  
 Or some plain tradesman's, fond of shade  
 and ease,  
 Who sought them both beneath these quiet  
 trees?

Why question mutes no question can un-  
lock,  
Dumb as the legend on the Dighton rock ?  
One thing at least these ruined heaps de-  
clare, —  
They were a shelter once; a man lived  
there.

But where the charred and crumbling  
records fail,  
Some breathing lips may piece the half-  
told tale;  
No man may live with neighbors such as  
these,  
Though girt with walls of rock and angry  
seas,  
And shield his home, his children, or his  
wife,  
His ways, his means, his vote, his creed,  
his life,  
From the dread sovereignty of Ears and  
Eyes  
And the small member that beneath them  
lies.

They told strange things of that myste-  
rious man;  
Believe who will, deny them such as can;  
Why should we fret if every passing sail  
Had its old seaman talking on the rail ?  
The deep-sunk schooner stuffed with  
Eastern lime,  
Slow wedging on, as if the waves were  
slime;  
The knife-edged clipper with her ruffled  
spars,  
The pawing steamer with her mane of  
stars,  
The bull-browed galliot butting through  
the stream,  
The wide-sailed yacht that slipped along  
her beam,  
The deck-piled sloops, the pinched chebacco-  
boats,  
The frigate, black with thunder-freighted  
throats,  
All had their talk about the lonely man;  
And thus, in varying phrase, the story ran.

His name had cost him little care to  
seek,  
Plain, honest, brief, a decent name to  
speak,  
Common, not vulgar, just the kind that  
slips  
With least suggestion from a stranger's  
lips.

His birthplace England, as his speech  
might show,  
Or his hale cheek, that wore the red-  
streak's glow;  
His mouth sharp-moulded; in its mirth or  
scorn  
There came a flash as from the milky corn,  
When from the ear you rip the rustling  
sheath,  
And the white ridges show their even teeth.  
His stature moderate, but his strength con-  
fessed,  
In spite of broadcloth, by his ample breast;  
Full-armed, thick-handed; one that had  
been strong,  
And might be dangerous still, if things  
went wrong.  
He lived at ease beneath his elm-trees'  
shade,  
Did naught for gain, yet all his debts were  
paid;  
Rich, so 't was thought, but careful of his  
store;  
Had all he needed, claimed to have no more.

But some that lingered round the isle at  
night  
Spoke of strange stealthy doings in their  
sight;  
Of creeping lonely visits that he made  
To nooks and corners, with a torch and  
spade.  
Some said they saw the hollow of a cave;  
One, given to fables, swore it was a grave;  
Whereat some shuddered, others boldly  
cried,  
Those prowling boatmen lied, and knew  
they lied.

They said his house was framed with  
curious cares,  
Lest some old friend might enter unawares;  
That on the platform at his chamber's door  
Hinged a loose square that opened through  
the floor;  
Touch the black silken tassel next the bell,  
Down, with a crash, the flapping trap-door  
fell;  
Three stories deep the falling wretch would  
strike,  
To writhe at leisure on a boarder's pike.  
By day armed always; double-armed at  
night,  
His tools lay round him; wake him such  
as might.  
A carbine hung beside his India fan,



His hand could reach a Turkish ataghan;  
Pistols, with quaint-carved stocks and barrels gilt,  
Crossed a long dagger with a jewelled hilt;  
A slashing cutlass stretched along the bed;—

All this was what those lying boatmen said.  
Then some were full of wondrous stories told

Of great oak chests and cupboards full of gold;

Of the wedged ingots and the silver bars  
That cost old pirates ugly sabre-sears;  
How his laced wallet often would disgorge  
The fresh-faced guinea of an English George,

Or sweated ducat, palmed by Jews of yore,  
Or double Joe, or Portuguese moidore;  
And how his finger wore a rubied ring  
Fit for the white-necked play-girl of a king.  
But these fine legends, told with staring eyes,

Met with small credence from the old and wise.

Why tell each idle guess, each whisper vain?

Enough: the scorched and cindered beams remain.

He came, a silent pilgrim to the West,  
Some old-world mystery throbbing in his breast;

Close to the thronging mart he dwelt alone;  
He lived; he died. The rest is all unknown.

Stranger, whose eyes the shadowy isle survey,  
As the black steamer dashes through the bay,

Why ask his buried secret to divine?  
He was thy brother; speak, and tell us thine!

Silence at first, a kind of spell-bound pause;

Then all the Teaeups tinkled their applause;  
When that was hushed no sound the stillness broke

Till once again the soft-voiced lady spoke:

“The Lover's Secret, — surely that must need

The youngest voice our table holds to read.

Which of our two ‘Annexes’ shall we choose?

Either were charming, neither will refuse;  
But choose we must, — what better can we do

Than take the younger of the youthful two?”

True to the primal instinct of her sex,  
“Why, that means *me*,” half whispered each Annex.

“What if it does?” the voiceless question came,

That set those pale New England cheeks aflame;

“Our old-world scholar may have ways to teach

Of Oxford English, Britain's purest speech, —

She shall be youngest, — youngest *for to-day*, —

Our dates we'll fix hereafter as we may;  
*All rights reserved*, — the words we know so well,

That guard the claims of books which never sell.”

The British maiden bowed a pleased assent,

Her two long ringlets swinging as she bent;  
The glistening eyes her eager soul looked through

Betrayed her lineage in their Saxon blue.  
Backward she flung each too obtrusive curl  
And thus began, — the rose-lipped English girl.

## THE LOVER'S SECRET

[When first published this poem was entitled  
*The Mysterious Illness.*]

WHAT ailed young Lucius? Art had vainly tried

To guess his ill, and found herself defied.  
The Augur plied his legendary skill;

Useless; the fair young Roman languished still.

His chariot took him every cloudless day  
Along the Pincian Hill or Appian Way;

They rubbed his wasted limbs with sulphurous oil,

Oozed from the far-off Orient's heated soil;  
They led him tottering down the steamy path

Where bubbling fountains filled the thermal bath;

Borne in his litter to Egeria's cave,  
They washed him, shivering, in her icy  
wave.

They sought all curious herbs and costly  
stones,

They scraped the moss that grew on dead  
men's bones,

They tried all cures the votive tablets  
taught,

Scoured every place whence healing drugs  
were brought,

O'er Thracian hills his breathless couriers  
ran,

His slaves waylaid the Syrian caravan.

At last a servant heard a stranger speak  
A new chirurgeon's name; a clever Greek,  
Skilled in his art; from Pergamus he came  
To Rome but lately; GALEN was the name.  
The Greek was called: a man with piercing  
eyes,

Who must be cunning, and who might be  
wise.

He spoke but little,— if they pleased, he  
said,

He 'd wait awhile beside the sufferer's bed.  
So by his side he sat, serene and calm,  
His very accents soft as healing balm;

Not curious seemed, but every movement  
spied,

His sharp eyes searching where they seemed  
to glide;

Asked a few questions, — what he felt, and  
where ?

"A pain just here," "A constant beating  
there."

Who ordered bathing for his aches and  
ails ?

"Charmis, the water-doctor from Mar-  
seilles."

What was the last prescription in his case ?  
"A draught of wine with powdered chryso-  
prase."

Had he no secret grief he nursed alone ?

A pause; a little tremor; answer, —  
"None."

Thoughtful, a moment, sat the cunning  
leech,

And muttered "Eros!" in his native  
speech.

In the broad atrium various friends  
await

The last new utterance from the lips of  
fate;

Men, matrons, maids, they talk the ques-  
tion o'er,

And, restless, pace the tessellated floor.

Not unobserved the youth so long had  
pined

By gentle-hearted dames and damsels  
kind;

One with the rest, a rich Patrician's pride,  
The lady Hermia, called "the golden-  
eyed;"

The same the old Proconsul fain must woo,  
Whom, one dark night, a masked sicarius  
slew;

The same black Crassus over roughly  
pressed

To hear his suit,— the Tiber knows the  
rest.

(Crassus was missed next morning by his  
set;

Next week the fishers found him in their  
net.)

She with the others paced the ample hall,  
Fairest, alas! and saddest of them all.

At length the Greek declared, with puz-  
zled face,

Some strange enchantment mingled in the  
case,

And naught would serve to act as counter-  
charm

Save a warm bracelet from a maiden's arm.  
Not every maiden's,— many might be  
tried;

Which not in vain, experience must de-  
cide.

Were there no damsels willing to attend  
And do such service for a suffering friend ?

The message passed among the waiting  
crowd,

First in a whisper, then proclaimed aloud.  
Some wore no jewels; some were disin-  
clined,

For reasons better guessed at than defined;  
Though all were saints,— at least pro-  
fessed to be,—

The list all counted, there were named but  
three.

The leech, still seated by the patient's  
side,

Held his thin wrist, and watched him,  
eagle-eyed.

Aurelia first, a fair-haired Tuscan girl,  
Slipped off her golden asp, with eyes of  
pearl.

His solemn head the grave physician  
shook;

The waxen features thanked her with a  
look.

Olympia next, a creature half divine,  
Sprung from the blood of old Evander's  
line,

Held her white arm, that wore a twisted  
chain

Clasped with an opal-sheeny cymophane.

In vain, O daughter! said the baffled  
Greek.

The patient sighed the thanks he could not  
speak.

Last, Hermia entered; look, that sudden  
start!

The pallium heaves above his leaping  
heart;

The beating pulse, the cheek's rekindled  
flame,

Those quivering lips, the secret all pro-  
claim.

The deep disease long throbbing in the  
breast,

The dread enchantment, all at once con-  
fessed!

The case was plain; the treatment was be-  
gun;

And Love soon cured the mischief he had  
done.

Young Love, too oft thy treacherous  
bandage slips

Down from the eyes it blinded to the lips!  
Ask not the Gods, O youth, for clearer  
sight,

But the bold heart to plead thy cause  
aright.

And thou, fair maiden, when thy lovers  
sigh,

Suspect thy flattering ear, but trust thine  
eye;

And learn this secret from the tale of old:  
No love so true as love that dies untold.

"Bravo, Amex!" they shouted, every  
one,—

"Not Mrs. Kemble's self had better done."  
"Quite so," she stammered in her awk-  
ward way,—

Not just the thing, but something she  
must say.

The teaspoon chorns tinkled to its close  
When from his chair the MAN OF LAW  
arose,

Called by her voice whose mandate all  
obeyed,

And took the open volume she displayed.  
Tall, stately, strong, his form begins to own  
Some slight exuberance in its central  
zone,—

That comely fulness of the growing girth  
Which fifty summers lend the sons of  
earth.

A smooth, round disk about whose margin  
stray,

Above the temples, glistening threads of  
gray;

Strong, deep-cut grooves by toilsome de-  
cades wrought

On brow and mouth, the battle-fields of  
thought;

A voice that lingers in the listener's ear,  
Grave, calm, far-reaching, every accent  
clear,—

(Those tones resistless many a foreman  
knew

That shaped their verdict ere the twelve  
withdrew;)

A statesman's forehead, athlete's throat  
and jaw.

Such the proud semblance of the Man of  
Law.

His eye just lighted on the printed leaf,  
Held as a practised pleader holds his brief.

One whispered softly from behind his cup,  
"He does not read,— his book is wrong  
side up!

He knows the story that it holds by  
heart,—

So like his own! How well he'll act his  
part!"

Then all were silent; not a rustling fan  
Stirred the deep stillness as the voice  
began.

## THE STATESMAN'S SECRET

[Formerly *The Disappointed Statesman*.]

WHO of all statesmen is his country's  
pride,

Her councils' prompter and her leaders'  
guide?

He speaks; the nation holds its breath to  
hear;

He nods, and shakes the sunset hemisphere.  
Born where the primal fount of Nature  
springs

By the rude cradles of her throneless  
kings,

In his proud eye her royal signet flames,  
By his own lips her Monarch she proclaims.

Why name his countless triumphs, whom  
to meet

Is to be famous, envied in defeat ?

The keen debaters, trained to brawls and  
strife,

Who fire one shot, and finish with the  
knife,

Tried him but once, and, cowering in their  
shame,

Ground their backed blades to strike at  
meaner game.

The lordly chief, his party's central stay,  
Whose lightest word a hundred votes obey,  
Found a new listener seated at his side,  
Looked in his eye, and felt himself defied,  
Flung his rash gauntlet on the startled floor,  
Met the all-conquering, fought, — and  
ruled no more.

See where he moves, what eager crowds  
attend !

What shouts of thronging multitudes ascend !

If this is life, — to mark with every hour  
The purple deepening in his robes of  
power,

To see the painted fruits of honor fall  
Thick at his feet, and choose among them  
all,

To hear the sounds that shape his spreading  
name

Peal through the myriad organ-stops of  
fame,

Stamp the lone isle that spots the seaman's  
chart,

And crown the pillared glory of the mart,  
To count as peers the few supremely wise  
Who mark their planet in the angels'  
eyes, —

If this is life —

What savage man is he

Who strides alone beside the sounding sea ?  
Alone he wanders by the murmuring shore,  
His thoughts as restless as the waves that  
roar ;

Looks on the sullen sky as stormy-browed  
As on the waves yon tempest-brooding  
cloud,

Heaves from his aching breast a wailing  
sigh,

Sad as the gust that sweeps the clouded sky.  
Ask him his griefs ; what midnight demons  
plough

The lines of torture on his lofty brow ;

Unlock those marble lips, and bid them  
speak

The mystery freezing in his bloodless  
cheek.

His secret ? Hid beneath a flimsy word ;  
One foolish whisper that ambition heard ;

And thus it spake : " Behold yon gilded  
chair,

The world's one vacant throne, — thy place  
is there ! "

Ah, fatal dream ! What warning spec-  
tres meet

In ghastly circle round its shadowy seat !  
Yet still the Tempter murmurs in his ear

The maddening taunt he cannot choose but  
hear :

" Meanest of slaves, by gods and men ac-  
curst,

He who is second when he might be first !  
Climb with bold front the ladder's topmost

round,

Or chain thy creeping footsteps to the  
ground ! "

Illustrious Dupe ! Have those majestic  
eyes

Lost their proud fire for such a vulgar  
prize ?

Art thou the last of all mankind to know  
That party-fights are won by aiming low ?

Thou, stamped by Nature with her royal  
sign,

That party-hirelings hate a look like thine ?  
Shake from thy sense the wild delusive

dream !

Without the purple, art thou not supreme ?  
And soothed by love unbought, thy heart

shall own  
A nation's homage nobler than its throne !

Loud rang the plaudits ; with them rose the  
thought,

" Would he had learned the lesson he has  
taught ! "

Used to the tributes of the noisy crowd,  
The stately speaker calmly smiled and

bowed ;

The fire within a flushing cheek betrayed,  
And eyes that burned beneath their pent-  
house shade.

" The clock strikes ten, the hours are  
flying fast, —

Now, Number Five, we've kept you till  
the last ! "

What music charms like those caressing  
 tones  
 Whose magic influence every listener  
 owns, —  
 Where all the woman finds herself ex-  
 pressed,  
 And Heaven's divinest effluence breathes  
 confessed ?  
 Such was the breath that wooed our rav-  
 ished ears,  
 Sweet as the voice a dreaming vestal hears;  
 Soft as the murmur of a brooding dove,  
 It told the mystery of a mother's love.

## THE MOTHER'S SECRET

[Originally *A Mother's Secret.*]

How sweet the sacred legend — if un-  
 blamed  
 In my slight verse such holy things are  
 named —  
 Of Mary's secret hours of hidden joy,  
 Silent, but pondering on her wondrous boy !  
 Ave, Maria ! Pardon, if I wrong  
 Those heavenly words that shame my  
 earthly song !  
 The choral host had closed the Angel's  
 strain  
 Sung to the listening watch on Bethlehem's  
 plain,  
 And now the shepherds, hastening on their  
 way,  
 Sought the still hamlet where the Infant  
 lay.  
 They passed the fields that gleaming Ruth  
 teiled o'er, —  
 They saw afar the ruined threshing-floor  
 Where Moab's daughter, homeless and for-  
 lorn,  
 Found Boaz slumbering by his heaps of  
 corn;  
 And some remembered how the holy scribe,  
 Skilled in the lore of every jealous tribe,  
 Trailed the warm blood of Jesse's royal son  
 To that fair alien, bravely wooed and won.  
 So fared they on to seek the promised sign,  
 That marked the anointed heir of David's  
 line.  
 At last, by forms of earthly semblance  
 led,  
 They found the crowded inn, the oxen's  
 shed.  
 No pomp was there, no glory shone around

On the coarse straw that strewed the reck-  
 ing ground ;  
 One dim retreat a flickering torch be-  
 trayed, —  
 In that poor cell the Lord of Life was  
 laid !  
 The wondering shepherds told their  
 breathless tale  
 Of the bright choir that woke the sleeping  
 vail ;  
 Told how the skies with sudden glory  
 flamed,  
 Told how the shining multitude proclaimed,  
 " Joy, joy to earth ! Behold the hallowed  
 morn !  
 In David's city Christ the Lord is born !  
 ' Glory to God ! ' let angels shout on high,  
 ' Good-will to men ! ' the listening earth re-  
 ply ! "  
 They spoke with hurried words and ac-  
 cents wild ;  
 Calm in his cradle slept the heavenly child.  
 No trembling word the mother's joy re-  
 vealed, —  
 One sigh of rapture, and her lips were  
 sealed ;  
 Unmoved she saw the rustic train depart,  
 But kept their words to ponder in her  
 heart.

Twelve years had passed; the boy was  
 fair and tall,  
 Growing in wisdom, finding grace with all.  
 The maids of Nazareth, as they trooped to  
 fill  
 Their balanced urns beside the mountain  
 rill,  
 The gathered matrons, as they sat and  
 spun,  
 Spoke in soft words of Joseph's quiet son.  
 No voice had reached the Galilean vale  
 Of star-led kings, or awe-struck shepherd's  
 tale ;  
 In the meek, studious child they only saw  
 The future Rabbi, learned in Israel's law.  
 So grew the boy, and now the feast was  
 near  
 When at the Holy Place the tribes appear.  
 Scarcely had the home-bred child of Naza-  
 reth seen  
 Beyond the hills that girt the village green;  
 Save when at midnight, o'er the starlit  
 sands,  
 Snatched from the steel of Herod's mur-  
 dering bands,

A babe, close folded to his mother's breast,  
Through Edom's wilds he sought the shel-  
tering West.

Then Joseph spake: "Thy boy hath  
largely grown;  
Weave him fine raiment, fitting to be  
shown;

Fair robes besem the pilgrim, as the priest;  
Goes he not with us to the holy feast?"

And Mary culled the flaxen fibres white;  
Till eve she spun; she spun till morning  
light.

The thread was twined; its parting meshes  
through

From hand to hand her restless shuttle  
flew,

Till the full web was wound upon the  
beam;

Love's curious toil, — a vest without a  
seam!

They reach the Holy Place, fulfil the days  
To solemn feasting given, and grateful  
praise.

At last they turn, and far Moriah's height  
Melts in the southern sky and fades from  
sight.

All day the dusky caravan has flowed  
In devious trails along the winding road;  
(For many a step their homeward path  
attends,

And all the sons of Abraham are as  
friends.)

Evening has come, — the hour of rest and  
joy, —

Hush! Hush! That whisper, — "Where  
is Mary's boy?"

Oh, weary hour! Oh, aching days that  
passed

Filled with strange fears each wilder than  
the last, —

The soldier's lance, the fierce centurion's  
sword,

The crushing wheels that whirl some Ro-  
man lord,

The midnight crypt that sucks the captive's  
breath,

The blistering sun on Hinnom's vale of  
death!

Thrice on his cheek had rained the  
morning light;

Thrice on his lips the mildewed kiss of  
night,

Crouched by a sheltering column's shining  
plinth,

Or stretched beneath the odorous terebinth.

At last, in desperate mood, they sought  
once more

The Temple's porches, searched in vain  
before;

They found him seated with the ancient  
men, —

The grim old rufflers of the tongue and  
pen, —

Their bald heads glistening as they clus-  
tered near,

Their gray beards slanting as they turned  
to hear,

Lost in half-envious wonder and surprise  
That lips so fresh should utter words so  
wise.

And Mary said, — as one who, tried too  
long,

Tells all her grief and half her sense of  
wrong, —

"What is this thoughtless thing which  
thou hast done?"

Lo, we have sought thee sorrowing, O my  
son!"

Few words he spake, and scarce of filial  
tone,

Strange words, their sense a mystery yet  
unknown;

Then turned with them and left the holy  
hill,

To all their mild commands obedient still.

The tale was told to Nazareth's sober men,  
And Nazareth's matrons told it oft again;

The maids retold it at the fountain's side,  
The youthful shepherds doubted or de-  
nied;

It passed around among the listening  
friends,

With all that fancy adds and fiction lends,  
Till newer marvels dimmed the young re-  
nown

Of Joseph's son, who talked the Rabbis  
down.

But Mary, faithful to its lightest word,  
Kept in her heart the sayings she had  
heard,

Till the dread morning rent the Temple's  
veil,

And shuddering earth confirmed the won-  
drous tale.

Youth fades; love droops; the leaves of  
friendship fall:

A mother's secret hope outlives them all.

Hushed was the voice, but still its accents  
 thrilled  
 The throbbing hearts its lingering sweet-  
 ness filled.  
 The simple story which a tear repays  
 Asks not to share the noisy breath of  
 praise.  
 A trance-like stillness, — scarce a whisper  
 heard,  
 No tinkling teaspoon in its saucer stirred;  
 A deep-drawn sigh that would not be sup-  
 pressed,  
 A sob, a lifted kerchief told the rest.

“Come now, Dictator,” so the lady spoke,  
 “You too must fit your shoulder to the  
 yoke;  
 You’ll find there’s something, doubtless,  
 if you look,  
 To serve your purpose, — so, now take the  
 book.”

“Ah, my dear lady, you must know full  
 well,  
 ‘Story, God bless you, I have none to tell.’  
 To those five stories which these pages hold  
 You all have listened, — every one is told.  
 There’s nothing left to make you smile or  
 weep, —  
 A few grave thoughts may work you off to  
 sleep.”

### THE SECRET OF THE STARS

Is man’s the only throbbing heart that  
 hides  
 The silent spring that feeds its whispering  
 tides?  
 Speak from thy caverns, mystery-breeding  
 Earth,  
 Tell the half-hinted story of thy birth,  
 And calm the noisy champions who have  
 thrown  
 The book of types against the book of  
 stone!

Have ye not secrets, ye refulgent spheres,  
 No sleepless listener of the starlight hears?  
 In vain the sweeping equatorial pries  
 Through every world-sown corner of the  
 skies,  
 To the far orb that so remotely strays  
 Our midnight darkness is its noonday  
 blaze;  
 In vain the climbing soul of creeping man

Metes out the heavenly concave with a  
 span,  
 Tracks into space the long-lost meteor’s  
 trail,  
 And weighs an unseen planet in the scale;  
 Still o’er their doubts the wan-eyed watch-  
 ers sigh,  
 And Science lifts her still unanswered cry:  
 “Are all these worlds, that speed their  
 circling flight,  
 Dumb, vacant, soulless, — baubles of the  
 night?  
 Warmed with God’s smile and wafted by  
 his breath,  
 To weave in ceaseless round the dance of  
 Death?  
 Or rolls a sphere in each expanding zone,  
 Crowned with a life as varied as our own?”

Maker of earth and stars! If thou hast  
 taught  
 By what thy voice hath spoke, thy hand  
 hath wrought,  
 By all that Science proves, or guesses true,  
 More than thy poet dreamed, thy prophet  
 knew, —  
 The heavens still bow in darkness at thy  
 feet,  
 And shadows veil thy cloud-pavilioned seat!  
 Not for ourselves we ask thee to reveal  
 One awful word beneath the future’s  
 seal;  
 What thou shalt tell us, grant us strength  
 to bear;  
 What thou withholdest is thy single care.  
 Not for ourselves; the present clings too  
 fast,  
 Moored to the mighty anchors of the past;  
 But when, with angry snap, some cable  
 parts,  
 The sound re-echoing in our startled  
 hearts, —  
 When, through the wall that clasps the  
 harbor round,  
 And shuts the raving ocean from its bound,  
 Shattered and rent by sacrilegious hands,  
 The first mad billow leaps upon the sands, —  
 Then to the Future’s awful page we turn,  
 And what we question hardly dare to learn.  
 Still let us hope! for while we seem to  
 tread  
 The time-worn pathway of the nations dead,  
 Though Sparta laughs at all our warlike  
 deeds,  
 And buried Athens claims our stolen creeds,

Though Rome, a spectre on her broken throne,  
Beholds our eagle and recalls her own,  
Though England fling her pennons on the breeze  
And reign before us Mistress of the seas, —  
While calm-eyed History tracks us circling round  
Fate's iron pillar where they all were bound,  
Still in our path a larger curve she finds,  
The spiral widening as the chain unwinds !  
Still sees new beacons crowned with brighter flame  
Than the old watch-fires, like, but not the same !  
No shameless haste shall spot with bandit-crime  
Our destined empire snatched before its time.  
Wait, — wait, undoubting, for the winds have caught  
From our bold speech the heritage of thought;  
No marble form that sculptured truth can wear  
Vies with the image shaped in viewless air;  
And thought unfettered grows through speech to deeds,  
As the broad forest marches in its seeds.  
What though we perish ere the day is won ?  
Enough to see its glorious work begun !  
The thistle falls before a trampling clown,  
But who can chain the flying thistle-down ?  
Wait while the fiery seeds of freedom fly,  
The prairie blazes when the grass is dry !  
What arms might ravish, leave to peaceful arts,  
Wisdom and love shall win the roughest hearts;  
So shall the angel who has closed for man  
The blissful garden since his woes began

Swing wide the golden portals of the West,  
And Eden's secret stand at length confessed !

The reader paused; in truth he thought it time, —  
Some threatening signs accused the drowsy rhyme.  
The Mistress nodded, the Professor dozed,  
The two Annexes sat with eyelids closed, —  
Not *sleeping*, — no ! But when one shuts one's eyes,  
That one hears better no one, sure, denies.  
The Doctor whispered in Delilah's ear,  
Or seemed to whisper, for their heads drew near.  
Not all the owner's efforts could restrain  
The wild vagaries of the squinting brain, —  
Last of the listeners Number Five alone  
The patient reader still could call his own.

"Teacups, arouse !" 'T was thus the spell  
I broke;  
The drowsy started and the slumberers woke.  
"The sleep I promised you have now enjoyed,  
Due to your hour of labor well employed.  
Swiftly the busy moments have been passed;  
This, our first 'Teacups,' must not be our last.  
Here, on this spot, now consecrated ground,  
The Order of 'The Teacups' let us found !  
By winter's fireside and in summer's bower  
Still shall it claim its ever-welcome hour,  
In distant regions where our feet may roam  
The magic teapot find or make a home;  
Long may its floods their bright infusion pour,  
Till time and teacups both shall be no more !"



## APPENDIX

### I. VERSES FROM THE OLDEST PORTFOLIO

FROM THE "COLLEGIAN," 1830, ILLUSTRATED ANNUALS, ETC.

Nescit vox missa reverti. — HORAT. *Ars Poetica*.  
Ab iis quæ non adjuvant quam mollissime oportet  
pedem referre. — QUINTILIAN, L. VI. C. 4.

THESE verses have always been printed in my collected poems, and as the best of them may bear a single reading, I allow them to appear, but in a less conspicuous position than the other productions. A chick, before his shell is off his back, is hardly a fair subject for severe criticism. If one has written anything worth preserving, his first efforts may be objects of interest and curiosity. Other young authors may take encouragement from seeing how tame, how feeble, how commonplace were the rudimentary attempts of the half-fledged poet. If the boy or youth had anything in him, there will probably be some sign of it in the midst of his imitative mediocrities and ambitious failures.

These "first verses" of mine, written before I was sixteen, have little beyond a common academy boy's ordinary performance. Yet a kindly critic said there was one line which showed a poetical quality: —

"The boiling ocean trembled into calm."

One of these poems — the reader may guess which — won fair words from Thackeray. The *Spectre Pig* was a wicked suggestion which came into my head after reading Dana's *Bur-cancer*. Nobody seemed to find it out, and I never mentioned it to the venerable poet, who might not have been pleased with the parody.

This is enough to say of these unvalued copies of verses.

### FIRST VERSES

PHILLIPS ACADEMY, ANDOVER, MASS. 1824 OR 1825

*Translation from The Æneid, Book I.*

THE god looked out upon the troubled deep  
Waked into tumult from its placid sleep;  
The flame of anger kindles in his eye

As the wild waves ascend the lowering sky;  
He lifts his head above their awful height  
And to the distant fleet directs his sight,  
Now borne aloft upon the billow's crest,  
Struck by the bolt or by the winds oppressed,  
And well he knew that Juno's vengeful ire  
Frowned from those clouds and sparkled in that fire.

On rapid pinions as they whistled by  
He calls swift Zephyrus and Eurus nigh:  
Is this your glory in a noble line  
To leave your confines and to ravage mine?  
Whom I — but let these troubled waves sub-  
side —

Another tempest and I'll quell your pride!  
Go — bear our message to your master's ear,  
That wide as ocean I am despot here;  
Let him sit monarch in his barren caves,  
I wield the trident and control the waves!

He said, and as the gathered vapors break  
The swelling ocean seemed a peaceful lake;  
To lift their ships the graceful nymphs essayed  
And the strong trident lent its powerful aid;  
The dangerous banks are sunk beneath the  
main.

And the light chariot skims the unruffled plain.  
As when sedition fires the public mind,  
And maddening fury leads the rabble blind,  
The blazing torch lights up the dread alarm,  
Rage points the steel and fury nerves the arm,  
Then, if some reverend sage appear in sight,  
They stand — they gaze, and check their head-  
long flight, —

He turns the current of each wandering breast  
And hushes every passion into rest, —  
Thus by the power of his imperial arm  
The boiling ocean trembled into calm;  
With flowing reins the father sped his way  
And smiled serene upon rekindled day.

### THE MEETING OF THE DRYADS

Written after a general pruning of the trees around Harvard College. A little poem, on a similar occasion, may be found in the works of Swift, from which, perhaps, the idea was borrowed; although I was as much surprised as amused to meet with it some time after writing the following lines.

It was not many centuries since,  
When, gathered on the moonlit green,  
Beneath the Tree of Liberty,  
A ring of weeping sprites was seen.

- The freshman's lamp had long been dim,  
The voice of busy day was mute,  
And tortured Melody had ceased  
Her sufferings on the evening flute.
- They met not as they once had met,  
To laugh o'er many a jocund tale:  
But every pulse was beating low,  
And every cheek was cold and pale.
- There rose a fair but faded one,  
Who oft had cheered them with her song;  
She waved a mutilated arm,  
And silence held the listening throng.
- "Sweet friends," the gentle nymph began,  
"From opening bud to withering leaf,  
One common lot has bound us all,  
In every change of joy and grief.
- "While all around has felt decay,  
We rose in ever-living prime,  
With broader shade and fresher green,  
Beneath the crumbling step of Time.
- "When often by our feet has past  
Some biped, Nature's walking whim,  
Say, have we trimmed one awkward shape,  
Or lopped away one crooked limb?
- "Go on, fair Science; soon to thee  
Shall Nature yield her idle boast;  
Her vulgar fingers formed a tree,  
But thou hast trained it to a post.
- "Go, paint the birch's silver rind,  
And quilt the peach with softer down;  
Up with the willow's trailing threads,  
Off with the sunflower's radiant crown!
- "Go, plant the lily on the shore,  
And set the rose among the waves,  
And bid the tropic bud unbud  
Its silken zone in arctic caves;
- "Bring bellows for the panting winds,  
Hang up a lantern by the moon,  
And give the nightingale a fife,  
And lend the eagle a balloon!
- "I cannot smile, — the tide of scorn,  
That rolled through every bleeding vein,  
Comes kindling fiercer as it flows  
Back to its burning source again.
- "Again in every quivering leaf  
That moment's agony I feel,  
When limbs, that spurned the northern blast,  
Shrunk from the sacrilegious steel.
- "A curse upon the wretch who dared  
To crop us with his felon saw!  
May every fruit his lip shall taste  
Lie like a bullet in his maw.
- "In every julep that he drinks,  
May gout, and bile, and headache be;

And when he strives to calm his pain,  
May colic mingle with his tea.

"May nightshade cluster round his path,  
And thistles shoot, and brambles cling;  
May blistering ivy scorch his veins,  
And dogwood burn, and nettles sting.

"On him may never shadow fall,  
When fever racks his throbbing brow,  
And his last shilling buy a rope  
To hang him on my highest bough!"

She spoke; — the morning's herald beam  
Sprang from the bosom of the sea,  
And every mangled sprite returned  
In sadness to her wounded tree.

#### THE MYSTERIOUS VISITOR

THERE was a sound of hurrying feet,  
A tramp on echoing stairs,  
There was a rush along the aisles, —  
It was the hour of prayers.

And on, like Ocean's midnight wave,  
The current rolled along,  
When, suddenly, a stranger form  
Was seen amidst the throng.

He was a dark and swarthy man,  
That uninvited guest;  
A faded coat of bottle-green  
Was buttoned round his breast.

There was not one among them all  
Could say from whence he came;  
Nor beardless boy, nor ancient man,  
Could tell that stranger's name.

All silent as the sheeted dead,  
In spite of sneer and frown,  
Fast by a gray-haired senior's side  
He sat him boldly down.

There was a look of horror flashed  
From out the tutor's eyes;  
When all around him rose to pray,  
The stranger did not rise!

A murmur broke along the crowd,  
The prayer was at an end;  
With ringing heels and measured tread,  
A hundred forms descend.

Through sounding aisle, o'er grating stair,  
The long procession poured,  
Till all were gathered on the seats  
Around the Commons board.

That fearful stranger! down he sat,  
Unasked, yet undismayed;  
And on his lip a rising smile  
Of scorn or pleasure played.

He took his hat and hung it up,  
With slow but earnest air;

He stripped his coat from off his back,  
And placed it on a chair.

Then from his nearest neighbor's side  
A knife and plate he drew ;  
And, reaching out his hand again,  
He took his teacup too.

How fled the sugar from the bowl !  
How sunk the azure cream !  
They vanished like the shapes that float  
Upon a summer's dream.

A long, long draught, — an outstretched hand, —  
And crackers, toast, and tea,  
They faded from the stranger's touch,  
Like dew upon the sea.

Then clouds were dark on many a brow,  
Fear sat upon their souls,  
And, in a bitter agony,  
They clasped their buttered rolls.

A whisper trembled through the crowd, —  
Who could the stranger be ?  
And some were silent, for they thought  
A cannibal was he.

What if the creature should arise, —  
For he was stout and tall, —  
And swallow down a sophomore,  
Coat, crow's-foot, cap, and all !

All sullenly the stranger rose ;  
They sat in mute despair ;  
He took his hat from off the peg,  
His coat from off the chair.

Four freshmen fainted on the seat,  
Six swooned upon the floor ;  
Yet on the fearful being passed,  
And shut the chapel door.

There is full many a starving man,  
That walks in bottle green,  
But never more that hungry one  
In Commons hall was seen.

Yet often at the sunset hour,  
When tolls the evening bell,  
The freshman lingers on the steps,  
That frightful tale to tell.

THE TOADSTOOL

THERE'S a thing that grows by the fainting  
flower,  
And springs in the shade of the lady's bow ;  
The lily shrinks, and the rose turns pale,  
When they feel its breath in the summer gale,  
And the tulip curls its leaves in pride,  
And the blue-eyed violet starts aside ;  
But the lily may flaunt, and the tulip stare,  
For what does the honest toadstool care ?

She does not glow in a painted vest,  
And she never blooms on the maiden's breast ;  
But she comes, as the saintly sisters do,  
In a modest suit of a Quaker hue,  
And, when the stars in the evening skies  
Are weeping dew from their gentle eyes,  
The toad comes out from his hermit cell,  
The tale of his faithful love to tell.

Oh, there is light in her lover's glance,  
That flies to her heart like a silver lance ;  
His breeches are made of spotted skin,  
His jacket is tight, and his pumps are thin ;  
In a cloudless night you may hear his song,  
As its pensive melody floats along,  
And, if you will look by the moonlight fair,  
The trembling form of the toad is there.

And he twines his arms round her slender stem,  
In the shade of her velvet diadem ;  
But she turns away in her maiden shame,  
And will not breathe on the kindling flame ;  
He sings at her feet through the livelong night,  
And creeps to his cave at the break of light ;  
And whenever he comes to the air above,  
His throat is swelling with baffled love.

THE SPECTRE PIG

A BALLAD

It was the stalwart butcher man,  
That knit his swarthy brow,  
And said the gentle Pig must die,  
And sealed it with a vow.

And oh ! it was the gentle Pig  
Lay stretched upon the ground,  
And ah ! it was the cruel knife  
His little heart that found.

They took him then, those wicked men,  
They trailed him all along ;  
They put a stick between his lips,  
And through his heels a thong ;

And round and round an oaken beam  
A heppen cord they flung,  
And, like a mighty pendulum,  
All solemnly he swung !

Now say thy prayers, thou sinful man,  
And think what thou hast done,  
And read thy catechism well,  
Thou bloody-minded one ;

For if his sprite should walk by night,  
It better were for thee,  
That thou wert mouldering in the ground,  
Or bleaching in the sea.

It was the savage butcher then,  
That made a mock of sin,  
And swore a very wicked oath,  
He did not care a pin.

It was the butcher's youngest son, —  
His voice was broke with sighs,  
And with his pocket-handkerchief  
He wiped his little eyes ;

All young and ignorant was he,  
But innocent and mild,  
And, in his soft simplicity,  
Out spoke the tender child : —

“ Oh, father, father, list to me ;  
The Pig is deadly sick,  
And men have hung him by his heels,  
And fed him with a stick.”

It was the bloody butcher then,  
That laughed as he would die,  
Yet did he soothe the sorrowing child,  
And bid him not to cry ; —

“ Oh, Nathan, Nathan, what 's a Pig,  
That thou shouldst weep and wail ?  
Come, bear thee like a butcher's child,  
And thou shalt have his tail ! ”

It was the butcher's daughter then,  
So slender and so fair,  
That sobbed as if her heart would break,  
And tore her yellow hair ;

And thus she spoke in thrilling tone, —  
Fast fell the tear-drops big : —  
“ Ah ! woe is me ! Alas ! Alas !  
The Pig ! The Pig ! The Pig ! ”

Then did her wicked father's lips  
Make merry with her woe,  
And call her many a naughty name,  
Because she whimpered so.

Ye need not weep, ye gentle ones,  
In vain your tears are shed,  
Ye cannot wash his crimson hand,  
Ye cannot soothe the dead.

The bright sun folded on his breast  
His robes of rosy flame,  
And softly over all the west  
The shades of evening came.

He slept, and troops of murdered Pigs  
Were busy with his dreams ;  
Loud rang their wild, unearthly shrieks,  
Wide yawned their mortal seams.

The clock struck twelve ; the Dead hath  
heard ;  
He opened both his eyes,  
And sullenly he shook his tail  
To lash the feeding flies.

One quiver of the hempen cord, —  
One struggle and one bound, —  
With stiffened limb and leaden eye,  
The Pig was on the ground !

And straight towards the sleeper's house  
His fearful way he wended ;  
And hooting owl and hovering bat  
On midnight wing attended.

Back flew the bolt, up rose the latch,  
And open swung the door,  
And little mincing feet were heard  
Pat, pat along the floor.

Two hoofs upon the sanded floor,  
And two upon the bed ;  
And they are breathing side by side,  
The living and the dead !

“ Now wake, now wake, thou butcher man !  
What makes thy cheek so pale ?  
Take hold ! take hold ! thou dost not fear  
To clasp a spectre's tail ? ”

Untwisted every winding coil ;  
The shuddering wretch took hold,  
All like an icicle it seemed,  
So tapering and so cold.

“ Thou com'st with me, thou butcher man ! ” —  
He strives to loose his grasp,  
But, faster than the clinging vine,  
Those twining spirals clasp ;

And open, open swung the door,  
And, fleetest than the wind,  
The shadowy spectre swept before,  
The butcher trailed behind.

Fast fled the darkness of the night,  
And morn rose faint and dim ;  
They called full loud, they knocked full long,  
They did not waken him.

Straight, straight towards that oaken beam,  
A trampled pathway ran ;  
A ghastly shape was swinging there, —  
It was the butcher man.

#### TO A CAGED LION

POOR conquered monarch ! though that haughty  
glance  
Still speaks thy courage unsubdued by time,  
And in the grandeur of thy sullen tread  
Lives the proud spirit of thy burning clime ; —  
Fettered by things that shudder at thy roar,  
Torn from thy pathless wilds to pace this nar-  
row floor !

Thou wast the victor, and all nature shrunk  
Before the thunders of thine awful wrath ;  
The steel-armed hunter viewed thee from afar,  
Fearless and trackless in thy lonely path !  
The famished tiger closed his flaming eye,  
And crouched and panted as thy step went  
by !

Thou art the vanquished, and insulting man  
 Bars thy broad bosom as a sparrow's wing;  
 His nerveless arms thine iron sinews bind,  
 And lead in chains the desert's fallen king;  
 Are these the beings that have dared to twine  
 Their feeble threads around those limbs of  
 thine?

So must it be; the weaker, wiser race,  
 That wields the tempest and that rides the  
 sea,  
 Even in the stillness of thy solitude  
 Must teach the lesson of its power to thee;  
 And thou, the terror of the trembling wild,  
 Must bow thy savage strength, the mockery of  
 a child!

THE STAR AND THE WATER-LILY

THE sun stepped down from his golden throne,  
 And lay in the silent sea.  
 And the Lily had folded her satin leaves,  
 For a sleepy thing was she;  
 What is the Lily dreaming of?  
 Why crisp the waters blue?  
 See, see, she is lifting her varnished lid!  
 Her white leaves are glistening through!

The Rose is cooling his burning cheek  
 In the lap of the breathless tide;—  
 The Lily hath sisters fresh and fair,  
 That would lie by the Rose's side;  
 He would love her better than all the rest,  
 And he would be fond and true;—  
 But the Lily unfolded her weary lids,  
 And looked at the sky so blue.

Remember, remember, thou silly one,  
 How fast will thy summer glide,  
 And wilt thou wither a virgin pale,  
 Or flourish a blooming bride?  
 "Oh, the Rose is old, and thorny, and cold,  
 And he lives on earth," said she;  
 "But the Star is fair and he lives in the air,  
 And he shall my bridegroom be."

But what if the stormy cloud should come,  
 And ruffle the silver sea?  
 Would he turn his eye from the distant sky,  
 To smile on a thing like thee?  
 Oh no, fair Lily, he will not send  
 One ray from his far-off throne;  
 The winds shall blow, and the waves shall  
 flow,  
 And thou wilt be left alone.

There is not a leaf on the mountain-top,  
 Nor a drop of evening dew,  
 Nor a golden sand on the sparkling shore,  
 Nor a pearl in the waters blue,  
 That he has not cheered with his fickle smile,  
 And warmed with his faithless beam,—  
 And will he be true to a pallid flower,  
 That floats on the quiet stream?

Alas for the Lily! she would not heed,  
 But turned to the skies afar,  
 And bared her breast to the trembling ray  
 That shot from the rising star;  
 The cloud came over the darkened sky,  
 And over the waters wide:  
 She looked in vain through the beating rain,  
 And sank in the stormy tide.

ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE

"A SPANISH GIRL IN REVERIE"

SHE wiled the string of golden beads,  
 That round her neck was hung,—  
 My grandsire's gift; the good old man  
 Loved girls when he was young;  
 And, bending lightly o'er the coid,  
 And turning half away,  
 With something like a youthful sigh,  
 Thus spoke the maiden gray:—

"Well, one may trail her silken robe,  
 And bind her locks with pearls,  
 And one may wreath the woodland rose  
 Among her floating curls;  
 And one may tread the dewy grass,  
 And one the marble floor,  
 Nor half-hid bosom heave the less,  
 Nor brodered corset more!

"Some years ago, a dark-eyed girl  
 Was sitting in the shade,—  
 There's something brings her to my mind  
 In that young dreaming maid,—  
 And in her hand she held a flower,  
 A flower, whose speaking hue  
 Said, in the language of the heart,  
 'Believe the giver true.'

"And, as she looked upon its leaves,  
 The maiden made a vow  
 To wear it when the bridal wreath  
 Was woven for her brow;  
 She watched the flower, as, day by day,  
 The leaflets curled and died;  
 But he who gave it never came  
 To claim her for his bride.

"Oh, many a summer's morning glow  
 Has lent the rose its ray,  
 And many a winter's drifting snow  
 Has swept its bloom away;  
 But she has kept that faithless pledge  
 To this, her winter hour,  
 And keeps it still, herself alone,  
 And wasted like the flower."

Her pale lip quivered, and the light  
 Gleaned in her moistening eyes;—  
 I asked her how she liked the tints  
 In those Castilian skies?

"She thought them misty,—'t was perhaps  
 Because she stood too near;"  
 She turned away, and as she turned  
 I saw her wipe a tear.

## A ROMAN AQUEDUCT

THE sun-browned girl, whose limbs recline  
 When noon her languid hand has laid  
 Hot on the green flakes of the pine,  
 Beneath its narrow disk of shade ;

As, through the flickering noontide glare,  
 She gazes on the rainbow chain  
 Of arches, lifting once in air  
 The rivers of the Roman's plain ; —

Say, does her wandering eye recall  
 The mountain-current's icy wave, —  
 Or for the dead one tear let fall,  
 Whose founts are broken by their grave ?

From stone to stone the ivy weaves  
 Her braided tracery's winding veil,  
 And lacing stalks and tangled leaves  
 Nod heavy in the drowsy gale.

And lightly floats the pendent vine,  
 That swings beneath her slender bow,  
 Arch answering arch, — whose rounded line  
 Seems mirrored in the wreath below.

How patient Nature smiles at Fame !  
 The weeds, that strewed the victor's way,  
 Fead on his dust to shroud his name,  
 Green where his proudest towers decay.

See, through that channel, empty now,  
 The scanty rain its tribute pours, —  
 Which cooled the lip and laved the brow  
 Of conquerors from a hundred shores.

Thus bending o'er the nation's bier,  
 Whose wants the captive earth supplied,  
 The dew of Memory's passing tear  
 Falls on the arches of her pride !

## FROM A BACHELOR'S PRIVATE JOURNAL

SWEET Mary, I have never breathed  
 The love it were in vain to name ;  
 Though round my heart a serpent wreathed,  
 I smiled, or strove to smile, the same.

Once more the pulse of Nature glows  
 With faster throb and fresher fire,  
 While music round her pathway flows,  
 Like echoes from a hidden lyre.

And is there none with me to share  
 The glories of the earth and sky ?  
 The eagle through the pathless air  
 Is followed by one burning eye.

Ah no ! the cradled flowers may wake,  
 Again may flow the frozen sea,

From every cloud a star may break, —  
 There comes no second spring to me.

Go, — ere the painted toys of youth  
 Are crushed beneath the tread of years ;  
 Ere visions have been chilled to truth,  
 And hopes are washed away in tears.

Go, — for I will not bid thee weep, —  
 Too soon my sorrows will be thine,  
 And evening's troubled air shall sweep  
 The incense from the broken shrine.

If Heaven can hear the dying tone  
 Of chords that soon will cease to thrill,  
 The prayer that Heaven has heard alone  
 May bless thee when those chords are still.

## LA GRISETTE

AH, Clemence ! when I saw thee last  
 Trip down the Rue de Seine,  
 And turning, when thy form had past,  
 I said, " We meet again, " —  
 I dreamed not in that idle glance  
 Thy latest image came,  
 And only left to memory's trance  
 A shadow and a name.

The few strange words my lips had taught  
 Thy timid voice to speak,  
 Their gentler signs, which often brought  
 Fresh roses to thy cheek,  
 The trailing of thy long loose hair  
 Bent o'er my couch of pain,  
 All, all returned, more sweet, more fair ;  
 Oh, had we met again !

I walked where saint and virgin keep  
 The vigil lights of Heaven,  
 I knew that thou hadst woes to weep,  
 And sins to be forgiven ;  
 I watched where Genevieve was laid,  
 I knelt by Mary's shrine,  
 Beside me low, soft voices prayed ;  
 Alas ! but where was thine ?

And when the morning sun was bright,  
 When wind and wave were calm,  
 And flamed, in thousand-tinted light,  
 The rose of Notre Dame,  
 I wandered through the haunts of men,  
 From Boulevard to Quai,  
 Till, frowning o'er Saint Etienne,  
 The Pantheon's shadow lay.

In vain, in vain ; we meet no more,  
 Nor dream what fates befall ;  
 And long upon the stranger's shore  
 My voice on thee may call,  
 When years have clothed the line in moss  
 That tells thy name and days,  
 And withered, on thy simple cross,  
 The wreaths of Père-la-Chaise !

OUR YANKEE GIRLS

LET greener lands and bluer skies,  
 If such the wide earth shows,  
 With fairer cheeks and brighter eyes,  
 Match us the star and rose ;  
 The winds that lift the Georgian's veil,  
 Or wave Circassia's curls,  
 Waft to their shores the sultan's sail, —  
 Who buys our Yankee girls?

The gay grisette, whose fingers touch  
 Love's thousand chords so well ;  
 The dark Italian, loving much,  
 But more than *one* can tell ;  
 And England's fair-haired, blue-eyed dame,  
 Who binds her brow with pearls :—  
 Ye who have seen them, can they shame  
 Our own sweet Yankee girls?

And what if court or castle vault  
 Its children loftier born? —  
 Who heeds the silken tassel's flaunt  
 Beside the golden eorn ?  
 They ask not for the dainty toil  
 Of ribboned knights and earls,  
 The daughters of the virgin soil,  
 Our freeborn Yankee girls!

By every hill whose stately pines  
 Wave their dark arms above  
 The home where some fair being shines,  
 To warm the wilds with love,  
 From barest rock to bleakest shore  
 Where farthest sail unfurls,  
 That stars and stripes are streaming o'er, —  
 God bless our Yankee girls!

L'INCONNUE

Is thy name Mary, maiden fair ?  
 Such should, methinks, its music be :  
 The sweetest name that mortals bear  
 Were best befitting thee ;  
 And she to whom it once was given,  
 Was half of earth and half of heaven.

I hear thy voice, I see thy smile,  
 I look upon thy folded hair ;  
 Ah ! while we dream not they beguile,  
 Our hearts are in the snare ;  
 And she who chains a wild bird's wing  
 Must start not if her captive sing.

So, lady, take the leaf that falls,  
 To all but thee unseen, unknown ;  
 When evening shades thy silent walls,  
 Then read it all alone ;  
 In stillness read, in darkness seal,  
 Forget, despise, but not reveal !

STANZAS

STRANGE ! that one lightly whispered tone  
 Is far, far sweeter unto me,  
 Than all the sounds that kiss the earth,  
 Or breathe along the sea ;

But, lady, when thy voice I greet,  
 Not heavenly music seems so sweet.

I look upon the fair blue skies,  
 And naught but empty air I see ;  
 But when I turn me to thine eyes,  
 It seemeth unto me  
 Ten thousand angels spread their wings  
 Within those little azure rings.

The lily hath the softest leaf  
 That ever western breeze hath fanned,  
 But thou shalt have the tender flower,  
 So I may take thy hand ;  
 That little hand to me doth yield  
 More joy than all the brodered field.

O lady ! there be many things  
 That seem right fair, below, above ;  
 But sure not one among them all  
 Is half so sweet as love ; —  
 Let us not pay our vows alone,  
 But join two altars both in one.

LINES BY A CLERK

Oh ! I did love her dearly,  
 And gave her toys and rings,  
 And I thought she meant sincerely,  
 When she took my pretty things.  
 But her heart has grown as icy  
 As a fountain in the fall,  
 And her love, that was so spiey,  
 It did not last at all.

I gave her once a locket,  
 It was filled with my own hair,  
 And she put it in her pocket  
 With very special care.  
 But a jeweller has got it, —  
 He offered it to me, —  
 And another that is not it  
 Around her neck I see.

For my cooings and my billings  
 I do not now complain,  
 But my dollars and my shillings  
 Will never come again ;  
 They were earned with toil and sorrow,  
 But I never told her that,  
 And now I have to borrow,  
 And want another hat.

Think, think, thou cruel Emma,  
 When thou shalt hear my woe,  
 And know my sad dilemma,  
 That thou hast made it so.  
 See, see my beaver rusty,  
 Look ! look upon this hole,  
 This coat is dim and dusty ;  
 Oh let it rend thy soul !

Before the gates of fashion  
 I daily bent my knee,  
 But I sought the shrine of passion,  
 And found my idol, — thee.

Though never love intenser  
Had bowed a soul before it,  
Thine eye was on the censor,  
And not the hand that bore it.

#### THE PHILOSOPHER TO HIS LOVE

DEAREST, a look is but a ray  
Reflected in a certain way ;  
A word, whatever tone it wear,  
Is but a trembling wave of air ;  
A touch, obedience to a clause  
In nature's pure material laws.

The very flowers that bend and meet,  
In sweetening others, grow more sweet ;  
The clouds by day, the stars by night,  
Inweave their floating locks of light ;  
The rainbow, Heaven's own forehead's braid,  
Is but the embrace of sun and shade.

How few that love us have we found !  
How wide the world that girds them round !  
Like mountain streams we meet and part,  
Each living in the other's heart,  
Our course unknown, our hope to be  
Yet mingled in the distant sea.

But Ocean coils and heaves in vain,  
Bound in the subtle moonbeam's chain ;  
And love and hope do but obey  
Some cold, capricious planet's ray,  
Which lights and leads the tide it charms  
To Death's dark caves and icy arms.

Alas ! one narrow line is drawn,  
That links our sunset with our dawn ;  
In mist and shade life's morning rose,  
And clouds are round it at its close ;  
But ah ! no twilight beam ascends  
To whisper where that evening ends.

Oh ! in the hour when I shall feel  
Those shadows round my senses steal,  
When gentle eyes are weeping o'er  
The clay that feels their tears no more,  
Then let thy spirit with me be,  
Or some sweet angel, likest thee !

#### THE POET'S LOT

WHAT is a poet's love ? —  
To write a girl a sonnet,  
To get a ring, or some such thing,  
And fustianize upon it.

What is a poet's fame ? —  
Sad hints about his reason,  
And sadder praise from garreteers,  
To be returned in season.

Where go the poet's lines ? —  
Answer, ye evening tapers !  
Ye auburn locks, ye golden curls,  
Speak from your folded papers !

Child of the ploughshare, smile ;  
Boy of the counter, grieve not,  
Though muses round thy trundle-bed  
Their brodered tissue weave not.

The poet's future holds  
No civic wreath above him ;  
Nor slated roof, nor varnished chaise,  
Nor wife nor child to love him.

Maid of the village inn,  
Who workest woe on satin,  
(The grass in black, the graves in green,  
The epitaph in Latin,)

Trust not to them who say,  
In stanzas, they adore thee ;  
Oh rather sleep in churchyard clay,  
With urn and cherub o'er thee !

#### TO A BLANK SHEET OF PAPER

WAN-VISAGED thing ! thy virgin leaf  
To me looks more than deadly pale,  
Unknowing what may stain thee yet, —  
A poem or a tale.

Who can thy unborn meaning scan ?  
Can Seer or Sibyl read thee now ?  
No, — seek to trace the fate of man  
Writ on his infant brow.

Love may light on thy snowy cheek,  
And shake his Eden-breathing plumes ;  
Then shalt thou tell how Lelia smiles,  
Or Angelina blooms.

Satire may lift his bearded lance,  
Forestalling Time's slow-moving scythe,  
And, scattered on thy little field,  
Disjointed bards may writhe.

Perchance a vision of the night,  
Some grizzled spectre, gaunt and thin,  
Or sheeted corpse, may stalk along,  
Or skeleton may grin !

If it should be in pensive hour  
Some sorrow-moving theme I try,  
Ah, maiden, how thy tears will fall,  
For all I doom to die !

But if in merry mood I touch  
Thy leaves, then shall the sight of thee  
Sow smiles as thick on rosy lips  
As ripples on the sea.

The Weekly press shall gladly stoop  
To bind thee up among its sheaves ;  
The Daily steal thy shining ore,  
To gild its leaden leaves.

Thou hast no tongue, yet thou canst speak,  
Till distant shores shall hear the sound ;



Thou hast no life, yet thou canst breathe  
Fresh life on all around.

Thou art the arena of the wise,  
The noiseless battle-ground of fame ;  
The sky where halos may be wreathed  
Around the humblest name.

Take, then, this treasure to thy trust,  
To win some idle reader's smile,  
Then fade and moulder in the dust,  
Or swell some bonfire's pile.

TO THE PORTRAIT OF "A GENTLE-  
MAN "

IN THE ATHENÆUM GALLERY

[The companion poem, *To the Portrait of "A Lady,"* was retained by Dr. Holmes in his group, *Earlier Poems.*]

It may be so, — perhaps thou hast  
A warm and loving heart ;  
I will not blame thee for thy face,  
Poor devil as thou art.

That thing thou fondly deem'st a nose,  
Unightly though it be, —  
In spite of all the cold world's scorn,  
It may be much to thee.

Those eyes, — among thine elder friends  
Perhaps they pass for blue, —  
No matter, — if a man can see,  
What more have eyes to do ?

Thy mouth, — that fissure in thy face,  
By something like a chin, —  
May be a very useful place  
To put thy victual in.

I know thou hast a wife at home,  
I know thou hast a child,  
By that subdued, domestic smile  
Upon thy features mild.

That wife sits fearless by thy side,  
That cherub on thy knee ;  
They do not shudder at thy looks,  
They do not shrink from thee.

Above thy mantle is a hook, —  
A portrait once was there ;  
It was thine only ornament, —  
Alas ! that hook is bare.

She begged thee not to let it go,  
She begged thee all in vain ;  
She wept, — and breathed a trembling prayer  
To meet it safe again.

It was a bitter sight to see  
That picture torn away ;  
It was a solemn thought to think  
What all her friends would say !

And often in her calmer hours,  
And in her happy dreams,  
Upon its long-deserted hook  
The absent portrait seems.

Thy wretched infant turns his head  
In melancholy wise,  
And looks to meet the placid stare  
Of those unbending eyes.

I never saw thee, lovely one, —  
Perchance I never may ;  
It is not often that we cross  
Such people in our way ;

But if we meet in distant years,  
Or on some foreign shore,  
Sure I can take my Bible oath,  
I've seen that face before.

THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN

It was a tall young oysterman lived by the  
river-side,  
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was  
on the tide ;  
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so  
straight and slim,  
Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to  
him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely  
maid,  
Upon a moonlight evening, a-sitting in the  
shade ;  
He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as  
it to say,  
" I'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all  
the folks away."

Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself  
said he,  
" I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for fear  
that folks should see ;  
I read it in the story-book, that, for to kiss his  
dear,  
Leander swam the Hellespont, — and I will  
swim this here."

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed  
the shining stream,  
And he has clambered up the bank, all in the  
moonlight gleam ;  
Oh there were kisses sweet as dew, and words  
as soft as rain. —  
But they have heard her father's step, and in  
he leaps again !

Out spoke the ancient fisherman, — " Oh, what  
was that, my daughter ? "  
" 'T was nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into  
the water."  
" And what is that, pray tell me, love, that  
paddles off so fast ? "  
" It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that's been  
a-swimming past."

Out spoke the ancient fisherman, — " Now bring  
me my harpoon !  
I 'll get into my fishing-boat, and fix the fellow  
soon."

Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow-  
white lamb,  
Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like  
seaweed on a clam.

Alas for those two loving ones ! she waked not  
from her swound,  
And he was taken with the cramp, and in the  
waves was drowned ;  
But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of  
their woe,  
And now they keep an oyster-shop for mer-  
maids down below.

#### A NOONTIDE LYRIC

THE dinner-bell, the dinner-bell  
Is ringing loud and clear ;  
Through hill and plain, through street and lane,  
It echoes far and near ;  
From curtained hall and whitewashed stall,  
Wherever men can hide,  
Like bursting waves from ocean caves,  
They float upon the tide.

I smell the smell of roasted meat !  
I hear the hissing fry !  
The beggars know where they can go,  
But where, oh where shall I ?  
At twelve o'clock men took my hand,  
At two they only stare,  
And eye me with a fearful look,  
As if I were a bear !

The poet lays his laurels down,  
And hastens to his greens ;  
The happy tailor quits his goose,  
To riot on his beans ;  
The weary cobbler snaps his thread,  
The printer leaves his pi ;  
His very devil hath a home,  
But what, oh what have I ?

Methinks I hear an angel voice,  
That softly seems to say :  
" Pale stranger, all may yet be well,  
Then wipe thy tears away ;  
Erect thy head, and cock thy hat,  
And follow me afar,  
And thou shalt have a jolly meal,  
And charge it at the bar."

I hear the voice ! I go ! I go !  
Prepare your meat and wine !  
They little heed their future need  
Who pay not when they dine.  
Give me to-day the rosy bowl,  
Give me one golden dream, —  
To-morrow kick away the stool,  
And dangle from the beam !

#### THE HOT SEASON

THE folks, that on the first of May  
Wore winter coats and hose,  
Began to say, the first of June,  
" Good Lord ! how hot it grows !"  
At last two Fahrenheits blew up,  
And killed two children small,  
And one barometer shot dead  
A tutor with its ball !

Now all day long the locusts sang  
Among the leafless trees ;  
Three new hotels warped inside out,  
The pumps could only wheeze ;  
And ripe old wine, that twenty years  
Had cobwebbed o'er in vain,  
Came spouting through the rotten corks  
Like Joly's best champagne !

The Worcester locomotives did  
Their trip in half an hour ;  
The Lowell cars ran forty miles  
Before they checked the power ;  
Roll brimstone soon became a drug,  
And loco-focos fell ;  
All asked for ice, but everywhere  
Saltpetre was to sell.

Plump men of mornings ordered tights,  
But, ere the scorching noons,  
Their candle-moulds had grown as loose  
As Cossack pantaloons !  
The dogs ran mad, — men could not try  
If water they would choose ;  
A horse fell dead, — he only left  
Four red-hot, rusty shoes !

But soon the people could not bear  
The slightest hint of fire ;  
Allusions to caloric drew  
A flood of savage ire ;  
The leaves on heat were all torn out  
From every book at school,  
And many blackguards kicked and caned,  
Because they said, " Keep cool !"

The gas-light companies were mobbed,  
The bakers all were shot,  
The penny press began to talk  
Of lynching Doctor Nott ;  
And all about the warehouse steps  
Were angry men in droves,  
Crashing and splintering through the doors  
To smash the patent stoves !

The abolition men and maids  
Were tanned to such a hue,  
You scarce could tell them from their friends,  
Unless their eyes were blue ;  
And, when I left, society  
Had burst its ancient guards,  
And Brattle Street and Temple Place  
Were interchanging cards !

A PORTRAIT

A STILL, sweet, placid, moonlight face,  
 And slightly nonchalant,  
 Which seems to claim a middle place  
 Between one's love and amyt,  
 Where childhood's star has left a ray  
 In woman's sunniest sky,  
 As morning dew and blushing day  
 On fruit and blossom lie.

And yet, — and yet I cannot love  
 Those lovely lines on steel ;  
 They beam too much of heaven above,  
 Earth's darker shades to feel ;  
 Perchance some early weeds of care  
 Around my heart have grown,  
 And brows unfurrowed seem not fair,  
 Because they mock my own.

Alas ! when Eden's gates were sealed,  
 How oft some sheltered flower  
 Breathed o'er the wanderers of the field,  
 Like their own bridal bower ;  
 Yet, saddened by its loveliness,  
 And humbled by its pride,  
 Earth's fairest child they could not bless, —  
 It mocked them when they sighed.

AN EVENING THOUGHT

WRITTEN AT SEA

IF sometimes in the dark blue eye,  
 Or in the deep red wine,  
 Or soothed by gentlest melody,  
 Still warms this heart of mine,  
 Yet something colder in the blood,  
 And calmer in the brain,  
 Have whispered that my youth's bright flood  
 Ebbs, not to flow again.

If by Helvetia's azure lake,  
 Or Arno's yellow stream,  
 Each star of memory could awake,  
 As in my first young dream,  
 I know that when mine eye shall greet  
 The hillsides bleak and bare,  
 That gird my home, it will not meet  
 My childhood's sunsets there.

Oh, when love's first, sweet, stolen kiss  
 Burned on my boyish brow,  
 Was that young forehead worn as this ?  
 Was that flushed cheek as now ?  
 Were that wild pulse and throbbing heart  
 Like these, which vainly strive,  
 In thankless strains of soulless art,  
 To dream themselves alive ?

Alas ! the morning dew is gone,  
 Gone ere the full of day ;  
 Life's iron fetter still is on,  
 Its wreaths all torn away ;

Happy if still some casual hour  
 Can warm the fading shrine,  
 Too soon to chill beyond the power  
 Of love, or song, or wine !

"THE WASP" AND "THE HORNET"

THE two proud sisters of the sea,  
 In glory and in doom ! —  
 Well may the eternal waters be  
 Their broad, unsculptured tomb !  
 The wind that rings along the wave,  
 The clear, unshadowed sun,  
 Are torch and trumpet o'er the brave,  
 Whose last green wreath is won !

No stranger-hand their banners furled,  
 No victor's shout they heard ;  
 Unseen, above them ocean curled,  
 Safe by his own pale bird ;  
 The gushing billows heaved and fell ;  
 Wild shrieked the midnight gale ;  
 Far, far beneath the morning swell  
 Were permon, spar, and sail.

The land of Freedom ! Sea and shore  
 Are guarded now, as when  
 Her ebbing waves to victory bore  
 Fair barks and gallant men ;  
 Oh, many a ship of prouder name  
 May wave her starry fold,  
 Nor trail, with deeper light of fame,  
 The paths they swept of old !

" QUI VIVE ? "

" *Qui vive ?* " The sentry's musket rings,  
 The channelled bayonet gleams ;  
 High o'er him, like a raven's wings  
 The broad tricolored banner flings  
 Its shadow, rustling as it swings  
 Pale in the moonlight beams ;  
 Pass on ! while steel-clad sentries keep  
 Their vigil o'er the monarch's sleep,  
 Thy bare, unguarded breast  
 Asks not the unbroken, bristling zone  
 That girds yon sceptred trembler's throne ;  
 Pass on, and take thy rest !

" *Qui vive ?* " How oft the midnight air  
 That startling cry has borne !  
 How oft the evening breeze has fanned  
 The banner of this haughty land,  
 O'er mountain snow and desert sand,  
 Ere yet its folds were torn !  
 Through Jena's carnage flying red,  
 Or tossing o'er Marengo's dead,  
 Or curling on the towers  
 Where Austria's eagle quivers yet,  
 And smits the ruffled plummage wet  
 With battle's crimson showers !

" *Qui vive ?* " And is the sentry's cry, —  
 The sleepless soldier's hand, —  
 Are these — the painted folds that fly

And lift their emblems, printed high  
 On morning mist and sunset sky —  
 The guardians of a land ?  
 No! If the patriot's pulses sleep,  
 How vain the watch that hirelings keep, —  
 The idle flag that waves,  
 When Conquest, with his iron heel,  
 Treads down the standards and the steel  
 That belt the soil of slaves !

## A SOUVENIR

YES, lady ! I can ne'er forget,  
 That once in other years we met ;  
 Thy memory may perchance recall  
 A festal eve, a rose-wreathed hall,  
 Its tapers' blaze, its mirrors' glance,  
 Its melting song, its ringing glance ; —  
 Why, in thy dream of virgin joy,  
 Shouldst thou recall a pallid boy ?

Thine eye had other forms to seek,  
 Why rest upon his bashful cheek ?  
 With other tones thy heart was stirred,  
 Why waste on him a gentle word ?  
 We parted, lady, — all night long  
 Thine ear to thrill with dance and song, —  
 And I — to weep that I was born  
 A thing thou scarce wouldst deign to scorn.

And, lady ! now that years have past,  
 My bark has reached the shore at last ;  
 The gales that filled her ocean wing,  
 Have chilled and shrunk thy hasty spring,  
 And eye to eye, and brow to brow,  
 I stand before thy presence now ; —  
 Thy lip is smoothed, thy voice is sweet,  
 Thy warm hand offered when we meet.

Nay, lady ! 't is not now for me  
 To droop the lid or bend the knee.  
 I seek thee, — oh thou dost not shun ;  
 I speak, — thou listenest like a nun ;  
 I ask thy smile, — thy lip uncurls,  
 Too liberal of its flashing pearls ;  
 Thy tears, — thy lashes sing again, —  
 My Hebe turns to Magdalen !

O changing youth ! that evening hour  
 Looked down on ours, — the bud — the flower :  
 Thine faded in its virgin soil,  
 And mine was nursed in tears and toil ;  
 Thy leaves were withering, one by one,  
 While mine were opening to the sun.  
 Which now can meet the cold and storm,  
 With freshest leaf and hardiest form ?

Ay, lady ! that once haughty glance  
 Still wanders through the glittering dance,  
 She asks in vain from others' pride,  
 The charity thine own denied ;  
 And as thy fickle lips could learn  
 To smile and praise, — that used to spurn,  
 So the last offering on thy shrine  
 Shall be this flattering lay of mine !

## THE DYING SENECA

HE died not as the martyr dies,  
 Wrapped in his living shroud of flame ;  
 He fell not as the warrior falls,  
 Gasping upon the field of fame ;  
 A gentler passage to the grave,  
 The murderer's softened fury gave.

Rome's slaughtered sons and blazing piles  
 Had tracked the purpled demon's path,  
 And yet another victim lived  
 To fill the fiery scroll of wrath ;  
 Could not imperial vengeance spare  
 His furrowed brow and silver hair ?

The field was sown with noble blood,  
 The harvest reaped in burning tears,  
 When, rolling up its crimson flood,  
 Broke the long-gathering tide of years ;  
 His diadem was rent away,  
 And beggars trampled on his clay.

None wept, — none pitied ; — they who knelt  
 At morning by the despot's throne,  
 At evening dashed the laurelled bust,  
 And spurned the wreaths themselves had  
 strown ;  
 The shout of triumph echoed wide,  
 The self-stung reptile writhed and died !

## THE LAST PROPHECY OF CASSANDRA

THE sun is fading in the skies,  
 And evening shades are gathering fast ;  
 Fair city, ere that sun shall rise,  
 Thy night hath come, — thy day is past !

Ye know not, — but the hour is nigh ;  
 Ye will not heed the warning breath ;  
 No vision strikes your clouded eye,  
 To break the sleep that wakes in death.

Go, age, and let thy withered cheek  
 Be wet once more with freezing tears ;  
 And bid thy trembling sorrows speak,  
 In accents of departed years.

Go, child, and pour thy sinless prayer  
 Before the everlasting throne ;  
 And He, who sits in glory there,  
 May stoop to hear thy silver tone.

Go, warrior, in thy glittering steel,  
 And bow thee at the altar's side ;  
 And bid thy frowning gods reveal  
 The doom their mystic counsels hide.

Go, maiden, in thy flowing veil,  
 And bare thy brow, and bend thy knee ;  
 When the last hopes of mercy fail,  
 Thy God may yet remember thee.

Go, as thou didst in happier hours,  
 And lay thine incense on the shrine ;

And greener leaves, and fairer flowers,  
Around the sacred image twine.

I saw them rise, — the buried dead, —  
From marble tomb and grassy mound;  
I heard the spirits' printless tread,  
And voices not of earthly sound.

I looked upon the quivering stream,  
And its cold wave was bright with flame;  
And wild, as from a fearful dream,  
The wasted forms of battle came.

Ye will not hear, — ye will not know, —  
Ye scorn the maniac's idle song;  
Ye care not! but the voice of woe  
Shall thunder loud, and echo long.

Blood shall be in your marble halls,  
And spears shall glance, and fire shall glow;  
Ruin shall sit upon your walls,  
But ye shall lie in death below.

Ay, none shall live, to hear the storm  
Around their blackened pillars sweep;  
To shudder at the reptile's form,  
Or scare the wild bird from her sleep.

#### TO MY COMPANIONS

MINE ancient chair! thy wide-embracing arms  
Have clasped around me even from a boy;  
Hast thou a voice to speak of years gone by,  
Thine were a tale of sorrow and of joy,  
Of fevered hopes and ill-foreboding fears,  
And smiles unseen, and unrecorded tears.

And thou, my table! though unwearied time  
Hath set his signet on thine altered brow,  
Still can I see thee in thy spotless prime,  
And in my memory thou art living now;  
Soon must thou slumber with forgotten things,  
The peasant's ashes and the dust of kings.

Thou melancholy mug! thy sober brown  
Hath something pensive in its evening hue,  
Not like the things that please the tasteless  
clown,

With gaudy streaks of orange and of blue;  
And I must love thee, for thou art mine own,  
Pressed by my lip, and pressed by mine alone.

My broken mirror! faithless, yet beloved,  
Thou who canst smile, and smile alike on all,  
Oft do I leave thee, oft again return.  
I scorn the siren, but obey the call;

I hate thy falsehood, while I fear thy truth,  
But most I love thee, flattering friend of youth.

Primeval carpet! every well-worn thread  
Hath slowly parted with its virgin dye;  
I saw thee fade beneath the ceaseless tread,  
Fainter and fainter in mine anxious eye;  
So flies the color from the brightest flower,  
And heaven's own rainbow lives but for an  
hour.

I love you all! there radiates from our own,  
A soul that lives in every shape we see;  
There is a voice, to other ears unknown,

Like echoed music answering to its key,  
The dumgeoned captive hath a tale to tell,  
Of every insect in his lonely cell;  
And these poor frailties have a simple tone,  
That breathes in accents sweet to me alone.

#### II. ASTREA: THE BALANCE OF ILLUSIONS

[THIS poem, first delivered before the ΦΒΚ society of Yale College, August 14, 1850, was published the same year and only recently disappeared as a separate publication; but upon rearranging his poems for an early collective edition, Dr. Holmes included a group of *Pictures from Occasional Poems*, in which he placed certain excerpts from *Astrea*. These passages were retained without the grouped heading in his final Riverside edition, and are reproduced in this edition. *Astrea*, however, has had an independent life so long that it seems best to reproduce it here, indicating the excerpts in their places.]

WHAT secret charm, long whispering in mine ear,  
Allures, attracts, compels, and chains me here,  
Where murmuring echoes call me to resign  
Their sacred haunts to sweeter lips than mine;  
Where silent pathways pierce the solemn shade,  
In whose still depths my feet have never  
strayed;

Here, in the home where grateful children meet  
And I, half alien, take the stranger's seat,  
Doubting, yet hoping that the gift I bear  
May keep its bloom in this unwonted air?  
Hush, idle fancy, with thy needless art,  
Speak from thy fountains, O my throbbing  
heart!

Say, shall I trust these trembling lips to tell  
The fireside tale that memory knows so well?  
How, in the days of Freedom's dread campaign,  
A home-bred schoolboy left his village plain,  
Slow facing southward, till his wearied feet  
Pressed the worn threshold of this fair retreat;  
How, with his comely face and gracious mien,  
He joined the concourse of the classic green,  
Nameless, unfriended, yet by nature blest  
With the rich tokens that she loves the best;  
The flowing locks, his youth's redundant  
crown.

Smoothed o'er a brow unfurrowed by a frown;  
The untaught smile that speaks so passing  
plain  
A world all hope, a past without a stain;  
The clear-hued cheek, whose burning current  
glows

Crimson in action, carmine in repose;  
Gifts such as purchase, with unmingled gold,  
Smiles from the young and blessings from the  
old.

Say, shall my hand with pious love restore  
The faint, far pictures time beholds no more?  
How the grave Senior, he whose later fame  
Stamps on our laws his own undying name,  
Saw from on high, with half paternal joy,  
Some spark of promise in the studious boy,  
And bade him enter, with benignant tone,  
Those stately precincts which he called his  
own,

Where the fresh student and the youthful sage  
Read by one taper from the common page;  
How the true comrade, whose maturer date  
Graced the large honors of his ancient State,  
Sought his young friendship, which through  
every change

No time could weaken, no remove estrange;  
How the great MASTER, reverend, solemn, wise,  
Fixed on his face those calm, majestic eyes,  
Full of grave meaning, where a child might  
read

The Hebraist's patience and the Pilgrim's  
creed,

But warm with flashes of parental fire  
That drew the stripling to his second sire;  
How kindness ripened, till the youth might  
dare

Take the low seat beside his sacred chair,  
While the gray scholar, bending o'er the young,  
Spelled the square types of Abraham's ancient  
tongue,

Or with mild rapture stooped devoutly o'er  
His small coarse leaf, alive with curious lore:  
Tales of grim judges, at whose awful beck  
Flashed the broad blade across a royal neck,  
Or learned dreams of Israel's long lost child  
Found in the wanderer of the western wild.

Dear to his age were memories such as these,  
Leaves of his June in life's autumnal breeze;  
Such were the tales that won my boyish ear,  
Told in low tones that evening loves to hear.

Thus in the scene I pass so lightly o'er,  
Trod for a moment, then beheld no more,  
Strange shapes and dim, unseen by other eyes,  
Through the dark portals of the past arise;  
I see no more the fair embracing throng,  
I hear no echo to my saddened song,  
No more I heed the kind or curious gaze,  
The voice of blame, the rustling thrill of praise;  
Alone, alone, the awful past I tread  
White with the marbles of the slumbering dead;  
One shadowy form my dreaming eyes behold  
That leads my footsteps as it led of old,  
One floating voice, amid the silence heard,  
Breathes in my ear love's long unspoken  
word;—

These are the scenes thy youthful eyes have  
known;

My heart's warm pulses claim them as its own!  
The sapling, compassed in thy fingers' clasp,  
My arms scarce circle in their twice-told grasp,  
Yet in each leaf of yon o'ershadowing tree  
I read a legend that was traced by thee.  
Year after year the living wave has beat  
These smooth-worn channels with its trampling  
feet,—

Yet in each line that scores the grassy sod  
I see the pathway where thy feet have trod.  
Though from the scene that hears my faltering  
lay,

The few that loved thee long have passed away,  
Thy sacred presence all the landscape fills,  
Its groves and plains and adamantine hills!

Ye who have known the sudden tears that  
flow,—  
Sad tears, yet sweet, the dews of twilight  
woe,—

When, led by chance, your wandering eye has  
crossed

Some poor memorial of the loved and lost,  
Bear with my weakness as I look around  
On the dear relics of this holy ground,  
These bowery cloisters, shadowed and serene,  
My dreams have pictured ere mine eyes have  
seen.

And oh, forgive me, if the flower I brought  
Droops in my hand beside this burning thought;  
The hopes and fears that marked this destined  
hour,

The chill of doubt, the startled throb of power,  
The flush of pride, the trembling glow of shame,  
All fade away and leave my FATHER'S name!

[Here appears SPRING, *ante* p. 80.]

What life is this, that spreads in sudden birth  
Its plumes of light around a new-born earth?  
Is this the sun that brought the unwelcome day,  
Pallid and glimmering with his lifeless ray,  
Or through the sash that bars yon narrow cage  
Slanted, intrusive, on the opened page?  
Is this soft breath the same complaining gale  
That filled my slumbers with its murmuring  
wail?

Is this green mantle of elastic sod  
The same brown desert with its frozen clod,  
Where the last ridges of the dingy snow  
Lie till the windflower blooms unstained below?

Thus to my heart its wonted tides return  
When sullen Winter breaks his crystal urn,  
And o'er the turf in wild profusion showers  
Its dewy leaflets and ambrosial flowers.  
In vacant rapture for a while I range  
Through the wide scene of universal change,  
Till, as the statue in its nerves of stone  
Felt the new senses wakening one by one,  
Each long closed inlet finds its destined ray  
Through the dark curtain Spring has rent away.  
I crush the buds the clustering lilacs bear;  
The same sweet fragrance that I loved is there;  
The same fresh hues each opening disk reveals;  
Soft as of old each silken petal feels;  
The birch's rind its flavor still retains,  
Its boughs still ringing with the self-same  
strains;

Above, around, rekindling Nature claims  
Her glorious altars wreathed in living flames;  
Undimmed, unshadowed, far as morning shines  
Feeds with fresh incense her eternal shrines.  
Lost in her arms, her burning life I share,  
Breathe the wild freedom of her perfumed air.

From Heaven's fair face the long-drawn  
shadows roll,  
And all its sunshine floods my opening soul!

[Here appears THE STUDY, *ante* p. 82.]

See, while I speak, my fireside joys return,  
The lamp rekindles and the ashes burn,  
The dream of summer fades before their ray,  
As in red firelight sunshine dies away.

A two-fold picture; ere the first was gone,  
The deepening outline of the next was drawn,  
And wavering fancy hardly dares to choose  
The first or last of her dissolving views.

No Delphic sage is wanted to divine  
The shape of Truth beneath my gauzy line;  
Yet there are truths, — like schoolmates, once  
well known,

But half remembered, not enough to own, —  
That, lost from sight in life's bewildering train,  
May be, like strangers, introduced again,  
Dressed in new feathers, as from time to time  
May please our friends, the milliners of rhyme.

Trust not, it says, the momentary hue  
Whose false complexion paints the present  
view;

Red, yellow, violet stain the rainbow's light,  
The prism dissolves, and all again is white.

[Here appears THE BELLS, *ante* p. 83.]

But how, alas! among our eager race,  
Shall smiling candor show her girlish face?  
What place is secret to the meddling crew,  
Whose trade is settling what we all shall do?  
What verdict sacred from the busy fools,  
That sell the jargon of their outlaw schools?  
What pulpit certain to be never vexed  
With libels sanctioned by a holy text?  
Where, O my country, is the spot that yields  
The freedom fought for on a hundred fields?

Not one strong tyrant holds the servile chain,  
Where all may vote and each may hope to  
reign;

One sturdy cord a single limb may bind,  
And leave the captive only half confined,  
But the free spirit finds its legs and wings  
Tied with unnumbered Lilliputian strings,  
Which, like the spider's undiscovered fold,  
In countless meshes round the prisoner rolled,  
With silken pressure that he scarce can feel,  
Clamp every fibre as in bands of steel!

Hard is the task to point in civil phrase  
One's own dear people's foolish works or ways;  
Woe to the friend that marks a touchy fault,  
Himself obnoxious to the world's assault!  
Think what an earthquake is a nation's hiss,  
That takes its circuit through a land like this;  
Count with the census, would you be precise,  
From sea to sea, from oranges to ice;  
A thousand myriads are its virile lungs,  
A thousand myriads its contralto tongues!

And oh, remember the indignant press;  
Honey is bitter to its fond caress,

But the black venom that its hate lets fall  
Would shame to sweetness the hyena's gall!

Briefly and gently let the task be tried  
To touch some frailties on their tender side;  
Not to dilate on each imagined wrong,  
And spoil at once our temper and our song,  
But once or twice a passing gleam to throw  
On some rank failings ripe enough to show,  
Patterns of others, — made of common stuff,  
The world will furnish parallels enough, —  
Such as bewilder their contracted view,  
Who make one pupil do the work of two;  
Who following nature, where her tracks divide,  
Drive all their passions on the narrower side,  
And pour the phials of their virtuous wrath  
On half mankind that take the wider path.

Nature is liberal to her inmost soul,  
She loves alike the tropic and the pole,  
The storm's wild anthem, and the sunshine's  
calm,

The arctic fungus, and the desert palm;  
Loves them alike, and wills that each maintain  
Its destined share of her divided reign;  
No creeping moss refuse her crystal gem,  
No soaring pine her cloudy diadem!

Alas! her children, borrowing but in part  
The flowing pulses of her generous heart,  
Shame their kind mother with eternal strife  
At all the cross-ings of their mingled life;  
Each age, each people finds its ready shifts  
To quarrel stoutly o'er her choicest gifts.

History can tell of early ages dim,  
When man's chief glory was in strength of limb;  
Then the best patriot gave the hardest knocks,  
The height of virtue was to fell an ox;  
Ill fared the babe of questionable mould,  
Whom its stern father happened to behold;  
In vain the mother with her ample yest  
Hid the poor nursing on her throbbing breast;  
No tears could save him from the kitten's fate,  
To live an insult to the warlike state.

This weakness passed, and nations owned  
once more,  
Man was still human, measuring five feet four,  
The anti-cripples ceased to dominate,  
And owned Napoleon worth a grenadier.

In these mild times the ancient bully's sport  
Would lead its hero to a well known court;  
Olympian athletes, though the pride of Greece,  
Must face the Justice if they broke the peace,  
And valor find some inconvenient checks,  
If strolling Theseus met Policeman X.

[Here appears NON-RESISTANCE, *ante* p. 83.]

Yet when thy champion's stormy task is done,  
The frigate silenced and the fortress won,  
When toil-worn valor claims his laurel wreath,  
His reeking cutlass slumbering in its sheath,  
The fierce declaimer shall be heard once more,  
Whose twang was smothered by the conflict's  
roar;

Heroes shall fall that strode unharmed away  
Through the red heaps of many a doubtful day,  
Hacked in his sermons, riddled in his prayers,  
The broadcloth slashing what the broadsword  
spares!

Untaught by trial, ignorance might suppose  
That all our fighting must be done with blows;  
Alas! not so; between the lips and brain  
A dread artillery masks its loaded train;  
The smooth portecullis of the smiling face  
Veils the grim battery with deceptive grace,  
But in the flashes of its opened fire,  
Truth, Honor, Justice, Peace and Love expire.

[Here appears THE MORAL BULLY, *ante* p. 84.]

If generous fortune give me leave to choose  
My saucy neighbors barefoot or in shoes,  
I leave the hero blustering while he dares  
On platforms furnished with posterior stairs,  
Till prudence drives him to his "earnest" legs  
With large bequest of disappointed eggs,  
And take the brawler whose unstudied dress  
Becomes him better, and protects him less;  
Give me the bullying of the scoundrel crew,  
If swaggering virtue won't insult me too!

Come, let us breathe; a something not divine  
Has mingled, bitter, with the flowing line.  
Pause for a moment while our soul forgets  
The noisy tribe in panta-loons or -lets;  
Nor pass, ungrateful, by the debt we owe  
To those who teach us half of all we know,  
Not in rude license, or unchristian scorn,  
But hoping, loving, pitying, while they warn!

Sweep out the pieces! Round a careless room  
The feather-duster follows up the broom;  
If the last target took a round of grape  
To knock its beauty something out of shape,  
The next asks only, if the listener please,  
A schoolboy's blowpipe and a gill of peas.

This creeping object, caught upon the brink  
Of an old teacup, filled with muddy ink,  
Lives on a leaf that buds from time to time  
In certain districts of a temperate clime.  
O'er this he toils in silent corners snug,  
And leaves a track behind him, like a slug;  
The leaves he stains a humbler tribe devours,  
Thrown off in monthly or in weekly showers;  
Himself kept savage on a starving fare,  
Of such exuviae as his friends can spare.

Let the bug drop, and view him if we can  
In his true aspect as a *quasi* man.  
The little wretch, whose terebrating powers  
Would bore a Paixhan in a dozen hours,  
Is called a *CRITIC* by the heavy friends  
That help to pay his minus dividends.

The pseudo-critic-editorial race  
Owns no allegiance but the law of place;  
Each to his region sticks through thick and  
thin,  
Stiff as a beetle spiked upon a pin.

Plant him in Boston, and his sheet he fills  
With all the slipslop of his threefold hills,  
Talks as if Nature kept her choicest smiles  
Within his radius of a dozen miles,  
And nations waited till his next Review  
Had made it plain what Providence must do.  
Would you believe him, water is not damp  
Except in buckets with the Hingham stamp,  
And Heaven should build the walls of Paradise  
Of Quincy granite lined with Wenham ice.

But Hudson's banks, with more congenial  
skies,  
Swell the small creature to alarming size;  
A gayer pattern wraps his flowery chest,  
A sham more brilliant sparkles on his breast,  
An eyeglass, hanging from a gilded chain,  
Taps the white leg that tips his rakish cane;  
Strings of new names, the glories of the age,  
Hang up to dry on his exterior page,  
Titanic pygmies, shining lights obscure,  
His favored sheets have managed to secure,  
Whose wide renown beyond their own abode  
Extends for miles along the Harlaem road;  
New radiance lights his patronizing smile,  
New airs distinguish his patrician style,  
New sounds are mingled with his fatal hiss,  
Oftenest "*provincial*" and "*metropolis*."

He cry "*provincial*" with imperious brow!  
The half-bred rogue, that groomed his mother's  
cow!  
Fed on coarse tubers and Æolian beans  
Till clownish manhood crept among his teens,  
When, after washing and unheard of pains  
To lard with phrases his refractory brains,  
A third-rate college licked him to the shape,  
Not of the scholar, but the scholar's ape!

God bless Manhattan! Let her fairly claim,  
With all the honors due her ancient name,  
Worth, wisdom, wealth, abounding and to  
spare,  
Rags, riots, rogues, at least her honest share;  
But not presume, because, by sad mischance,  
The mobs of Paris wring the neck of France,  
Fortune has ordered she shall turn the poise  
Of thirty Empires with her Bowery boys!

The poorest hamlet on the mountain's side  
Looks on her glories with a sister's pride;  
When the first babes her fruitful ship-yards  
wean  
Play round the breasts of Ocean's conquered  
queen,  
The shout of millions, borne on every breeze,  
Sweeps with EXCELSIOR o'er the enfranchised  
seas!

Yet not too rashly let her think to bind  
Beneath her circlet all the nation's mind;  
Our star-crowned mother, whose informing  
soul  
Clings to no fragment, but pervades the whole,  
Views with a smile the clerk of Maiden Lane,  
Who takes her ventral ganglion for her brain!  
No fables tell us of Minervas born



From bags of cotton or from sacks of corn ;  
The halls of Leyden Science used to cram,  
While dulness snored in purse-proud Amster-  
dam !

But those old burghers had a foggy clime,  
And better luck may come the second time ;  
What though some churls of doubtful sense  
declare

That poison lurks in her commercial air,  
Her bids of genius dying premature,  
From some malaria draining cannot cure ;  
Nay, that so dangerous is her golden soil,  
Whatever she borrows she contrives to spoil ;  
That drooping minstrels in a few brief years  
Lose their sweet voice, the gift of other spheres ;  
That wafled singing from their native shore,  
They touch the Battery, and are heard no  
more ;—

By those twinned waves that wear the varied  
gleams

Beryl or sapphire mingles in their streams,  
Till the fair sisters o'er her yellow sands,  
Clasping their soft and snowy ruffled hands,  
Lay on her footstool with their silver keys  
Strength from the mountains, freedom from  
the seas. —

Some future day may see her rise sublime  
Above her counters, — only give her time !

When our first Soldiers' swords of honor gild  
The stately mansions that her tradesmen build ;  
When our first Statesmen take the Broadway  
track,

Our first Historians following at their back ;  
When our first Painters, dying, leave behind  
On her proud walls the shadows of their mind ;  
When our first Poets flock from further scenes  
To take in hand her pictured Magazines ;  
When our first Scholars are content to dwell  
Where their own printers teach them how to  
spell ;

When world-known Science crowds toward her  
gates,

Then shall the children of our hundred States  
Hail her a true METROPOLIS of men,  
The nation's centre. — Then, and not till then !

The song is failing. Youder clanging tower  
Shakes in its cup the more than brimming  
hour ;

The full-length gallery which the fates deny,  
A colored Moral briefly must supply.

[Here appears THE MIND'S DIET, *ante* p.  
85.]

The song is passing. Let its meaning rise  
To loftier notes before its echo dies,  
Nor leave, ungracious, in its parting train  
A trivial flourish or discordant strain.

These lines may teach, rough-spoken though  
they be,

Thy gentle creed, divinest Charity !  
Truth is at heart not always as she seems,  
Judged by our sleeping or our waking dreams.

[Here appears OUR LIMITATIONS, *ante* p. 85.]

The song is hushed. Another moment parts  
This breathing zone, this belt of living hearts ;  
Ah, think not thus the parting moment ends  
The soul's embrace of new discovered friends.

Sleep on my heart, thou long expected hour,  
Time's new-born daughter, with thine infant  
dower,

One sad, sweet look from those expiring charms  
The clasping centuries strangle in their arms,  
Dreams of old halls, and shadowy arches green,  
And kindly faces loved as soon as seen !

Sleep, till the fires of manhood fade away,  
The sprinkled locks have saddened into gray,  
And age, oblivious, blends thy memories old  
With hoary legends that his sire has told !

### III. NOTES AND ADDENDA

Page 6. — *Or gaze upon yon pillared stone.*

The tomb of the Vassall family is marked by a freestone tablet, supported by five pillars, and bearing nothing but the sculptured reliefs of the Goblet and the Sun. — *Vas-Sol* — which designated a powerful family, now almost forgotten.

The exile referred to in the next stanza was a native of Houlton in Normandy.

Page 15. — POETRY.

[On publishing this poem in the edition of 1836, Dr. Holmes wrote as follows in the *Preface*.] The first poem in the collection being somewhat discursive, I will point out, in a few words, its scope and connection. Its object is to express some general truths on the sources and the machinery of poetry ; to sketch some changes which may be supposed to have taken place in its history, constituting four grand eras ; and to point out some less obvious manifestations of the poetical principle. The stages assigned to the progress of poetry are as follows :—

I. The period of Pastoral and Descriptive Poetry ; which allowed a digression upon home, and the introduction of a descriptive lyric.

II. The period of Martial Poetry. At the close of this division are some remarks on our want of a national song, and an attempt is made to enliven the poem by introducing a lyric which deals in martial images and language, although written only for an occasional purpose.

III. The Epic or Historic period of Poetry. Under this division of the subject, the supposed necessity of an American *Iliad* was naturally enough touched upon.

IV. The period of Dramatic Poetry, or that which analyzes, and traces from their origin, the passions excited by certain combinations of circumstances. As this seemed the highest reach of poetical art, so it constitutes the last of my supposed epochs.

The remarks contained in the last division relate to some of the different forms in which

poetry has manifested itself, and to a pseudo-poetical race of invalids, whose melancholic notions are due, much oftener than is supposed, to the existence of pulmonary disease, frequently attributed to the morbid state of mind of which it is principally the cause. The allusions introduced at the close will carry their own explanation to all for whom they were intended. I have thus given a general analysis of a poem, which, being written for public delivery, required more variety than is commonly demanded in metrical essays.

Page 15. *Scenes of my youth.*

This poem was commenced a few months subsequently to the author's return to his native village, after an absence of nearly three years.

Page 18. *Gleams like a diamond on a dancing girl.*

A few lines, perhaps deficient in dignity, were introduced at this point, in delivering the poem, and are appended in this clandestine manner for the gratification of some of my audience.

How many a stanza, blushing like the rose,  
Would turn to fustian if resolved to prose!  
How many an epic, like a gilded crown,  
If some bold critic dared to melt it down,  
Roll in his crucible a shapeless mass,  
A grain of gold-leaf to a pound of brass!  
Shorn of their plumes, our moonstruck son-  
neteers  
Would seem but jackdaws croaking to the  
spheres;

Our gay Lotharios, with their Byron curls,  
Would pine like oysters cheated of their pearls!

Woe to the spectres of Parnassus' shade,  
If truth should mingle in the masquerade.  
Lo, as the songster's pale creations pass,  
Off come at once the "Dearest" and "Alas!"  
Crack go the lines and levers used to prop  
Top-heavy thoughts, and down at once they  
drop.

Flowers weep for hours; Love, shrieking for  
his dove,  
Finds not the solace that he seeks — above.  
Fast in the mire, through which in happier  
time

He ambled dryshod on the stilts of rhyme,  
The prostrate poet finds at length a tongue  
To curse in prose the thankless stars he sung.

And though, perchance, the haughty muse it  
shames,

How deep the magic of harmonious names!  
How sure the glory of romance to please,  
Whose rounded stanza ends with Heloise!  
How rich and full our intonations ride  
"On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side"!  
But were her name some vulgar "proper  
noun,"

And Pambamarca changed to Belchertown,  
She might be pilloried for her doubtful fame,  
And no enthusiast would arise to blame;  
And he who outraged the poetic sense,  
Might find a home at Belchertown's expense!

The harmless boys, scarce knowing right  
from wrong,

Who libel others and themselves in song,  
When their first pothooks of poetic rage  
Slant down the corners of an album's page,  
(Where crippled couplets spread their sprawl-  
ing charms,  
As half-taught swimmers move their legs and  
arms.)

Will talk of "Hesper on the brow of eve,"  
And call their cousins "lovely Genevieve;" —  
While thus transformed, each dear deluded  
maid,

Pleased with herself in novel grace arrayed,  
Smiles on the Paris who has come to crown  
This newborn Helen in a gingham gown!

Page 19. *The leaflets gathered at your side.*

See THE CAMBRIDGE CHURCHYARD, page 5.

Page 20. *Swept through the world the war-song  
of Marseilles.*

The music and words of the Marseilles Hymn  
were composed in one night.

Page 20. *Our nation's anthem pipes a country  
dance!*

The popular air of "Yankee Doodle," like  
the dagger of Hudibras, serves a pacific as well  
as a martial purpose.

Page 21. *Thus mocked the spoilers with his  
school-boy scorn.*

See OLD IRONSIDES, page 3.

Page 22. *On other shores, above their moulder-  
ing towers.*

Daniel Webster quoted several of the verses  
which follow, in his address at the laying of the  
corner-stone of the addition to the Capitol at  
Washington, July 4, 1851.

Page 22. *Bore Ever Ready, faithful to the  
last.*

"*Semper paratus*," — a motto of the revolu-  
tionary standards.

Page 24. *Thou calm, chaste scholar.*

Charles Chauncy Emerson; died May 9,  
1836.

Page 24. *And thou, dear friend.*

James Jackson, Jr., M. D.; died March 29,  
1834.

Page 28. THE STEAMBOAT.

Mr. Emerson has quoted some lines from this  
poem, but somewhat disguised as he recalled  
them. It is never safe to quote poetry without  
referring to the original.

Page 44. *As Wesley questioned in his youthful  
dream.*

Οἷη περ φύλλον γενεῆ, τοῦδε χαι ἀνδρῶν.

*Iliad*, VI. 146.

Wesley quotes this line in his account of his  
early doubts and perplexities. See Southey's  
*Life of Wesley*, Vol. II., p. 185.

Page 46. *It tells the turret.*

The churches referred to in the lines which  
follow are

1. "King's Chapel," the foundation of which  
was laid by Governor Shirley in 1749.

2. Brattle Street Church, consecrated in 1773.  
The completion of this edifice, the design of  
which included a spire, was prevented by the

troubles of the Revolution, and its plain, square tower presented nothing more attractive than a massive simplicity. In the front of this tower, till the church was demolished in 1872, there was to be seen, half embedded in the brick-work, a cannon-ball, which was thrown from the American fortifications at Cambridge, during the bombardment of the city, then occupied by the British troops.

3. The Old South, first occupied for public worship in 1739.

4. Park Street Church, built in 1809, the tall white steeple of which is the most conspicuous of all the Boston spires.

5. Christ Church, opened for public worship in 1723, and containing a set of eight bells, long the only chime in Boston.

Page 54. *The Angel spake: This threefold hill shall be.*

The name first given by the English to Boston was TRI-MOUNTAIN. The three hills upon and around which the city is built are Beacon Hill, Fort Hill, and Copp's Hill.

In the early records of the Colony, it is mentioned, under date of May 6th, 1635, that "A BEACON is to be set on the Sentry hill, at Boston, to give notice to the country of any danger; to be guarded by one man station'd near, and fired as occasion may be." The last beacon was blown down in 1789.

The eastern side of Fort Hill was formerly "a ragged cliff, that seemed placed by nature in front of the entrance to the harbor for the purposes of defence, to which it was very soon applied, and from which it obtained its present name." Its summit is now a beautiful green enclosure.

Copp's Hill was used as a burial-ground from a very early period. The part of it employed for this purpose slopes towards the water upon the northern side. From its many interesting records of the dead I select the following, which may serve to show what kind of dust it holds.

"Here lies buried in a  
Stone Grave 10 feet deep  
Capt. DANIEL MALCOLM Mercht  
who departed this Life  
October 23d, 1769,  
Aged 41 years,  
a true son of Liberty,  
a Friend to the Publick,  
an Enemy to oppression,  
and one of the foremost  
in opposing the Revenue Acts  
on America."

The gravestone from which I copied this inscription is bruised and splintered by the bullets of the British soldiers.

Page 79. THE PLOUGHMAN.

[The following is the Report referred to in the head-note as furnished by Dr. Holmes, in his capacity as chairman of the committee.]

The committee on the ploughing-match are fully sensible of the dignity and importance of the office entrusted to their judgment. To decide upon the comparative merits of so many

excellent specimens of agricultural art is a most delicate, responsible, and honorable duty.

The plough is a very ancient implement. It is written in the English language p-l-o-u-g-g-h, and, by the association of free and independent spellers, p-l-o-w. It may be remarked that the same gentlemen can, by a similar process, turn their coughs into cows; which would be the cheapest mode of raising live stock, although it is to be feared that they (referring to the cows) would prove but low-bred animals. Some have derived the English word plough from the Greek *ploutos*, the wealth which comes from the former suggesting its resemblance to the latter. But such resemblances between different languages may be carried too far; as for example, if a man should trace the name of the Altamaha to the circumstance that the first settlers were all tomahawked on the margin of that river.

Time and experience have sanctioned the custom of putting only plain, practical men upon this committee. Were it not so, the most awkward blunders would be constantly occurring. The inhabitants of our cities, who visit the country during the fine season, would find themselves quite at a loss if an overstrained politeness should place them in this position. Imagine a trader, or a professional man, from the capital of the State, unexpectedly called upon to act in rural matters. Plough-shares are to him shares that pay no dividends. A coultter, he supposes, has something to do with a horse. His notions of stock were obtained in Faneuil Hall market, where the cattle looked finely enough, to be sure, compared with the living originals. He knows, it is true, that there is a difference in cattle, and would tell you that he prefers the sirbin breed. His children are equally unenlightened; they know no more of the poultry-yard than what they have learned by having the chicken-pox, and playing on a Turkey carpet. Their small knowledge of wool-growing is lamentable.

The history of one of these summer-visitors shows how imperfect is his rural education. He no sooner establishes himself in the country than he begins a series of experiments. He tries to drain a marsh, but only succeeds in draining his own pockets. He offers to pay for carting off a compost heap; but is informed that it consists of corn and potatoes in an unfinished state. He sows abundantly, but reaps little or nothing, except with the implement which he uses in shaving; a process which is frequently performed for him by other people, though he pays no barber's bill. He builds a wire-fence and paints it green, so that nobody can see it. But he forgets to order a pair of spectacles apiece for his cows, who, taking offence at something else, take his fence in addition, and make an invisible one of it sure enough. And, finally, having bought a machine to chop fodder, which chops off a good slice of his dividends, and two or three children's fingers, he concludes that, instead of cutting feed, he will cut farming; and so sells out to one of those plain, practical

farmers, such as you have honored by placing them on your committee : whose pockets are not so full when he starts, but have fewer holes and not so many fingers in them.

It must have been one of these practical men whose love of his pursuits led him to send in to the committee the following lines, which it is hoped will be accepted as a grateful tribute to the noble art whose successful champions are now to be named and rewarded.

Page 99. THE TWO STREAMS.

When a little poem called *The Two Streams* was first printed, a writer in the *New York Evening Post* virtually accused the author of it of borrowing the thought from a baccalaureate sermon of President Hopkins of Williamstown, and printed a quotation from that discourse, which, as I thought, a thief or catchpoll might well consider as establishing a fair presumption that it was so borrowed. I was at the same time wholly unconscious of having met with the discourse or the sentence which the verses were most like, nor do I believe I ever had seen or heard either. Some time after this, happening to meet my eloquent cousin, Wendell Phillips, I mentioned the fact to him, and he told me that he had once used the special image said to be borrowed, in a discourse delivered at Williamstown. On relating this to my friend Mr. Buchanan Read, he informed me that he too had used the image, — perhaps referring to his poem called *The Twins*. He thought Tennyson had used it also. The parting of the streams on the Alps is poetically elaborated in a passage attributed to "M. Loisine," printed in the *Boston Evening Transcript* for Oct. 23, 1859. Captain, afterwards Sir Francis Head, speaks of the showers parting on the Cordilleras, one portion going to the Atlantic, one to the Pacific. I found the image running loose in my mind, without a halter. It suggested itself as an illustration of the will, and I worked the poem out by the aid of Mitchell's School Atlas. The spores of a great many ideas are floating about in the atmosphere. We no more know where the lichens which eat the names off from the gravestones borrowed the germs that gave them birth. The two match-boxes were just alike ; but neither was a plagiarism. — *My Hunt after "the Captain,"* pp. 45, 46.

Page 110. INTERNATIONAL ODE.

This ode was sung in unison by twelve hundred children of the public schools, to the air of "God save the Queen," at the visit of the Prince of Wales to Boston, October 18, 1860.

Page 113. POEMS OF THE CLASS OF '29.

[The following is a roll-call of this celebrated class in Harvard College.]

Joseph Angier  
Elbridge Gerry Austin  
Reuben Bates  
George Tyler Bigelow  
William Brigham  
John Parker Bullard  
William Henry Channing  
James Freeman Clarke  
Edwin Conant

Frederick William Crocker  
Francis Boardman Crowninshield  
Edward Linzee Cunningham  
Benjamin Robbins Curtis  
Curtis Cutler  
George Thomas Davis  
Jonathan Thomas Davis  
Nathaniel Foster Derby  
Samuel Adams Devens  
George Humphrey Devereux  
Nicholas Devereux  
Charles Fay  
William Emerson Foster  
Francis Augustus Foxcroft  
Joel Giles  
William Gray  
Charles Lowell Hancock  
Oliver Wendell Holmes  
John Hubbard  
Solomon Martin Jenkins  
Albert Locke  
Josiah Quincy Loring  
Samuel May  
Henry Blake McLellan  
Horatio Cook Meriam  
Edward Patrick Milliken  
William Mixer  
Isaac Edward Morse  
Benjamin Peirce  
George William Phillips  
George Washington Richardson  
Andrew Ritchie  
Chandler Robbins  
James Dutton Russell  
Howard Sargent  
Samuel Francis Smith  
Edward Dexter Sohler  
Charles Storer Storow  
George Augustus Taylor  
John James Taylor  
Francis Thomas  
James Thurston  
John Rogers Thurston  
Samuel Ripley Townsend  
Josiah Kendall Waite  
Joshua Holyoke Ward  
Ezra Weston  
James Humphrey Wilder  
Benjamin Pollard Winslow  
William Young

Page 118. THE BOYS.

The members of the Harvard College class of 1829 referred to in this poem are : "Doctor," Francis Thomas ; "Judge," G. T. Bigelow, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts ; "Speaker," Hon. Francis B. Crowninshield, Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives ; "Mr. Mayor," G. W. Richardson, of Worcester, Mass ; "Member of Congress," Hon. George T. Davis ; "Reverend," James Freeman Clarke ; "boy with the grave mathematical look," Benjamin Peirce ; "boy with a three-decker brain," Judge Benjamin R. Curtis, of the Supreme Court of the United States ; "nice youngster of excellent pith," S. F. Smith, author of "My Country, 't is of Thee."

Page 141. *That lovely, bright-eyed boy.*

William Watson Sturgis.

*Who faced the storm so long.*

Francis B. Crowninshield.

*Our many-featured friend.*

George T. Davis.

Page 149. THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

I have now and then found a naturalist who still worried over the distinction between the Pearly Nautilus and the Paper Nautilus, or Argonauta. As the stories about both are mere fables, attaching to the Physalia, or Portuguese man-of-war, as well as to these two molluscs, it seems over-nice to quarrel with the poetical handling of a fiction sufficiently justified by the name commonly applied to the ship of pearl as well as the ship of paper.

Page 151. *The close-clinging dulcamara.*

The "bitter-sweet" of New England is the *Celastrus scandens*, "bourrean des arbres" of the Canadian French.

Page 164. ODE FOR A SOCIAL MEETING.

I recollect a British criticism of the poem "with the slight alterations," in which the writer was quite indignant at the treatment my convivial song had received. No committee, he thought, would dare treat a Scotch author in that way. I could not help being reminded of Sydney Smith, and the surgical operation he proposed, in order to get a pleasantry into the head of a North Briton.

Page 192. *All armed with picks and spades.*

The captured slaves were at this time organized as pioneers.

Page 193. *Father, send on Earth again.*

[This hymn was sung to the tune of "Silent Night."]

Page 245. *This broad-browed youth.*

Benjamin Robbins Curtis.

*The stripling smooth of face and slight.*

George Tyler Bigelow.

Page 276. PRELUDE TO A VOLUME PRINTED IN RAISED LETTERS FOR THE BLIND.

[This volume was published in 1885 from the Howe Memorial Press in Boston, the *Prelude* there called *Dedication* being dated June 15, of that year. There are ninety-one poems in the collection, and of these the following were designated by Dr. Holmes, who so far aided in the selection:—

The Dorchester Giant.

The September Gale.

The Height of the Ridiculous.

The Living Temple.

The Voiceless.

Martha.

The Flower of Liberty.

Union and Liberty.

The Chambered Nautilus.

Sun and Shadow.

The Deacon's Masterpiece.

Contentment.

Under the Violets.

The Opening of the Piano.

Bill and Joe.

The Old Man Dreams.

The Boys.

Dorothy Q.

The Organ-Blower.

Brother Jonathan's Lament for Sister Caroline.

Poem at the Dedication of the Halleck Monument.

A Farewell to Agassiz.

For the Moore Centennial Celebration.

A Familiar Letter.

The Iron Gate.

My Aviary.

The Silent Melody.]

IV. A CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF DR. HOLMES'S POEMS

In this list the attempt has been made to date the poems either by the occasion or by the first printing in periodical form. Whenever the first appearance of a poem has been not precisely determined, the title is printed in italic under the year when the volume first including it was published.

1824, 25. Translation from the Æneid.

1830. The Toadstool.

The Last Prophecy of Cassandra.

To a Caged Lion.

To My Companions.

The Dorchester Giant.

The Spectre Pig.

Reflections of a Proud Pedestrian.

The Mysterious Visitor.

The Meeting of the Dryads.

Evening, by a Tailor.

Stanzas: "Strange! that one lightly whispered tone."

The Height of the Ridiculous.

Old Ironsides.

The Ballad of the Oysterman.

From a Bachelor's Private Journal.

Daily Trials: by a Sensitive Man.

The Treadmill Song.

The Star and the Water-Lily.

To a Blank Sheet of Paper.

A Noontide Lyric.

The Hot Season.

1831. To an Insect.

L'Inconnue.

My Aunt.

The Last Leaf.

1832. The Dilemma.

The Philosopher to his Love.

The Comet.

A Portrait.

"The Wasp" and "The Hornet."

1833. The Dying Seneca.

1836. Poetry: A Metrical Essay.

A Song for the Centennial Celebration of Harvard College.

*The Cambridge Churchyard.*

*To the Portrait of a Lady.*

*To the Portrait of a Gentleman.*

*The Music Grinders.*

- The September Gale.*  
*The Last Reader.*  
*Illustrations of a Picture.*  
*A Roman Aqueduct.*  
*La Grisette.*  
*Lines by a Clerk.*  
*The Poet's Lot.*  
*An Evening Thought.*  
 "Qui Vive?"  
*A Souvenir.*  
*The Last Prophecy of Cassandra.*
1838. The Only Daughter.
1840. The Steamboat.  
 Departed Days.  
 The Morning Visit.
1842. Song, written for the Dinner given to Charles Dickens.  
 Song for a Temperance Dinner.
1843. Terpsichore: an After-Dinner Poem.
1844. Lines, recited at the Berkshire Jubilee.  
 Verses for After-Dinner.
1845. A Modest Request.
1846. Urania: A Rhymed Lesson.
1848. *The Pilgrim's Vision.*  
*Lexington.*  
*On Lending a Punch-Bowl.*  
*The Island Hunting-Song.*  
*Nux Postcænatia.*  
*The Parting Word.*  
*A Song of Other Days.*  
*A Sentiment.*  
*The Stethoscope Song.*  
*Extracts from a Medical Poem.*
1849. The Ploughman.
1850. Dedication of the Pittsfield Cemetery.  
 Spring.  
 The Study.  
 The Bells.  
 Non-Resistance.  
 The Moral Bully.  
 The Mind's Diet.  
 Our Limitations.
- 1850-1856. The Banker's Secret.  
 The Exile's Secret.  
 The Lover's Secret.  
 The Statesman's Secret.  
 The Secret of the Stars.
1851. To Governor Swain.  
 A Song of "Twenty-Nine."
1852. Questions and Answers.  
 To an English Friend.
1853. A Poem for the Meeting of the American Medical Association.  
 After a Lecture on Wordsworth.  
 After a Lecture on Moore.  
 After a Lecture on Keats.  
 After a Lecture on Shelley.  
 At the Close of a Course of Lectures.  
 An Impromptu.
1854. The New Eden.  
 The Hudson.  
 The Old Man Dreams.  
 Semi-Centennial Celebration of the New England Society.
1855. A Sentiment.  
 Farewell: to J. R. Lowell.  
 Remember — Forget.
1856. For the Meeting of the Burns Club.  
 Birthday of Daniel Webster.  
 Ode for Washington's Birthday.  
 Our Indian Summer.
1857. Album Verses.  
 Latter-Day Warnings.  
 A Parting Health: to J. L. Motley.  
 Sun and Shadow.  
 Prologue.  
 Ode for a Social Meeting.  
 Meeting of the Alumni of Harvard College.  
 The Parting Song.  
 Mare Rubrum.
1858. The Chambered Nautilus.  
 What We all think.  
 The Last Blossom.  
 The Living Temple.  
 Spring has come.  
 A Good Time Going.  
 The Two Armies.  
 Musa.  
 The Deacon's Masterpiece.  
 Æstivation.  
 Contentment.  
 Prelude.  
 Parson Turell's Legacy.  
 The Voiceless.  
 The Old Man of the Sea.  
 The Last Look.  
 Avis.
1859. De Sauty.  
 For the Burns' Centennial Celebration.  
 The Boys.  
 The Opening of the Piano.  
 The Promise.  
 At a Birthday Festival.  
 The Crooked Footpath.  
 The Mother's Secret.  
 The Two Streams.  
 Robinson of Leyden.  
 St. Anthony the Reformer.  
 At a Meeting of Friends.  
 Midsummer.  
 Iris, Her Book.  
 Under the Violets.  
 Hymn of Trust.  
 Boston Common: Three Pictures.  
 A Sun-Day Hymn.  
 The Gray Chief.
1860. In Memory of Charles Wentworth Upham, Jr.  
 For the Meeting of the National Sanitary Association.  
 International Ode.  
 Lines.
1861. A Voice of the Loyal North.  
 Brother Jonathan's Lament for Sister Caroline.  
 Prologue to Songs in Many Keys.  
 Agnes.  
 Martha.  
 Vive La France.  
 Army Hymn.  
 Parting Hymn.  
 The Flower of Liberty.  
 Union and Liberty.

- Under the Washington Elm, Cambridge.  
The Sweet Little Man.  
Union and Liberty.  
*The Old Player.*  
*The Old Man of the Sea.*
1862. To My Readers.  
J. D. R.  
Voyage of the Good Ship Union.  
To Canaan: a Puritan War-Song.  
"Thus saith the Lord, I offer thee three things."  
Never or Now.
1863. "Choose you this day whom ye will serve."  
An Inpromptu at the Waleker Dinner.
1864. F. W. C.  
The Last Charge.  
Shakespeare.  
In Memory of John and Robert Ware.  
Hymn written for the Great Central Fair.  
Bryant's Seventieth Birthday.  
A Sea Dialogue.
1865. Hymn after the Emancipation Proclamation.  
Edward Everett.  
Our Oldest Friend.  
Sherman's in Savannah.  
One Country.  
God save the Flag.  
Hymn for the Fair at Chicago.  
A Farewell to Agassiz.  
For the Services in Memory of Abraham Lincoln.  
At a Dinner to Admiral Farragut.  
At a Dinner to General Grant.  
For the Commemoration Services, Cambridge.  
No Time Like the Old Time.
1866. My Annual.  
America to Russia.  
To George Peabody.
1867. All Here.  
Chanson Without Music.
1868. Bill and Joe.  
Once More.  
At the Banquet to the Chinese Embassy  
To H. W. Longfellow.  
To Christian Gottfried Ehrenberg.
1869. The Old Cruiser.  
Hymn for the Class Meeting.  
Humboldt's Birthday.  
Poem at the Dedication of the Halleck Monument.  
A Hymn of Peace.
1870. Rip Van Winkle.  
Even-Song.  
Nearing the Snow-Line.  
Hymn for the Celebration at the Laying of the Corner-Stone of Harvard Memorial Hall.
1871. The Smiling Listener.  
Dorothy Q.  
Welcome to the Grand Duke Alexis.  
At the Banquet to the Grand Duke Alexis.
1872. Homesick in Heaven.  
Fantasia.
- Aunt Tabitha.  
Our Sweet Singer.  
Wind-Clouds and Star-Drifts.  
At the Banquet to the Japanese Embassy.  
Epilogue to the Breakfast-Table Series.  
The Organ-Blower.  
After the Fire.
1873. H. C. M., H. S., J. K. W.  
What I have come for.  
Address for the Opening of the Fifth Avenue Theatre.  
For the Centennial Dinner of the Proprietors of Boston Pier.  
A Poem served to Order.  
The Fountain of Youth.
1874. Our Banker.  
Opening the Window.  
Programme.  
An Old-Year Song.  
At the Pantomime.  
A Ballad of the Boston Tea-Party.  
A Toast to Wilkie Collins.  
Hymn for the Dedication of Memorial Hall at Cambridge.  
Hymn at the Funeral Services of Charles Sumner.  
At the "Atlantic" Dinner.
1875. For Class Meeting.  
Grandmother's Story of Bunker-Hill Battle.  
Lucy.  
Hymn for the Inauguration of the Statue of Governor Andrew.  
Joseph Warren, M. D.  
Old Cambridge.
1876. A Familiar Letter.  
Ad Amicos.  
A Memorial Tribute: S. G. Howe.  
Welcome to the Nations.  
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1877. How the Old Horse won the Bet.  
How not to settle it.  
The First Fan.  
To Rutherford Birchard Hayes.  
The Ship of State.  
A Family Record.  
For Whittier's Seventieth Birthday.  
An Appeal for "The Old South."
1878. My Aviary.  
Two Sonnets: Harvard.  
The Last Survivor.  
The School-Boy.  
The Silent Melody.
1879. The Archbishop and Gil Blas.  
Vestigia Quinque Retrorsum.  
The Iron Gate.  
In Response.  
For the Moore Centennial Celebration.
1880. The Shadows.  
The Coming Era.  
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American Academy Centennial Celebration.  
Our Home — Our Country.
1881. Benjamin Peirce.

- Poem at the Centennial Anniversary  
Dinner of the Massachusetts Medical  
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Post-Prandial, Ф В К.  
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On the Threshold.  
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1882. In the Twilight.  
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1883. Poem read at the Dinner given to the  
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A Loving-Cup Song.  
King's Chapel.  
Hymn for the Two Hundredth Anni-  
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1884. The Girdle of Friendship.  
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Ave.
1885. The Lyre of Anacreon.  
A Welcome to Dr. Benjamin Aphorp  
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To Frederick Henry Hedge.  
To James Russell Lowell.  
To the Poets who only read and listen.  
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Hymn — The Word of Promise.
1887. The Broken Circle.  
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1888. The Angel-Thief.  
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1889. After the Curfew.  
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1890. But One Talent.  
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Cacoethes Scribendi.  
The Rose and the Fern.  
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La Maison D'Or.  
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The Broomstick Train.  
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1891. For the Window in St. Margaret's.  
James Russell Lowell.  
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1892. In Memory of John Greenleaf Whittier.
1893. To the Teachers of America.  
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